

THE ARGUMENT
THE PARADISE LOST
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BOOK XII.

The ARGUMENT of Book XII.

THE angel Michael continues from the flood to relate what shall succeed ; then, in the mention of Abraham, comes, by degrees, to explain who that seed of the woman shall be, which was promised Adam and Eve in the fall; his incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension; the state of the church till his second coming. Adam, greatly satisfied and recomforted by these relations and promises, descends the hill with Michael; awakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams compos'd to quietness of mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery sword waving behind them, and the Cherubim taking their stations to guard the place.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
MILTON.

CONTAINING
PARADISE LOST

WITH NOTES CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL;

PARADISE REGAINED,

SAMSON AGONISTES;

AND

POEMS upon several Occasions.

VOL II.

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M D C C X C.



PARADISE LOST.

BOOK. XII.

AS one who in his journey baits at noon,
Tho' bent on speed; so here th' archangel
paus'd

Betwixt the world destroy'd and world restor'd,
If Adam ought perhaps might interpose;
Then with transition sweet new speech resumes. 5

Thus thou hast seen one world begin and end;
And man as from a second stock proceed.
Much thou hast yet to see; but I perceive
Thy mortal sight to fail; objects divine
Must needs impair and weary human sense: 10
Henceforth what is to come I will relate,
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.
This second source of men, while yet but few,
And while the dread of judgment past remains
Fresh in their minds, fearing the Deity, 15

L. I. *As one, &c.* In the first edition, before the last book was divided into two, the narration went on without any interruption; but upon that division in the second edition, these first five lines were inserted. This addition begins the book very gracefully, and is indeed (to apply the author's own words) a *sweet transition*.—
Newton.

L. II. *Henceforth what is to come I will relate.*] Mr. Addison observes, that "if Milton's poem flags any where, it is in this "narration:" And to be sure, if we have an eye only to poetic decoration, his remark is just: But, if we view it in another light, and consider in how short a compass he has comprised, and with what strength and clearness he has expressed the various actions of God towards mankind, and the most sublime and deep truths, both of the Jewish and Christian theology, it must excite no less admiration in the mind of an attentive reader, than the more spritely scenes of love and innocence in Eden, or the more turbulent ones of angelic war in heaven.

With some regard to what is just and right
 Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace;
 Lab'ring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop,
 Corn, wine, and oil; and from the herd or flock,
 Oft sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid, 20
 With large wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred feast,
 Shall spend their days in joy unblam'd, and dwell
 Long time in peace by families and tribes,
 Under paternal rule: till one shall rise
 Of proud ambitious heart, who, not content 25
 With fair equality, fraternal state,
 Will arrogate dominion undeserv'd
 Over his brethren, and quite dispossess
 Concord and law of nature from the earth,
 Hunting (and men, not beasts, shall be his game) 30
 With war and hostile snare such as refuse
 Subjection to his empire tyrannous;
 A mighty hunter thence he shall be styl'd
 Before the Lord, as in despite of heaven,
 Or from heav'n claiming second sov'reignty; 35
 And from rebellion shall derive his name,
 Though of rebellion others he accuse.
 He with a crew, whom like ambition joins
 With him, or under him to tyrannize,
 Marching from Eden to'wards the west, shall find 40
 The plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge
 Boils out from under ground, the mouth of hell:

L. 24. *One*,] viz. *Nimrod* or *Belus*; Noah's great grandson, the father of Ninus, who first usurped over the patriarchs, and first took up arms against the wild beasts, which were then very numerous, powerful, and mischievous; then he made himself the head of his companions, then the king over all the rest, about A. M. 1720.—*Nimrod*, Heb. i. e. *a rebel*; for he rebelled against God, in building the tower of Babel, and against men, in usurping monarchical government, and overturning the patriarchal. He is *Belus* among the heathens, the founder of the Assyrian monarchy, the first instance of idolatry, and was the *Bel* or *Baal* (Heb. i. e. *lord*) of the Assyrians, Babylonians, and all the world.

L. 37. *Though of rebellion others he accuse*.] This was added by our author, probably not without a view to his own time, when himself, and those of his party, were stigmatized as the worst of rebels. *Newton*.

Of brick, and of that stuff, they cast to build
 A city and tow'r whose top may reach to heav'n;
 And get themselves a name; lest far dispers'd 45
 In foreign lands, their memory be lost,
 Regardless whether good or evil fame.
 But God, who oft descends to visit men
 Unseen, and through their habitations walks
 To mark their doings, them beholding soon, 50
 Comes down to see their city, ere the tow'r
 Obstruct heav'n-tow'rs, and in derision sets
 Upon their tongues a various spi'rit, to raise
 Quite out their native language, and instead
 To sow a jangling noise of words unknown. 55
 Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud
 Among the builders; each to other calls
 Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage,
 As mock'd they storm; great laughter was in heav'n
 And looking down to see the hubbub strange, 60
 And hear the din; thus was the building left
 Ridiculous, and the work confusion nam'd.

Whereto thus Adam fatherly displeas'd;
 O execrable son, so to aspire
 Above his brethren, to himself assuming 65
 Authority usurp'd, from God not giv'n:
 He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,
 Dominion absolute; that right we hold
 By his donation: but man over men,
 He made not lord; such title to himself 70
 Reserving, human left from human free.
 But this usurper his incroachment proud
 Stays not on man; to God his tow'r intends
 Siege and defiance. Wretched man! what food
 Will he convey up thither to sustain 75

L. 54. *Native language,*] viz. *Hebrew*, the natural speech of mankind from the creation, for 1757 years; seeing all languages derive many words from that, but it from none of them; the names of men and things plainly confirm it, and the learned agree in it.—After the confusion of tongues, it remained in Heber's family, and so descended to the Jews, among whom it continued pure to the Babylonish captivity, in all about 3400 years.

Himself and his rash army, where thin air
 Above the clouds will pine his entrails gross,
 And famish him of breath, if not of bread?
 To whom thus Michael: justly thou abhorr'st
 That son who on the quiet state of men 80
 Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue
 Rational liberty; yet know withal,
 Since thy orig'inal lapse, true liberty
 Is lost, which always with right reason dwells
 Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being; 85
 Reason in man obscur'd, or not obey'd,
 Immediately inordinate desires
 And upstart passions catch the government
 From reason, and to servitude reduce
 Man till then free. Therefore since he permits 90
 Within himself unworthy pow'rs to reign
 Over free reason, God, in judgment just,
 Subjects him from without to violent lords;
 Who oft as undeservedly inthral
 His outward freedom: tyranny must be, 95
 Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse.
 Yet sometimes nations will decline so low
 From virtue, which is reason, that no wrong,
 But justice and some fatal curse annex'd,
 Deprives them of their outward liberty, 100
 Their inward lost: witness th' irreverent son
 Of him who built the ark, who, for the shame
 Done to his father, heard this heavy curse,
Servant of servants, on his vicious race.
 Thus will this latter, as the former world, 105
 Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last,
 Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw
 His presence from among them, and avert
 His holy eyes; resolving from thenceforth
 To leave them to their own polluted ways; 110

L. 101. *Th' irreverent son,*] viz. *Ham*, the youngest son of Noah, who was cursed for his disrespect and contempt of his father, Gen. ix. 24, 25. The old Carthaginians, Grecians, and Romans, and all the nations of Europe, made slaves of the Africans.

And one peculiar nation to select
 From all the rest, of whom to be invoc'd,
 A nation from one faithful man to spring;
 Him on this side Euphrates yet residing,
 Bred up in idol-worship; O that men 115
 (Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,
 While yet the patriarch liv'd, who scap'd the flood,
 As to forsake the living God and fall
 To worship their own work in wood and stone
 For gods! yet him God the Most High vouchsafes
 To call by vision from his father's house,
 His kindred and false gods, into a land
 Which he will show him, and from him will raise
 A mighty nation, and upon him show'r
 His benediction so, that in his seed 125
 All nations shall be blest'd; he strait obeys,
 Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes.
 I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith
 He leaves his gods, his friends, and native soil
 Ur of Chaldea, passing now the ford 130
 To Haran, after him a cumbrous train

L. 113. *One faithful man,*] viz. *Abraham*. God called him from among the idolatrous Chaldeans, about the year of the world 2083.

L. 128. *I see him, but thou canst not,* &c.) Our poet, sensible that this long historical description might grow irksome, has varied the manner of representing it as much as possible, beginning first with supposing Adam to have a prospect of it before his eyes; next, by making the angel the relator of it; and lastly, by uniting the two former methods, and making Michael see it as in vision, and give a rapturous, enlivened account of it to Adam. This gives great ease to the languishing attention of the reader. *Thyer*.

L. 130. *Ur,*] Heb. i. e. *light*; because the Chaldeans worshipped the sun or fire. A city of Chaldea, where Abraham was born, about 624 miles from Jerusalem eastward; now *Orebe* and *Horrea*. This was the first sort of idolatry, called *sebaism*, Gr. from the Heb. i. e. *worshipping the hosts of heav'n*; for *demonolatry*, Gr. i. e. *worshipping demons, heroes, beasts, images*, &c. came in long afterwards.

Ibid. Chaldea.) Gr. from the Heb. i. e. *like demons, destroyers, robbers*. In scripture it is called *Chafed*, and the people *Chafdin*, from *Kafod*, the son of *Nabor*, which the Greeks turned into *Chaldea*.

L. 131. *Haran,*] or *Charran*; Heb. i. e. *anger or wrath*; from Haran the father of Lot. It is a country and chief city of Mesopotamia, upon a river of the same name, and not far from Ur, 440 miles from Jerusalem north-eastward. There Abraham lived some

Of herds and flocks, and numerous servitude ;
 Not wand'ring poor, but trusting all his wealth
 With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.
 Canaan he now attains ; I see his tents 135
 Pitch'd about Sechem, and the neigh'ring plain
 Of Moreh : there by promise he receives
 Gift to his progeny of all that land,
 From Hamath northward to the desert south,
 (Things by their names I call, though yet unnam'd,
 From Hermon east to the great western sea, 141
 Mount Hermon, yonder sea, each place behold
 In prospect, as I point them ; on the shore
 Mount Carmel ; here the double-founted stream,

years ; the Turks pay a great veneration to it on that account, and now call it *Heren* or *Charan*, Acts vii. 4.

L. 135. *Canaan*.] Heb. i. e. *a merchant* ; from Canaan, the son of Ham, by whom it was first peopled, Gen. xi. 18. because it lies along the Mediterranean sea, and gave the inhabitants an opportunity of trade, merchandize, and navigation, over the whole earth. Such were the old Phenicians, Tyrians, Sidonians, Carthaginians, &c.

L. 136. *Sechem*,] or *Shechem* ; Heb. i. e. *a shoulder or back* ; because it standeth out like one ; or from Sechem, the father of Hamor or Emmor, Gen. xxxiv. 2. Acts vii. 16. Also *Sychar* ; Heb. i. e. *bired, or wages*, John iv. 5. and afterwards *Scythopolis* ; see Judith iii. 14. Gr. i. e. *the city of the Scythians*, or *Tartars* ; because some of them settled there. An ancient city of Samaria in Palestine, between mount Gerizim and mount Ebal, belonging to Samaria, 36 miles from Jerusalem northward.

L. 137. *Moreh*.] Heb. i. e. *the lordship of the Lord* ; or from Moreh, one of the old Amorites, who possessed it, Gen. xiii. 18. xiv. 13. ; a piece of ground near Sechem, where Abraham first settled in Canaan, which Jacob bought of Hamor for 100 pieces of money, and gave to Joseph, Gen. xxxiii. 19. xlviii. 22. John iv. 5.

L. 139. *Hamath*,] *Hemath*, or *Chamath* ; Heb. i. e. *beat, or anger* ; from Hamath the son of Canaan who built it. A city in the north of Canaan, belonging to Syria between two hills, near the river Orontes, at the foot of Anti-Libanus, 280 miles from Jerusalem ; the utmost bounds of the Holy Land on the north, and one of the grand passes of it, called also *Zin*, Numb. xxxiv. 8. Josh. xiii. 5. ; now the Turks call it *Hems*.

L. 141. *Hermon*,] or *Cherman* ; Heb. i. e. *snow*. An high and fertile mountain in the north of Canaan, near mount Lebanon, beyond Jordan to the north east, 122 miles from Jerusalem, and frequently covered with snow, because it is very high.

L. 144. *Carmel*.] Heb. i. e. *a vineyard* ; because there are many vineyards upon it. Another very high mountain in the Holy Land,

Jordan, true limit eastward ; but his sons 145
 Shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of hills.
 This ponder, that all nations of the earth
 Shall in his seed be blessed : by that seed
 Is meant thy great deliverer, who shall bruise
 The serpent's head ; whereof to thee anon 150
 Plainlier shall be reveal'd. This patriarch blest'd,
 Whom faithful Abraham due time shall call,
 A son, and of his son a grandchild leaves,
 Like him in faith, in wisdom and renown.
 The grandchild with twelve sons increas'd, departs
 From Canaan, to a land hereafter call'd 156
 Egypt, divided by the river Nile :
 See where it flows, disgorging at seven mouths
 Into the sea. To sojourn in that land
 He comes, invited by a younger son 160
 In time of dearth ; a son whose worthy deeds
 Raise him to be the second in that realm
 Of Pharaoh : there he dies, and leaves his race
 Growing into a nation, and now grown
 Suspected to a sequest king, who seeks 165
 To stop their overgrowth, as inmate guests

upon the Mediterranean sea, to the south of Ptolemais, 50 miles north-west of Jerusalem, in the tribe of Issachar.

L. 146. *Seir*,) *Semir*, or *Saner* ; Heb. i. e. *rough*. A long and large ridge of mountains, with many tracts of fertile lands, which made the kingdom of the Edomites, on the south side of the Dead Sea and Canaan, about 46 miles from Jerusalem.

L. 152. *Abraham*.] His first name was *Abram*, Heb. i. e. *an excellent or mighty father* ; but when God renewed his covenant, he changed that into *Abraham*, i. e. *an excellent or mighty father of many people*. Abraham was the founder of the Jewish nation and church, esteemed a mighty prince among the Canaanites, a great prophet at Pharaoh's court. The kings of Egypt, Palestine, &c. courted his friendship, made leagues with him, and paid him homage. Nicol, Damascenus, Justin, &c. say, that he was king of Damascus ; his name was had in veneration among both Jews, Gentiles, Mahomedans, and Christians, in all ages.

L. 153. *Of his sons*,] viz. Jacob ; he increased wonderfully ; for, of seventy souls which went with him into Egypt, in the space of 215 years, they increased to 600,000 armed men, besides women, children, and old men unfit for war.

Too numerous ; whence of guests he makes them
 Inhospitably ; and kills their infant-males : (slaves
 Till by two brethren (those two brethren call
 Moses and Aaron) sent from God to claim 170
 His people from inthralment, they return
 With glory' and spoil back to their promis'd land.
 But first the lawless tyrant, who denies
 To know their God, or message to regard,
 Must be compell'd by signs and judgments dire ; 175
 To blood-unshed the rivers must be turn'd ;
 Frogs, lice, and flies must all his palace fill
 With loath'd intrusion, and fill all the land ;
 His cattle must of rot and murrain die ;
 Botches and blains must all his flesh imboss, 180
 And all his people ; thunder mix'd with hail,
 Hail mix'd with fire, must rend th' Egyptian sky,
 And wheel on the' earth devouring where it rolls ;
 What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,
 A darksome cloud of locusts swarming down 185
 Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green ;
 Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,
 Palpable darkness, and blot out three days ;
 Last, with one midnight stroke, all the first-born
 Of Egypt must ly dead. Thus with ten wounds 190
 The river-dragon tam'd at length submits
 To let his sojourners depart, and oft
 Humbles his stubborn heart ; but still as ice
 More harden'd after thaw ; till in his rage
 Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the sea 195
 Swallows him with his host ; but them lets pass
 As on dry land between two chrystal walls,

L. 170. *Moses*,] *Mosheh*. and *Moyse* ; Heb. i. e. drawn out of the
 water. See Exod. ii. 10. Josephus makes it an Egyptian word,
 from *moy*, i. e. the water ; but we know not what name his parents
 gave him at his circumcision, unless we give into the fables of the
 Jews, who say it was Joachim, Jehotiel, Chabar, &c. *Vide Huët.*
Dem. Evang. p. 120. Moses was the youngest son of Amram and
 Jokebed, of the tribe of Levi, born in Egypt, *A. M.* 2373. The
 grand prophet and lawgiver of the Jews, and celebrated by the
 wisest and best of the ancient heathens, as being the first and great-
 est philosopher, poet, and lawgiver in the world.

Aw'd by the rod of Moses so to stand
 Divided, till his rescu'd gain their shore :
 Such wondrous pow'r God to his saint will lend, 200
 Though present in his angel, who shall go
 Before them in a cloud, and pill'ar of fire,
 By day a cloud, by night a pill'ar of fire,
 To guide them in their journey, and remove
 Behind them, while th' obdurate king pursues : 205
 All night he will pursue ; but his approach
 Darkness defends between till morning-watch ;
 Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud
 God looking forth will trouble all his host,
 And craze their chariot-wheels ; when by command
 Moses once more his potent rod extends 211
 Over the sea ; the sea his rod obeys ;
 On their imbattled ranks the waves return,
 And overwhelm their war. The race elect
 Safe towards Canaan from the shore advance 215
 Through the wild desert, not the readiest way,
 Lest ent'ring on the Canaanite alarm'd,
 War terrify them inexpert, and fear
 Return them back to Egypt, choosing rather
 Inglorious life with servitude ; for life 220
 To noble and ignoble is more sweet
 Untrain'd in arms, where rashness leads not on.
 This also shall they gain by their delay
 In the wild wilderness there they shall found
 Their government, and their great senate choose 225

L. 199. *Shore.*] Sax. Dut. A geographical term. This shore was on the Egyptian ground. The people did not go directly cross the red sea from shore to shore, according to the vulgar opinion, but took a circular compass in that sea, and came out on the same side. The sea there is about seven leagues over ; the Israelites went out of the wilderness of Etham in Egypt, and came into it upon the very same side ; they travelled three days in the same wilderness ; then they marched northward to the isthmus of Sues, a tract of dry land between the Red sea, and the Mediterranean sea, which is eighteen leagues broad, and there they travelled out of Egypt, as others do, into the wilderness of Arabia, where they abode forty years.

L. 225. *Senate.*] Fr. Ital. Span. Lat. a council of old men. The Lacedemonians called them *gerontes*, Gr. i. e. old men, or senators. They

Through the twelve tribes, to rule by laws ordain'd.
 God from the mount of Sinai, whose gray top
 Shall tremble, he descending, will himself
 In thunder, lightning, and loud trumpets sound,
 Ordain them laws; part such as appertain 230
 To civil justice, part religious rites
 Of sacrifice, informing them, by types
 And shadows, of that destin'd seed to bruise
 The serpent, by what means he shall achieve
 Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God 235
 To mortal ear is dreadful; they beseech
 That Moses might report to them his will,
 And terror cease; he grants what they besought,
 Instructed that to God is no access
 Without mediator, whose high office now 240
 Moses in figure bears, to introduce
 One greater, of whose day he shall foretel,
 And all the prophets in their age the times
 Of great Messiah shall sing. Thus laws and rites
 Establish'd, such delight hath God in men 245
 Obedient to his will, that he vouchsafes
 Among them to set up his tabernacle,
 The holy One with mortal men to dwell.
 By his prescript a sanctuary is fram'd
 Of cedar, overlaid with gold; therein 250
 An ark, and in the ark his testimony,
 The records of his covenant; over these
 A mercy-seat of gold between the wings
 Of two bright Cherubim; before him burn
 Sev'n lamps, as in a zodiack representing 255
 The heav'nly fires; over the tent a cloud
 Shall rest by day, a fiery gleam by night,
 Save when they journey, and at length they come,
 Conducted by his angel, to the land
 Promis'd to Abraham and his seed. The rest 260

were always chosen for this office, because of their great experience
 and prudence. We find them mentioned in the early days of Job.
 Such only were elected in the Areopagus, or grand council of A-
 thens, Sparta, Rome, and all other polite nations.

Were long to tell, how many battles fought,
 How many kings destroy'd, and kingdoms won;
 Or how the sun shall in midheav'n stand still
 A day entire, and nights due course adjourn,
 Man's voice commanding, Sun, in Gibeon stand, 265
 And thou moon in the vale of Aialon,
 Till Israel overcome: so call the third
 From Abraham, son of Isaac, and from him
 His whole descent, who thus shall Canaan win.

Here Adam interpos'd. O sent from heav'n 270
 Enlight'ner of my darkness, gracious things
 Thou hast reveal'd, those chiefly which concern
 Just Abraham and his seed: now first I find
 Mine eyes true op'ning, and my heart much eas'd,
 Erewhile perplex'd with thoughts what would become
 Of me and all mankind; but now I see 276
 His day, in whom all nations shall be blest'd,
 Favour unmerited by me, who sought
 Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means.
 This yet I apprehend not, why to those 280
 Among whom God will deign to dwell on earth,
 So many and so various laws are giv'n;
 So many laws argue so many sins
 Among them: how can God with such reside?

To whom thus Michael: Doubt not but that sin
 Will reign among them, as of thee begot; 286
 And therefore was law given them to evince
 Their natural pravity, by stirring up

L. 265. *Gibeon.*] Heb. i. e. *an hill*; because it stood on an eminence. The chief city of the Gibeonites, two leagues north-west from Jerusalem, Josh. x. ii. After the conquest it was given to the priests.

L. 266. *Aialon,*] or *Helion*; Heb. i. e. *an oak, an hind, or strength*; because it was a strong city. It belonged to the Philistines, in the tribe of Dan, four miles from Jerusalem to the south-east. Near it this miracle was wrought by Joshua. It was given to the Levites, Josh. x. 12.

L. 268. *Isaac.*] Heb. i. e. *laughter*, because his father and mother laughed at the strangeness of the promise of a son, when his father was an hundred, and his mother was ninety years of age, Gen. xviii. 12, 15. He was the only son of Abraham by Sarah, and heir of the divine promise.

Sin against law to fight : that when they see
 Law can discover sin, but not remove, 290
 Save by those shadowy expiations weak,
 The blood of bulls and goats, they may conclude
 Some blood more precious must be paid for man,
 Just for unjust ; that in such righteousness
 To them by faith imputed, they may find 295
 Justification towards God, and peace
 Of conscience ; which the law by ceremonies
 Cannot appease, nor man the moral part
 Perform, and not performing cannot live.
 So law appears imperfect, and but given 300
 With purpose to resign them in full time
 Up to a better covenant, disciplin'd
 From shadowy types to truth, from flesh to spirit,
 From imposition of strict laws to free
 Acceptance of large grace, from servile fear 305
 To filial, works of law to works of faith.
 And therefore shall not Moses, though of God
 Highly lov'd, being but the minister
 Of law his people into Canaan lead ;
 But Joshua, whom the Gentiles Jesus call, 310
 His name and office bearing, who shall quell
 The adversary serpent, and bring back
 Through the world's wilderness long wander'd man,
 Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.
 Meanwhile they in their earthly Canaan plac'd, 315
 Long time shall dwell and prosper : but when sins
 National interrupt their public peace,
 Provoking God to raise them enemies ;
 From whom as oft he saves them penitent
 By judges first, then under kings ; of whom 320

L. 310. *Jeshua*, or *Jehoshua*; Heb. i. e. a saviour of the Lord.
 He was first called *Hoshea* and *Jesus*, but all from the same Hebrew
 root : the son of Nun, and successor of Moses, and grand general of
 Israel. He vanquished the Canaanites, and distributed their lands
 among the twelve tribes. He was born in Egypt, A. M. 2404,
 ninety-two years after the death of Joseph ; was their general about
 eighteen years, conquered thirty-one kings, put the Israelites in
 peaceable possession in six years time, and died aged 110 years.

The second, both for piety renown'd
 And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive
 Irrevocable, that his regal throne
 For ever shall endure, the like shall sing
 All prophecy, that of the royal stock 325
 Of David (so I name this king) shall rise
 A son, the woman's seed to thee foretold,
 Foretold to Abraham, as in whom shall trust
 All nations, and to kings foretold, of kings
 The last ; for of his reign shall be no end. 330
 But first a long succession must ensue ;
 And his next son, for wealth and wisdom fam'd,
 The clouded ark of God, till then in tents
 Wand'ring, shall in a glorious temple' inshrine.
 Such follow him as shall be register'd 335
 Part good, part bad, of bad the longer scroll ;
 Whose foul idolatries, and other faults
 Heap'd to the popular sum, will so incense
 God, as to leave them, and expose their land,
 Their city', his temple, and his holy ark, 340
 With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey
 To that proud city, whose high walls thou saw'st
 Left in confusion, Babylon thence call'd.
 There in captivity he lets them dwell
 The space of sev'nty years, then brings them back
 Rememb'ring mercy, and his covenant sworn 346
 To David, stablish'd as the days of heav'n:
 Return'd from Babylon by leave of kings
 Their lords, whom God dispos'd, the house of God

L. 326. *David. i. e. beloved* ; because he was pious, upright, and beloved of God. He was the son of Jesse of Bethlehem, a shepherd ; the second king of Israel, anointed king about fifteen years of age, A. M. 2881, and, after many troubles, came to the throne, being thirty years old. He reigned forty years and six months ; he died in the 70th year of his age, and was buried most magnificently by king Solomon. Hyrcanus the high priest found 3000 talents in his sepulchre, 300 years afterwards ; and Herod found a vast treasure in it many ages after that. Three thousand talents were worth 5073 l. 15 s. 7 d. ; but his vast treasure amounted to 547, 300,000 l. Sterling, and in silver to above 342,000,000 l. See 1 Chron. xxii. 14.

They first re-edify, and for a while 350
 In mean estate live moderate, till grown
 In wealth and multitude, factious they grow ;
 But first among the priests dissension springs,
 Men who attend the altar, and should most
 Endeavour peace : their strife pollution brings 355
 Upon the temple itself : at last they seize
 The sceptre, and regard not David's sons ;
 Then lose it to a stranger, that the true
 Anointed King Messiah might be born
 Barr'd of his right ; yet at his birth a star, 360
 Unseen before in heav'n, proclaims him come,
 And guides the eastern sages, who inquire
 His place, to offer incense, myrrh, and gold ;
 His place of birth a solemn angel tells
 To simple shepherds keeping watch by night ; 365
 They gladly thither haste, and by a choir
 Of squadron'd angels hear his carol sung.
 A virgin is his mother, but his sire
 The pow'r of the Most High ; he shall ascend
 The throne hereditary, and bound his reign 370
 With earth's wide bounds, his glory with the heav'ns.
 He ceas'd, discerning Adam with such joy
 Surcharg'd, as had like grief been dew'd in tears,
 Without the vent of words, which these he breath'd :
 O prophet of glad tidings, finisher 375
 Of utmost hope ! now clear I understand

L. 355. — *their strife pollution brings*
Upon the temple itself, &c.] For it was chiefly through the contests
 between Jason and Menelaus, high priests of the Jews, that the
 temple was polluted by Antiochus Epiphanes. See 2 Maccab. v.
 and Prideaux. *At last they seize the sceptre.* Aristobulus, eldest son
 of Hyrcanus, high priest of the Jews, was the first who assumed the
 title of king, after the Babylonish captivity ; before Christ 107.
And regard not David's sons, none of that family having had the go-
 vernment since Zerubabel. *Then lose it to a stranger,* to Herod, who
 was an Idumean, in whose reign Christ was born. See Josephus
 and Prideaux. *Newton.*

L. 358. *A stranger,] viz.* Herod the Great, an Ascalonite, or
 Idumean. He was the first foreign prince that ever reigned in Ju-
 dea, deputed therein by the Romans, who had subdued the Jews ;
 for then the sceptre actually departed from the house of King
 David.

What oft my steadiest thoughts have search'd in vain;
 Why our great expectation should be call'd
 The seed of woman: Virgin mother, hail,
 High in the love of Heav'n; yet from my loins 380
 Thou shalt proceed, and from thy womb the Son
 Of God most high; so God with man unites.

Needs must the serpent now his capital bruise
 Expect with mortal pain: say where and when 384
 Their fight, what stroke shall bruise the victor's heel.

To whom thus Michael: Dream not of their fight,
 As of a duel, or the local wounds

Of head or heel: not therefore joins the Son
 Manhood to Godhead, with more strength to foil
 Thy enemy; nor so is overcome 390

Satan, whose fall from heav'n, a deadlier bruise,
 Disabled not to give thee thy death's wound;

Which he, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure,
 Not by destroying Satan, but his works
 In thee and in thy seed: nor can this be, 395

But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,
 Obedience to the law of God, impos'd

On penalty of death, and suffering death,
 The penalty to thy transgression due,
 And due to theirs which out of thine will grow: 400

So only can high justice rest appaid.
 The law of God exact he shall fulfil

Both by obedience and by love, though love
 Alone fulfil the law; thy punishment
 He shall endure by coming in the flesh: 405

To a reproachful life and cursed death,
 Proclaiming life to all who shall believe

In his redemption, and that his obedience
 Imputed becomes theirs by faith, his merits
 To save them, not their own, though legal works.

For this he shall live hated, be blasphem'd, 411
 Seiz'd on by force, judg'd, and to death condemn'd,
 A shameful and accurs'd; nail'd to the cross

By his own nation; slain for bringing life;

But to the cross he nails thy enemies, 415
 The law that is against thee, and the sins
 Of all mankind, with him there crucify'd,
 Never to hurt them more who rightly trust
 In this his satisfaction. So he dies,
 But soon revives; death over him no pow'r 420
 Shall long usurp; ere the third dawning light
 Return, the stars of morn shall see him rise
 Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light,
 Thy ransom paid, which man from death redeems,
 His death for man, as many as offer'd life 425
 Neglect not, and the benefit embrace
 By faith not void of works. This god-like act
 Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have dy'd,
 In sin for ever lost from life; this act
 Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength,
 Defeating Sin and Death, his two main arms; 431
 And fix far deeper in his head their stings,
 Than temp'ral death shall bruise the victor's heel,
 Or theirs whom he redeems, a death-like sleep,
 A gentle wafting to immortal life. 435
 Nor after resurrection shall he stay
 Longer on earth, than certain times to' appear
 To his disciples, men who in his life
 Still follow'd him; to them shall leave in charge,
 To teach all nations what of him they learn'd, 440
 And his salvation, them who shall believe
 Baptizing in the profluent stream, the sign
 Of washing them from guilt of sin to life
 Pure, and in mind prepar'd, if so befall,
 For death, like that which the Redeemer dy'd. 445
 All nations they shall teach: for from that day
 Not only to the sons of Abraham's loins

L. 415. *But to the cross he nails thy enemies.*] The enemies of Adam were the law that was against him, and the sins of all mankind, as springing originally from him; and therefore, in some sense, chargeable upon him. The author, in this passage, alludes to Col. ii. 14. "Blotting out the hand-writing of ordinances that was against us, which was contrary to us, and took it out of the way, nailing it to his cross." *Newton.*

Salvation shall be preach'd, but to the sons
 Of Abraham's faith wherever through the world;
 So in his seed all nations shall be bless'd. 450
 Then to the heav'n of heav'ns he shall ascend
 With victory, triumphing through the air,
 Over his foes and thine; there shall surprize
 The serpent, prince of air, and drag in chains
 Through all his realm, and there confounded leave;
 Then enter into glory, and resume 456
 His seat at God's right hand, exalted high
 Above all names in heav'n; and thence shall come,
 When this world's dissolution shall be ripe,
 With glory' and pow'r to judge both quick and dead;
 To judge th' unfaithful deed, but to reward 461
 His faithful, and receive them into blis,
 Whether in heav'n or earth; for then the earth
 Shall all be Paradise, far happier place
 Than this of Eden, and far happier days. 465
 So spake th' archangel Michael, then paus'd
 As at the world's great period; and our fire,
 Replete with joy and wonder, thus reply'd:
 O goodness infinite, goodness immense!
 That all this good of evil shall produce, 470
 And evil turn to good; more wonderful
 Than that which by creation first brought forth
 Light out of darkness! full of doubt I stand,
 Whether I should repent me now of sin
 By me done and occasion'd, or rejoice 475
 Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring;
 To God more glory, more good-will to men
 From God, and over wrath grace shall abound.
 But say, if our Deliverer up to heav'n
 Must re-ascend, what will betide the few 480

I. 475. ——— or rejoice

Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring.] He seems to have remembered that rant of one of the fathers! *O felix culpa, quæ talem ac tantum meruit habere redemptorem!* O happy fault, which deserved to have such and so great a Redeemer! As in what follows, *To God more glory, &c.* he alludes to the heavenly hymn, *Glory to God in the highest, &c.* Newton.

His faithful, left among th' unfaithful herd,
 The enemies of truth ? who then shall guide
 His people, who defend ? will they not deal
 Worse with his followers than with him they dealt ?

Be sure they will, said th' angel : but from heav'n
 He to his own a comforter will send, 486

The promise of the Father, who shall dwell
 His Spi'rit within them, and the law of faith
 Working through love, upon their hearts shall write,
 To guide them in all truth, and also arm 490

With spiritual armour, able to resist
 Satan's assaults, and quench his fiery darts,
 What man can do against them, not afraid,
 Though to the death, against such cruelties
 With inward consolations recompens'd, 495

And oft supported so as shall amaze
 Their proudest persecutors : for the Spirit
 Pour'd first on his apostles, whom he sends
 To' evangelize the nations, then on all
 Baptiz'd, shall them with wondrous gift endow, 500

To speak all tongues, and do all miracles,
 As did their Lord before them. Thus they win
 Great numbers of each nation to receive
 With joy the tidings brought from heav'n : at length,
 Their ministry perform'd, and race well run, 505

Their doctrine and their story written left,
 They die. But in their room, as they forewarn,
 Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous wolves,
 Who all the sacred mysteries of heav'n
 To their own vile advantages shall turn 510

Of lucre and ambition, and the truth
 With superstitions and traditions taint,

L. 508. *Wolves.*] Sax. Dut. Teut. Gr. i. e. *pernicious*, *lying* *bid*, or *white* ; because wolves are fierce, ravenous beasts of prey, that soon grow white ; from the Heb. *lakach*, i. e. *to ravish*, or *snatch away violently*. Here, false Christs, false apostles, which soon appeared, even in the days of the apostles ; and did then, and have done much mischief since to the church in all ages, by devouring the souls, bodies, and substance of men, by their pernicious cruelties, as wolves destroy their prey.

Left only in those written records pure,
 Though not but by the Spirit understood.
 Then shall they seek to' avail themselves of names,
 Places, and titles, and with these to join 516
 Secular pow'r, though feigning still to act
 By spiritual, to themselves appropriating
 The Spi'rit of God, promis'd alike and given
 To all believers; and from that pretence 520
 Spiritual laws by carnal pow'r shall force
 On every conscience; laws which none shall find
 Left them inroll'd, or what the Spi'rit within
 Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then
 But force the Spirit of Grace itself, and bind 525
 His consort liberty? what, but unbuild
 His living temples, built by faith to stand,
 Their own faith not another's? for on earth
 Who against faith and conscience can be heard
 Infallible? yet many will presume: 530
 Whence heavy persecution shall arise
 On all who in the worship persevere
 Of spi'rit and truth; the rest, far greaterpart,
 Will deem in outward rites and specious forms
 Religion satisfy'd: truth shall retire 535
 Bestuck with slanderous darts, and works of faith
 Rarely be found: so shall the world go on

L. 514. *Though not but by the spirit understood.*] I do not think Milton, in all his writings, ever gave a stronger proof of his enthusiastic spirit, than in this line. Warburton.

I suppose he alluded to 1 Cor. ii. 14. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." Newton.

L. 531. *Persecution,*] i. e. a pursuit; affliction, an unjust and cruel oppression of men to death. There have been ten persecutions for the cause of Christianity. Nero began the first, A. D. 67; Domitian the second, A. D. 92; Trajan continued the third, A. D. 99; Hadrian continued the fourth, A. D. 124; Antonine began the fifth, A. D. 178; Severus the sixth, A. D. 203; Maximinus the seventh, A. D. 262; Decius the eighth, A. D. 249; Valerius the ninth, A. D. 257; and Dioclesian the tenth, A. D. 303. This held ten years, and after his death it was continued by his successor, till Constantine, the first Christian emperor, established the Christian faith over the world.

To good malignant, to bad men benign,
 Under her own weight groaning, till the day
 Appear of respiration to the just, 540
 And vengeance to the wicked, at return
 Of him so lately promis'd to thy aid,
 The woman's seed, obscurely then fortold,
 Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord,
 Last in the clouds from heav'n to be reveal'd. 545
 In glory of the Father, to dissolve
 Satan with his perverted world, then raise
 From the conflagrant mass, purg'd and refin'd,
 New heav'ns, new earth, ages of endless date
 Founded in righteousness, and peace, and love, 550
 To bring forth fruits, joy and eternal bliss.

He ended and thus Adam last reply'd :
 How soon hath thy prediction, seer blest'd,
 Measur'd this transient world, the race of time,
 Till time stand fix'd? Beyond is all abyss, 555
 Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.
 Greatly instructed I shall hence depart,
 Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill
 Of knowledge, what this vessel can contain ;
 Beyond which was my folly to aspire. 560
 Henceforth I learn, that to obey is best,
 And love with fear the only God, to walk
 As in his presence, ever to observe
 His providence, and on him sole depend,
 Merciful over all his works, with good 565
 Still overcoming evil, and by small
 Accomplishing great things, by things deem'd weak
 Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise

L. 549. *New heaven's, new earth.*] The very words of St. Peter, 2 Pet. iii. 13. "Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." This notion, of the heavens and earth being renewed after the conflagration, and made the habitation of angels and just men made perfect, was very pleasing to our author, as it was to Dr. Burnet; and must be to every one of a fine and exalted imagination; and Milton has enlarged upon it in several parts of his works, and particularly in this poem, III. 333, &c. X. 638. XI. 65. 900. XII. 462. *Newton.*

By simply meek ; that suffering for truth's sake
 Is fortitude to highest victory, 570
 And, to the faithful, death the gate of life ;
 Taught this by his example, whom I now
 Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest'd.

To whom thus also th' angel last reply'd :
 This having learn'd, thou hast attain'd the sum 575
 Of Wisdom ; hope no high'er ; though all the stars
 Thou knew'st by name, and all th' ethereal pow'rs,
 All secrets of the deep, all Nature's works,
 Or works of God in heav'n, air, earth, or sea,
 And all the riches of this world enjoy'dst, 580
 And all the rule, one empire ; only add
 Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add faith,
 Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love,
 By name to come call'd charity, the soul
 Of all the rest : then wilt thou not be loth 585
 To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
 A Paradise within thee, happier far.

Let us descend now therefore from this top
 Of speculation ; for the hour precise
 Exacts our parting hence ; and see the guards, 590
 By me incamp'd on yonder hill, expect
 Their motion, at whose front a flaming sword,
 In signal of remove, waves fiercely round ;
 We may no longer stay : go, waken Eve ;
 Her also I with gentle dreams have calm'd 595
 Portending good, and all her Spi'rits compos'd
 To meek submission : thou at season fit
 Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard,
 Chiefly what may concern her faith to know,
 'The great deliverance by her seed to come 600
 (For by the woman's seed) on all mankind :
 'That ye may live, which will be many days,
 Both in one faith unanimous though sad,
 With cause, for evils past, yet much more cheer'd
 With meditation on the happy end. 605

He ended ; and they both descend the hill ;
 Descended, Adam to the bow'r where Eve

Lay sleeping ran before, but found her wak'd ;
And thus with words not sad she him receiv'd.

Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st I know;
For God is also' in sleep, and dreams advise, 611
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
Presaging, since with sorrow' and heart's distress
Wearied I fell asleep : but now lead on ;

In me is no delay ; with thee to go, 615
Is to stay here ; without thee here to stay,
Is to go hence unwilling ; thou to me
Art all things under heav'n, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art banish'd hence.

This farther consolation yet secure 620
I carry hence ; though all by me is lost,
Such favour I unworthy am vouchsaf'd,
By me the promis'd Seed shall all restore.

So spake our mother Eve ; and Adam hear'd
Well pleas'd, but answer'd not ; for now too nigh 626
Th' archangel stood, and from the other hill
To their fix'd station, all in bright array,
The Cherubim descended ; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as evening-mist

L. 609. *And thus with words not sad she him receiv'd.*] Milton's poem ends very nobly. The last speeches of Adam and the archangel are full of moral and instructive sentiments. The sleep that fell upon Eve, and the effects it had in quieting the disorders of her mind ; produce the same kind of consolation in the reader, who cannot peruse the last beautiful speech, which is ascribed to the mother of mankind, without a secret pleasure and satisfaction. The following lines, which conclude the poem, rise in a most glorious blaze of poetical images and expressions. *Addison.*

L. 616. *Is to stay here, &c.*] She is now come to that temper of mind as to think it Paradise wherever her husband is, as the angel had taught her before, XI. 290.

Thy going is not lonely ; with thee goes
Thy husband ; him to follow thou art bound ;
Where he abides, think there thy native soil.

So that the author makes women's Paradise to be in company with her husband, but man's to be in himself, L. 587.

A Paradise within thee happier far.

Newton.

Ris'n from a river o'er the marish glides, 630
And gathers round fast at the lab'rer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd,
The brandish'd sword of God before them blaz'd
Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapour as the Lybian air adust, 635
Began to parch that temp'rate clime; whereat
In either hand the hast'ning angel caught
Our ling'ring parents, and to th' eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain; then disappear'd, 640
They looking back, all th' eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Wav'd over by that flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms:
Some natural tears they dropp'd, but wip'd them soon;
The world was all before them, where to choose 646
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide:
They hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

END OF PARADISE LOST.

PARADISE REGAINED.

A.

P O E M,

I N

F O U R B O O K S.

THE AUTHOR

JOHN MILTON.

VOL. H.

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PARADISE REGAINED.

BOOK I.

I WHO erewhile the happy garden sung,
By one man's disobedience lost, now sing
Recover'd Paradise to all mankind,
By one man's firm obedience fully try'd
Through all temptation, and the tempter foil'd 5
In all his wiles, defeated and repuls'd,
And Eden rais'd in the waste wilderness.

Thou Spi'rit who ledd'st this glorious eremite
Into the desert, his victorious field,
Against the spiritual foe, and brought'st him thence 10
By proof th' undoubted Son of God, inspire,
As thou art wont, my prompted song, else mute,
And bear through height or depth of Nature's bounds
With prosp'rous wing full summ'd, to tell of deeds
Above heroic, though in secret done, 15
And unrecorded left through many an age,
Worthy to' have not remain'd so long unsung.

Now had the great proclaimer, with a voice
More awful than the sound of trumpet, cry'd
Repentance, and Heav'n's kingdom nigh at hand 20
To all baptiz'd : to his great baptism flock'd
With awe the regions round, and with them came
From Nazareth the son of Joseph deem'd,
To the flood Jordan, came as then obscure,
Unmark'd, unknown ; but him the Baptist soon 25
Desery'd, divinely warm'd, and witness bore
As to his worthier, and would have resign'd
To him his heav'nly office : nor was long

His witness unconfirm'd: on him baptiz'd
 Heav'n open'd, and in likeness of a dove
 The Spi'rit descended, while the Father's voice
 From heav'n pronounc'd him his beloved Son.

30

That heard the adversary, who roving still
 About the world, at that assembly fam'd
 Would not be last, and with the voice divine
 Nigh thunder-struck, th' exalted man, to whom
 Such high attest was giv'n, a while survey'd
 With wonder, then with envy fraught and rage
 Flies to his place, nor rests, but in mid-air
 To council summons all his mighty peers,
 Within thick clouds and dark tenfold invol'd,
 A gloomy consistory ; and them amidst

35

With looks aghast and sad he thus bespake :

40

O ancient pow'rs of air and this wide world,
 For much more willingly I mention air,

45

This our old conquest, than remember hell,

Our hated habitation ; well ye know

How many ages, as the years of men,

This universe we have possess'd, and rul'd

In manner at our will th' affairs of earth,

50

Since Adam and his facile consort Eve

Lost Paradise deceiv'd by me, though since

With dread attending when that fatal wound
 Shall be inflicted by the seed of Eve

Upon my head: long the decrees of Heav'n

55

Delay, for longest time to him is short ;

And now too soon for us the circling hours

This dreaded time have compass'd, wherein we

Must bide the stroke of that long threaten'd wound,

At least if so we can, and by the head

60

Broken be not intended all our power

To be infring'd, our freedom and our being,

In this fair empire won of earth and air ;

For this ill news I bring, the woman's seed

Destin'd to this, is late of woman born :

65

His birth to our just fear gave no small cause,

But his growth now to youth's full flower, displaying
All virtue, grace, and wisdom to achieve
Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear.
Before him a great prophet to proclaim 70
His coming, is sent harbinger, who all
Invites, and in the consecrated stream
Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them so
Purified to receive him pure, or rather
To do him honour as their king ; all come, 75
And he himself among them was baptiz'd,
Not hence to be more pure, but to receive
The testimony' of Heav'n, that who he is
Thenceforth the nations may not doubt ; I saw
The prophet do him reverence, on him rising 80
Out of the water, heav'n above the clouds
Unfold her chrystal doors, thence on his head
A perfect dove descend, whate'er it meant,
And out of heav'n the sov'reign voice I heard,
This is my Son belov'd, in him am-pleas'd, 85
His mother then is mortal, but his sire
He who obtains the monarchy of heav'n ;
And what will he not do to advance his Son ?
His first-begot we know, and sore have felt,
When his fierce thunder drove us to the deep : 90
Who this is we must learn ; for man he seems
In all his lineaments, though in his face
The glimpses of his Father's glory shine.
Ye see our danger on the utmost edge
Of hazard, which admits no long debate, 95
But must with something sudden be oppos'd,
Not force, but well couch'd fraud, well-woven snares,
Ere in the head of nations he appear
Their king, their leader, and supreme on earth.
I, when no other durst, sole undertook 100
The dismal expedition, to find out
And ruin Adam, and th'exploit perform'd
Successfully : a calmer voyage now
Will waft me ; and the way found prosp'rous once,

Induces best to hope of like success.

105

He ended, and his words impression left
Of much amazement to th' infernal crew,
Distracted and surpriz'd with deep dismay
At these sad tidings; but no time was then

For long indulgence to their fears or grief :

110

Unanimous they all commit the care

And management of this main enterprize

To him their great dictator, whose attempt

At first against mankind so well had thriv'd

In Adam's overthrow, and led their march

115

From hell's deep-vaulted den to dwell in light,

Regents and potentates, and kings, yea gods

Of many a pleasant realm and province wide.

So to the coast of Jordan he directs

His easy steps, guarded with snaky wiles,

120

Where he might likeliest find this new declar'd,

This man of men, attested Son of God,

Temptation and all guile on him to try ;

So to subvert whom he suspected rais'd

To end his reign on earth so long enjoy'd :

125

But contrary unweeting he fulfill'd

The purpos'd counsel pre-ordain'd and fix'd

Of the Most High, who in full frequency bright

Of Angels, thus to Gabriel smiling spake :

Gabriel, this day by proof thou shalt behold.

130

Thou and all angels conversant on earth

With man or mens affairs, how I begin.

To verify that solemn message late,

On which I sent thee to the virgin pure

In Galilee, that she should bear a son

135

Great in renown, and call'd the Son of God ;

Then told't her doubting how these things could be

To her a virgin, that on her should come

The Holy Ghost, and the pow'r of the Highest

O'ershadow her ; this man born and now upgrown ;

To show him worthy of his birth divine

140

And high prediction, henceforth I expose

To Satan ; let him tempt and now assay
His utmost subtlety, because he boasts
And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng 145
Of his apostacy ; he might have learn'd
Less overweening, since he fail'd in Job,
Whose constant perseverance overcame
Whate'er his cruel malice could invent.

He now shall know I can produce a man : 150
Of female seed, far abler to resist

All his solicitations, and at length

All his vast force, and drive him back to hell,

Winning by conquest what the first man lost

By fallacy surpriz'd. But first I mean 155

To exercise him in the wilderness ;

There he shall first lay down the rudiments

Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth

To conquer sin and death, the two grand foes,

By humiliation and strong sufferance : 160

His weakness shall o'ercome Satanic strength,

And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh :

That all the angels and ethereal powers,

They now and men hereafter may discern,

From what consummate virtue I have chose 165

This perfect man, by merit call'd my son,

To earn salvation for the sons of men.

So spake th' Eternal Father, and all Heav'n

Admiring stood a space, then into hymns

Burst forth, and in celestial measures mov'd, 170

Circling the throne and singing, while the hand

Sung with the voice, and this the argument :

Victory and triumph to the Son of God

Now entering his great duel, not of arms,

But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles. 175

The Father knows the Son : therefore secure

Ventures his filial virtue, though untry'd,

Against whate'er may tempt, whate'er seduce,

Allure, or terrify, or undermine,

Be frustrate, all ye stratagems of hell 180

And devilish machinations come to nought.

So they in heav'n their odes and vigils tun'd;
 Meanwhile the Son of God, who yet some days
 Lodg'd in Betharaba where John baptiz'd,
 Musing and much revolving in his breast, 185
 How best the mighty work he might begin
 Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first
 Publish his godlike office now mature,
 One day forth walk'd alone, the Spirit leading,
 And his deep thoughts, the better to converse 190
 With solitude, till far from tract of men,
 Thought following thought, and step by step led on,
 He enter'd now the bord'ring desert wild,
 And with dark shades and rocks environ'd round,
 His holy meditations thus pursu'd: 195

O what a multitude of thoughts at once
 Awaken'd in me swarm, while I consider
 What from within I feel myself, and hear
 What from without comes often to my ears,
 Ill sorting with my present state compar'd! 200
 When I was yet a child, no childish play
 To me was pleasing; all my mind was set
 Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
 What might be public good; myself I thought
 Born to that end, born to promote all truth, 205
 All righteous things: therefore above my years,
 The law of God I read, and found it sweet,
 Made it my whole delight, and in it grew
 To such perfection, that ere yet my age
 Had measur'd twice six years, at our great feast 210
 I went into the temple, there to hear
 The teachers of our law, and to propose
 What might improve my knowledge or their own;
 And was admir'd by all; yet this not all
 To which my spirit aspir'd; victorious deeds 215
 Flam'd in my heart, heroic acts, one while
 To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke,
 Then to subdue and quell o'er all the earth
 Brute violence and proud tyrannic power,

Till truth were freed, and equity restor'd : 220
Yet held it more humane, more heav'nly, first
By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
And make persuasion do the work of fear :
At least to try and teach the erring soul
Not wilfully misdoing, but un'ware 225
Mised ; the stubborn only to subdue.
These growing thoughts my mother soon perceiving
By words at times cast forth, inly rejoic'd,
And said to me apart, High are thy thoughts,
O son, but nourish them, and let them soar 230
To what height sacred virtue and true worth
Can raise them, though above example high ;
By matchless deeds, express thy matchless fire.
For know, thou art no son of mortal man ;
Though men esteem thee low of parentage, 235
Thy father is th' eternal King who rules
All heav'n and earth, angels and sons of men ;
A messenger from God foretold thy birth
Conceiv'd in me a virgin, he foretold
Thou shouldst be great, and sit on David's throne,
And of thy kingdom there should be no end. 240
At thy nativity a glorious choir
Of angels in the fields of Bethlehem sung
To shepherds watching at their folds by night,
And told them the Messiah now was born, 245
Where they might see him, and to thee they came,
Directed to the manger where thou lay'st,
For in the inn was left no better room :
A star, not seen before, in heav'n appearing
Guided the wise men thither from the East, 250
To honour thee with incense, myrrh, and gold,
By whose bright course led on they found the place,
Affirming it thy star now grav'n, in heav'n,
By which they knew the King of Israel born.
Just Simeon, and prophetic Anna, warn'd 255
By vision, found thee, in the temple, and spake
Before the altar and the vested priest,
Like things of thee to all that present stood.

This having heard, strait I again resolv'd
The law and prophets, searching what was writ 260
Concerning the Messiah, to our scribes
Known partly, and soon found of whom they spake
I am; this chiefly, that my way must lie
Through many a hard assay ev'n to the death,
Ere I the promis'd kingdom can attain, 265
Or work redemption for mankind, whose sins
Full weight must be transferred upon my head.
Yet neither thus dishearten'd or dismay'd,
The time prefix'd I waited, when behold
The Baptist (of whose birth I oft had heard, 270
Not knew by sight) now come, who was to come
Before Messiah, and his way prepare;
I, as all others to his baptism came,
Which I believ'd was from above; but he 274
Straight knew me, and with loudest voice proclaim'd
Me him, (for it was shewn him so from heav'n,)
Me him whose harbinger he was; and first
Refus'd on me his baptism to confer,
As much his greater, and was hardly won:
But as I rose out of the laving stream, 280
Heav'n open'd her eternal doors, from whence
The spirit descended on me like a dove,
And last the sum of all, my Father's voice,
Audibly heard from heav'n, pronounc'd me his
Me his beloved Son, in whom alone 285
He was well pleas'd; by which I knew the time
Now full, that I no more should live obscure,
But openly begin, as best becomes
Th' authority which I deriv'd from Heav'n.
And now by some strong motion I am led 290
Into this wilderness, to what intent
I learn not yet, perhaps I need not know;
For what concerns my knowledge God reveals.
So spake our Morning-star, then in his rise;
And looking round, on every side beheld 295
A pathless desert, dusk with horrid shades;
The way he came not having mark'd, return

Was difficult, by human steps untrod;
And he still on was led, but with such thoughts
Accompanied of things past and to come 300
Lodg'd in his breast, as well might recommend
Such solitude before choicest society.
Full forty days he pass'd, whether on hill
Sometimes, anon in shady vale, each night
Under the covert of some ancient oak, 305
Or cedar, to defend him from the dew,
Or harbour'd in some cave, is not reveal'd;
Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt
Till those days ended, hunger'd then at last
Among wild beasts; they at his sight grew mild, 310
Nor sleeping him nor walking harm'd, his walk
The fiery serpent fled, and noxious worm,
The lion and fierce tyger glar'd aloof.
But now an aged man in rural weeds,
Following, as seem'd the quest of some stray ewe,
Or wither'd sticks to gather, which might serve 316
Against a winter's day when wind blows keen,
To warm him wet return'd from field at eve,
He saw approach, who first with curious eye
Perus'd him, then with words thus utter'd spake: 320
Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this place
So far from path or road of men, who pass
In troop or caravan? for single none
Durst ever, who return'd, and dropt not here
His carcase, pin'd with hunger and with drought. 325
I ask the rather, and the more admire,
For that to me thou seem'st the man, whom late
Our new baptizing Prophet at the ford
Of Jordan honour'd so, and call'd thee Son
Of God; I saw and heard, for we sometimes 330
Who dwell this wild, constrain'd by want come forth
To town or village nigh, (nighest is far)
Where ought we hear, and curious are to hear,
What happens new; Fame also finds us out.
To whom the son of God: Who brought me hi-
ther 335

Will bring me hence ; no other guide I seek.

By miracle he may, reply'd the swain,
What other way I see not, for we here
Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inur'd
More than the camel, and to drink go far, 340
Men to much misery and hardship born ;
But if thou be the Son of God, command
That out of these hard stones be made thee bread ;
So shalt thou save thyself, and us relieve
With food, whereof we wretched seldom taste. 345

He ended, and the Son of God reply'd :
Think'st thou such force in bread ? is it not written
(For I discern thee other than thou seem'st)
Man lives not by bread only, but each word
Proceeding from the mouth of God, who fed 350
Our fathers here with manna ? in the mount
Moses was forty days, nor ate nor drank ;
And forty days Elijah without food
Wander'd this barren waste ; the same I now :
Why dost thou then suggest to me distrust, 355
Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art ?

Whom thus answer'd th' arch-fiend now undisguis'd :
'Tis true, I am that spirit unfortunate,
Who leagu'd with millions more in rash revolt
Kept not my happy station, but was driv'n 360
With them from bliss to the bottomless deep ;
Yet to that hideous place not so confin'd
By rigour unconniving, but that oft
Leaving my dolorous prison, I enjoy
Large liberty to round this globe of earth, 365
Or range in the' air, nor from the heav'n of heav'ns
Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.
I came among the sons of God, when he
Gave up into my hands Uzzean Job
To prove him, and illustrate his high worth ; 370
And when to all his angels he propos'd
To draw the proud King Ahab into fraud,
That he might fall in Ramoth, they demurring,
I undertook that office, and the tongues

Of all his flattering prophets glibb'd with lies 375
To his destruction, as I had in charge,
For what he bids I do : though I have lost
Much lustre of my native brightness, lost
To be belov'd of God, I have not lost
To love, at least contemplate and admire 380
What I see excellent in good, or fair,
Or virtuous, I should so have lost all sense,
What can be then less in me than desire
To see thee, and approach thee, whom I know
Declar'd the Son of God, to hear attent 385
Thy wisdom, and behold thy godlike deeds ?
Men generally think me much a foe
To all mankind : why should I ? they to me
Never did wrong or violence ; by them
I lost not what I lost, rather by them 390
I gain'd what I have gain'd, and with them dwell
Copartner in these regions of the world,
If not disposer ; lend them oft my aid,
Oft my advice by presages and signs,
And answers, oracles, portents, and dreams, 395
Whereby they may direct their future life.
Envy they say excites me, thus to gain
Companions of my misery and woe :
At first it may be ; but long since with woe
Nearer acquainted, now I feel by proof, 400
That fellowship in pain divides not smart,
Nor lightens ought each man's peculiar load.
Small consolation then, were man adjoin'd :
This wounds me most, (what can it less ?) that man,
Man fall'n shall be restor'd, I never more. 405

To whom our Saviour sternly thus reply'd:
Deservedly thou griev'st, compos'd of lies
From the beginning, and in lies wilt end ;
Who boast't it release from hell, and leave to come
Into the heav'n of heav'ns : thou com'st indeed, 410
As a poor miserable captive thrall
Comes to the place where he before had sat
Among the prime and splendour, now depos'd,

Ejected, emptied, gāz'd, unpitied, shunn'd,
A spectacle of ruin or of scorn 415
To all the host of heav'n : the happy place
Imparts to thee no happiness, no joy,
Rather inflames thy torment, representing
Lost bliss, to thee no more communicable,
So never more in hell than when in heav'n. 420
But thou art serviceable to heav'n's King.
Wilt thou impute to' obedience what thy fear
Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites ?
What but thy malice mov'd thee to misdeem
Of righteous Job, then cruelly to' afflict him 425
With all inflictions ? but his patience won.
The other service was thy chosen task,
To be a liar in four hundred mouths ;
For lying is thy sustenance, thy food.
Yet thou pretend'st to truth ; all oracles, 430
By thee are giv'n, and what confess'd more true
Among the nations ? that hath been thy craft,
By mixing somewhat true to vent more lies.
But what have been thy answers, what but dark,
Ambiguous, and with double sense deluding, 435
Which they who ask'd have seldom understood,
And not well understood as good not known ?
Whoever by consulting at thy shrine
Return'd the wiser, or the more instruct'
To fly or follow what concern'd him most, 440
And run not sooner to his fatal snare ?
For God hath justly giv'n the nations up
To thy delusions ; justly, since they fell
Idolatrous : but when his purpose is
Among them to declare his providence 445
To thee not known, whence hast thou then thy truth,
But from him or his angels president
In every province ? who themselves disdaining
To' approach thy temples, give thee in command
What to the smallest tittle thou shalt say 450
To thy adorers ; thou with trembling fear,
Or like a fawning parasite obey'st ;

Then to thyself ascrib'st the truth foretold.
But this thy glory shall be soon retrench'd ;
No more shalt thou by oracling abuse 455
The Gentiles ; henceforth oracles are ceas'd ;
And thou no more with pomp and sacrifice
Shalt be inquir'd at Delphos or elsewhere,
At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.
God hath now sent his living oracle 460
Into the world to teach his final will,
And sends his Spi'rit of truth henceforth to dwell
In pious hearts, an inward oracle
To all truth requisite for men to know.

So spake our Saviour ; but the subtle fiend, 465
Though inly stung with anger and disdain,
Dissembled, and this answer smooth return'd :

Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke,
And urg'd me hard with doings, which not will,
But misery hath wrested from me ; where 470
Easily canst thou find one miserable,
And not enforc'd oft-times to part from truth ;
If it may stand him more in stead to lie,
Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure ?
But thou art plac'd above me, thou art Lord ; 475
From thee I can, and must submit endure
Check or reproof, and glade to 'scape so quit.
Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,
Smooth on the tongue discours'd, pleasing to the ear,
And tuneable as sylvan pipe or song ; 480
What wonder then if I delight to hear
Her dictates from thy mouth ? most men admire
Virtue, who follow not her lore ; permit me
To hear thee when I come (since no man comes,)
And talk at least, though I despair to' attain. 485
Thy Father, who is holy, wise, and pure,
Suffers the hypocrite or atheous priest
To tread his sacred courts, and minister
About his altar, handling holy things,
Praying or vowing, and vouchsaf'd his voice 490
To Balaam reprobate, a prophet yet

Inspr'd ; disdain not such access to me.

To whom our Saviour with unalter'd brow :

Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,

I bid not or forbid ; do as thou find'st 495

Permission from above ; thou can'st not more.

He added not ; and Satan bowing low

His gray diffimulation, disappear'd

Into thin air diffus'd : for now began

Night with her fullen wings to double-shade 500

The desert ; fowls in their clay nests were couch'd ;

And now wild beasts came forth the woods to roam.

End of BOOK FIRST.

PARADISE REGAINED.

BOOK II.

Meanwhile the new-baptiz'd, who yet remain'd
At Jordan with the Baptist, and had seen
Him whom they heard so late expressly call'd
Jesus Messiah Son of God declar'd,
And on that high' authority had believ'd, 5
And with him talk'd, and with him lodg'd, I mean
Andrew and Simon, famous after known,
With others though in holy writ not nam'd,
Now missing him their joy so lately found,
So lately found, and so abruptly gone, 10
Began to doubt, and doubted many days,
And as the days increas'd, increas'd their doubt :
Sometimes they thought he might be only shown,
And for a time caught up to God ; as once
Moses was in the mount, and missing long ; 15
And the great Thibite who on fiery wheels
Rode up to heav'n, yet once again to come.
Therefore as those young prophets then with care
Sought lost Elijah, so in each place these
Nigh to Bethabara ; in Jericho, 20
The city' of palms, Enon, and Salem old,
Machærus, and each town or city wall'd
On this side the broad lake Genezaret,
Or in Perea ; but return'd in vain,
Then on the bank of Jordan, by a creek, 25
Where winds with reeds and osiers whisp'ring play,
Plain fishermen, no greater men them call,

Close in a cottage low together got,
Their unexpected loss and plaints outbreath'd :

Alas! from what high hope to what relapse 30

Unlook'd for are we fall'n ! our eyes beheld

Messiah certainly now come, so long

Expected of our fathers ; we have heard

His words, his wisdom full of grace and truth ;

Now, now, for sure deliverance is at hand, 35

'The kingdom shall to Israel be restor'd :

'Thus we rejoic'd, but soon our joy is turn'd

Into perplexity and new amaze.

For whither is he gone, what accident

Hath rapt him from us ? will he now retire 40

After appearance, and again prolong

Our expectation ? God of Israel,

Send thy Messiah forth, the time is come ;

Behold the kings of the' earth how they oppress

Thy chosen, to what height their pow'r unjust 45

They have exalted, and behind them cast

All fear of thee ; arise and vindicate

Thy glory, free thy people from their yoke.

But let us wait ; thus far he hath perform'd,

Sent his Anointed, and to us reveal'd him 50

By his great prophet, pointed at and shown

In public, and with him we have convers'd ;

Let us be glad of this, and all our fears

Lay on his providence ; he will not fail,

Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recal, 55

Mock us with his bless'd sight, then snatch him hence ;

Soon we shall see our hope, or joy return.

Thus they out of their plaints new hope resume

To find whom at the first they found unsought :

But to his mother Mary, when she saw 60

Others return'd from baptism, not her son,

Nor left at Jordan, tidings of him none,

Within her breast though calm, her breast though pure,

Motherly cares and fears got head and rais'd 64

Some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs thus clad :

O what avails me now that honour high.

To have conceiv'd of God, or that salute,
Hail highly favour'd, among women blest'd!
While I to sorrows am no less advanc'd,
And fears as eminent, above the lot 70
Of other women, by the birth I bore,
In such a season born when scarce a shed
Could be obtain'd to shelter him or me
From the bleak air; a stable was our warmth,
A manger his; yet soon enforc'd to fly 75
Thence into Egypt, till the murd'rous king
Were dead, who sought his life, and missing fill'd
With infant-blood the streets of Bethlehem;
From Egypt home return'd, in Nazareth
Hath been our dwelling many years: his life 80
Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,
Little suspicious to any king; but now
Full grown to man, acknowledg'd, as I hear
By John the Baptist, and in public shown,
Son own'd from heaven by his Father's voice; 85
I look'd for some great change; to honour? no,
But trouble, as old Simeon plain foretold,
That to the fall and rising he should be
Of many in Israel, and to a sign
Spoken against, that through my very soul 90
A sword shall pierce; this is my favour'd lot,
My exaltation to afflictions high;
Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest'd;
I will not argue that, nor will repine.
But where delays he now? some great intent 95
Conceals him: when twelve years he scarce had seen,
I lost him, but so found, as well I saw
He could not lose himself; but went about
His Father's business; what he meant I mus'd,
Since understand: much more his absence now 100
Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.
But I to wait with patience am inur'd:
My heart hath been a store-house long of things
And sayings laid up, portending strange events.
Thus Mary pond'ring oft, and oft to mind 105

Recalling what remarkably had pass'd
Since first her salutation heard, with thoughts
Meekly compos'd awaited the fulfilling :
The while her Son tracing the desert wild,
Sole but with holiest meditations sed, 110
Into himself descended, and at once
All his great work to come before him set :
How to begin, how to accomplish best
His end of being on earth, and mission high :
For Satan with sly preface to return 115
Had left him vacant, and with speed was gone
Up to the middle region of thick air,
Where all his potentates in council sat ;
There without sign of boast; or sign of joy,
Solicitous and blank he thus began : 120
Princes, heav'n's ancient sons, ethereal thrones,
Demonian spirits now, from th' element
Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call'd
Pow'rs of fire, air, water, and earth beneath,
So may we hold our place and these mild seats 125
Without new trouble ; such an enemy
Is risen to invade us, who no less
Threatens than our expulsion down to hell :
I, as I undertook, and with the vote
Consenting in full frequency was impower'd, 130
Have found him, view'd him, tasted him, but find
Far other labour to be undergone,
Than when I dealt with Adam first of men,
Though Adam by his wife's allurements fell,
However to this man inferior far, 135
If he be man by mother's side at least,
With more than human gifts from heav'n adorn'd,
Perfections absolute' graces divine,
And amplitude of mind to greatest deeds,
Therefore I am return'd, lest confidence 140
Of my success with Eve in Paradise
Deceive ye to persuasion over-sure
Of like succeeding here ; I summon all
Rather to be in readiness, with hand

Or council to assist ; lest I who erst 145
Thought none my equal, now be overmatch'd.

So spake th' old serpent doubting, and from all
With clamour was assur'd their utmost aid
At his command ; when from amidst them rose
Belial, the dissoluteest spi'rit that fell, 150
The sensuallest, and after Asmodai
The fleshliest incubus ; and thus advis'd :

Set women in his eye, and in his walk,
Among daughters of men the fairest found :
Many are in each region passing fair 155

As the noon-sky more like to goddesses
Than mortal creatures, graceful and discreet,
Expert in am'rous arts, enchanting tongues
Persuasive, virgin-majesty with mild
And sweet allay'd, yet terrible to' approach, 160
Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw

Hearts after them tangled in am'rous nets.
Such object hath the pow'r to soften and tame
Severest temper, smooth the rugged'st brow,
Enerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve, 165
Draw out with credulous desire, and lead
At will the manliest, resoluteest breast,
As the magnetic hardest iron draws.

Women, when nothing else, beguil'd the heart
Of wisest Solomon, and made him build, 170
And made him bow to the gods of his wives.

To whom quick answer Satan thus return'd :
Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st
All others by thyself ; because of old
Thou thyself doat'd'st on womankind, admiring 175
Their shape, their colour, and attractive grace,
None are, thou think'st, but taken with such toys.

Before the flood, thou with thy lusty crew,
False titled sons of God roaming the earth,
Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men, 180
And coupled with them, and begot a race.
Have we not seen, or by relation heard,
In courts and regal chambers how thou lurk'd'st,

In wood or grove by mossy fountain-side,
In valley or green meadow, to waylay 185
Some beauty rare, Calisto, Clymene,
Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,
Or Aymone, Syrinx, many more
Too long, then lay'dst thy scapes on names ador'd,
Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan, 190
Satyr, or Faun, or Sylvan? but these haunts
Delight not all; among the sons of men,
How many' have with a smile made small account
Of beauty and her lures, easily scorn'd
All her assaults, on worthier things intent? 195
Remember that Pellean conqueror,
A youth, how all the beauties of the East
He slightly view'd, and slightly overpass'd;
How he furnam'd of Africa dismiss'd
In his prime youth the fair Iberian maid. 200
For Solomon, he liv'd at ease; and full
Of honour, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond
Higher design than to enjoy his state;
Thence to the bait of women lay expos'd:
But he whom we attempt is wiser far 205
Than Solomon, of more exalted mind.
Made and set wholly on th' accomplishment
Of greatest things; what woman will you find,
Though of this age the wonder and the fame,
On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye 210
Of fond desire? or should she confident,
As sitting queen ador'd on beauty's throne,
Descend with all her winning charms begirt
To' enamour, as the zone of Venus once
Wrought that effect on Jove, so fables tell; 215
How would one look from his majestic brow,
Seated as on the top of Virtue's hill,
Discount'nance her despis'd, and put to rout
All her array: her female pride deject,
Ot turn to reverent awe; for beauty stands 220
In the' admiration only of weak minds
Led captive; cease to' admire, and all her plumes

Fall flat and shrink into a trivial toy,
 At every sudden slighting quite abash'd ;
 Therefore with manlier objects we must try 225
 His constancy, with such as have more show
 Of worth, of honour, glory', and popular praise ;
 Rocks whereon greatest men have ofttest wreck'd ;
 Or that which only seems to satisfy
 Lawful desires of nature, not beyond ; 230
 And now I know he hungers where no food
 Is to be found in the wide wilderness ;
 Therest commit to me, I shall let pass
 No' advantage, and his strength as oft assay.

He ceas'd, and heard their grant in loud acclaim ;
 Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band 236
 Of spirits likest to himself in guile
 To be at hand, and at his beck appear,
 If cause were to unfold some active scene
 Of various persons, each to know his part ; 240
 Then to the desert takes with these his flight ;
 Where still from shade to shade the Son of God
 After forty days fasting had remain'd,
 Now hung'ring first, and to himself thus said :

Where will this end? four times ten days I've pass'd
 Wand'ring this woody maze, and human food 246
 Nor tasted, nor had appetite ; that fast
 To virtue I impute not, or count part
 Of what I suffer here: if nature need not,
 Or God support nature without repast 250
 Though needing, what praise is it to' endure ?
 But now I feel I hunger, which declares
 Nature hath need of what she asks; yet God
 Can satisfy that need some other way,
 Though hunger still remain : so it remain 255
 Without this body's wasting, I conteat me,
 And from the sting of famine fear no harm,
 Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts that feed
 Me hung'ring more to do my father's will.
 It was the hour of night, when thus the Son 260
 Commun'd in silent walk, then laid him down

Under the hospitable covert nigh
 Of trees thick interwoven ; there he slept,
 And dream'd, as appetite is wont to dream,
 Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet ;
 Him thought, he by the brook of Cherith stood, 276
 And saw the ravens with their horny beaks
 Food to Elijah bringing ev'n and morn,
 Though rav'nous, taught to' abstain from what they
 He saw the prophet also how he fled (brought :
 Into the desert, and how there he slept 271
 Under a juniper ; then how awak'd,
 He found his supper on the coals prepar'd,
 And by the angel was bid rise and eat,
 And eat the second time after repose, 275
 The strength whereof suffic'd him forty days ;
 Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,
 Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.
 Thus wore out night, and now the herald lark
 Left his ground-nest, high tow'ring to descry 280
 The Morn's approach, and greet her with his song :
 As lightly from his grassy couch up rose
 Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream,
 Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting wak'd.
 Up to a hill anon his steps he rear'd, 285
 From whose high top to ken the prospect round,
 If cottage were in view, sheep-cote, or herd :
 But cottage, herd, or sheep-cote none he saw ;
 Only' in a bottom saw a pleasant grove,
 With chant of tuneful birds resounding loud ; 290
 Thither he bent his way, determin'd there
 To rest at noon, and enter'd soon the shade
 High-roof'd, and walks beneath, and alleys brown,
 That open'd in the midst a woody scene ;
 Nature's own work it seem'd, (Nature taught art,)
 And to a superstitious eye the haunt 296
 Of wood-gods and wood-nymphs ; he viewed it
 When suddenly a man before him stood, (round,
 Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,
 As one in city', or court, or palace bred, 300

And with fair speech these words to him address'd :

With granted leave officious I return,
But much more wonder that the Son of God
In this wild solitude so long should bide,
Of all things destitute ; and well I know, 305
Not without hunger. Others of some note,
As story tells, have trod this wilderness ;
The fugitive bond-woman with her son
Out-cast Nebaioth, yet found here relief
By a providing angel ; all the race 310
Of Israel here had famish'd, had not God
Rain'd from heav'n manna ; and that prophet, bold
Native of Thebes, wand'ring here was fed
Twice by a voice inviting him to eat :
Of thee these forty days none hath regard, 315
Forty and more deserted here indeed.

To whom thus Jesus : what conclud'st thou hence ?
They all had need, I as thou seest have none.

How hast thou hunger then ? Satan reply'd :
Tell me, if food were now before thee set, 320
Wouldst thou not eat ? Thereafter as I like
The giver, answer'd Jesus. Why should that
Cause thy refusal ? said the subtle fiend.
Hast thou not right to all created things ?
Owe not all creatures by just right to thee 325
Duty and service, not to stay till bid,
But tender all their pow'r ? nor mention I
Meats by the law unclean, or offer'd first
To idols, these young Daniel could refuse ;
Nor proffer'd by an enemy, though who 330
Would scruple that, with want oppress'd ? Behold
Nature asham'd, or better to express,
Troubled that thou shouldst hunger, hath purvey'd
From all the elements her choicest store
To treat thee as beseems, and as her Lord, 335
With honour ; only deign to sit and eat.

He spake no dream ; for as his words had end,
Our Saviour lifting up his eyes, beheld
In ample space under the broadest shade

A table richly spread in regal mode, 340
With dishes pil'd, and meats of noblest sort
And savour, beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
In pastry built, or from the spit, or boil'd,
Gris-amber-steam'd; all fish from sea or shore,
Freshet, or purling brook, of shell or fin, 345
And exquisitest name, for which was drain'd
Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.
Alas, how simple to these cates compar'd,
Was that crude apple that diverted Eve!
And at a stately side-board by the wine 350
That fragrant smell diffus'd, in order stood
Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hue
Than Ganymede or Hylas; distant more
Under the trees now tripp'd, now solemn stood
Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades 355
With fruits and flow'rs from Amalthea's horn,
And ladies of th' Hesperides, that seem'd
Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabled since
Of fairy damsels met in forest wide
By knights of Logres or of Lyones, 360
Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore:
And all the while harmonious airs were heard
Of chiming strings, or charming pipes, and winds
Of gentlest gale Arabian odours fann'd
From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest smells.
Such was the splendor; and the tempter now 366
His invitation earnestly renew'd.

What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?
These are not fruits forbidden; no interdict
Defends the touching of these viands pure: 370
Their taste no knowledge works at least of evil,
But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,
Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.
All these are spi'rits of air, and woods, and springs,
Thy gentle ministers, who come to pay 375
Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their Lord:
What doubt'st thou, Son of God? sit down and eat,
To whom thus Jesus temperately reply'd:

Saidst thou not that to all things I had right?
And who withholds my pow'r that right to use? 380
Shall I receive by gift what of my own,
When and where likes me best, I can command?
I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,
Command a table in this wilderness,
And call swift flights of angels ministrant, 385
Array'd in glory ou my cup to' attend:
Why shouldst thou then obtrude this diligence
In vain, where no acceptance it can find?
And with my hunger what hast thou to do?
Thy pompous delicacies I contemn, 390
And count thy specious gifts no gifts, but guiles.

To whom thus answer'd Satan malecontent:
That I have also pow'r to give thou seest;
If of that pow'r I bring thee voluntary
What I might have bestow'd on whom I pleas'd, 395
And rather opportunely in this place
Chose to impart to thy apparent need,
Why shouldst thou not accept it? but I see
What I can do or offer is suspect';
Of these things others quickly will dispose, 400
Whose pains have earn'd the far-fetch'd spoil. With
Both table and provision vanish'd quite (that
With sound of harpies wings; and talons heard;
Only th' importune tempter still remain'd,
And with these words his temptation pursu'd: 405

By hunger that each other creature tames,
Thou art not to be harm'd, therefore not mov'd;
Thy temperance invincible besides,
For no allurements yields to appetite,
And all thy heart is set on high designs, 410
High actions; but wherewith to be achiev'd?
Great acts require great means of enterprise:
Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,
A carpenter thy father known, thyself
Bred up in poverty and straits at home, 415
Lost in a desert here, and hunger-bit:
Which way or from what hope dost thou aspire.

To greatness? whence authority deriv'd?
 What followers, what retinue canst thou gain,
 Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude, 420
 Longer than thou canst feed them on thy cost?
 Money brings honour, friends, conquest, and realms;
 What rais'd Antipater the Edomite,
 And his son Herod plac'd on Judah's throne, 424
 Thy throne, but gold that got him puissant friends?
 Therefore, if at great things thou wouldst arrive,
 Get riches first, get wealth, and treasure heap,
 Not difficult, if thou hearken to me;
 Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand;
 They whom I favour, thrive in wealth amain, 430
 While virtue, valour, wisdom, sit in want.
 To whom thus Jesus patiently reply'd:
 Yet wealth without these three is impotent
 To gain dominion, or to keep it gain'd.
 Witness those ancient empires of the earth, 435
 In height of all their flowing wealth dissolv'd:
 But men endu'd with these have oft attain'd,
 In lowest poverty, to highest deeds:
 Gideon and Jephtha, and the shepherd lad,
 Whose offspring on the throne of Judah sat 440
 So many ages, and shall yet regain
 That seat, and reign in Israel without end.
 Among the Heathen, (for throughout the world
 To me is not unknown what hath been done
 Worthy of memorial), canst thou not remember 445
 Quinctius, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus?
 For I esteem those names of men so poor,
 Who could do mighty things, and could contemn
 Riches, though offer'd from the hand of kings.
 And what in me seems wanting, but that I 450
 May also in this poverty as soon
 Accomplish what they did, perhaps and more?
 Extol not riches, then, the toil of fools,
 The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare, more apt
 To slacken virtue, and abate her edge, 455
 Than prompt her to do ought may merit praise.

What if with like averſion I reject
Riches and realms; yet not, for that a crown,
Golden in ſhow, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and ſleepleſs nights
To him who wears the regal diadem, 461
When on his ſhoulders each man's burden lies;
For therein ſtands the office of a king,
His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praiſe,
That for the public all this weight he bears. 465
Yet he who reigns within himſelf, and rules
Paſſions, deſires, and fears, is more a king;
Which every wiſe and virtuous man attains:
And who attains not, ill aſpires to rule
Cities of men, or headſtrong multitudes, 470
Subject himſelf to anarchy within,
Of lawleſs paſſions in him which he ſerves.
But to guide nations in the way of truth
By ſaving doctrine, and from error lead
To know, and knowing worſhip God aright; 475
Is yet more kingly; this attracts the ſoul,
Governs the inner man, the nobler part;
That other o'er the body only reigns,
And oft by force, which to a gen'rous mind
So reigning can be no ſincere delight. 480
Beſides, to give a kingdom hath been thought
Greater and nobler done, and to lay down
Far more magnanimous, than to aſſume.
Riches are needleſs then, both for themſelves,
And for thy reaſon why they ſhould be fought, 485
To gain a ſceptre, ofteſt better miſs'd.

End of Book SECOND.

PARADISE REGAINED.

BOOK III.

SO spake the Son of God, and Satan stood
A while as mute, confounded what to say,
What to reply, confuted and convinc'd
Of his weak arguing, and fallacious drift;
At length collecting all his serpent-wiles,
With soothing words renew'd, him thus accosts :

I see thou know'st what is of use to know,
What best to say canst say, to do canst do;
Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words
To thy large heart give utterance due, thy heart 10
Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.
Should kings and nations from thy mouth consult,
Thy counsel would be as the' oracle
Urim and Thummim, those oraculous gems.
On Aaron's breast; or tongue of seers old 15
Infalleable : or wert thou sought to deeds
That might require th' array of war, thy skill
Of conduct would be such, that all the world
Could not sustain thy prowess, or subsist
In battle, though' against thy few in arms. 20
These godlike virtues wherefore dost thou hide,
Affecting private life, or more obscure
In savage wilderness? wherefore deprive
All earth her wonder at thy acts, thyself
The fame and glory, glory the reward 25
That sole excites to high attempts, the flame
Of most erected spi'rits, most temper'd pure
Ethereal, who all pleasures else despise,

All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,
And dignities and pow'rs all but the highest? 30
Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe : the son
Of Macedonian Philip had ere these
Won Asia, and the throne of Cyrus held
At his dispose ; young Scipio had brought down
The Carthaginian pride ; young Pompey quell'd 35
The Pontic king, and in triumph had rode.
Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,
Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment.
Great Julius, whom now all the world admires,
The more he grew in years, the more inflam'd 40
With glory, wept that he had liv'd so long
Inglorious : but thou yet art not too late.

To whom our Saviour calmly thus reply'd :
Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth
For empire's sake, nor empire to affect 45
For glory's sake, by all thy argument :
For what is glory but the blaze of fame,
The people's praise, if alway's praise unmix'd ?
And what the people but a herd confus'd, 49
A miscellaneous rabble, who extol (praise ?
Things vulgar ; and well weigh'd, scarce worth the
They praise, and they admire they know not what,
And know not whom, but as one leads the other ;
And what delight to be by such extoll'd,
To live upon their tongues, and be their talk, 55
Of whom to be disprais'd were no small praise?
His lot who dares be singularly good.
Th' intelligent among them, and the wise
Are few, and glory scarce of few is rais'd.
This is true glory and renown, when God 60
Looking on th' earth, with approbation marks
The just man, and divulges him through heav'n
To all his angels, who with true applause
Recount his praises : thus he did to Job,
When to' extend his fame through heav'n and earth,
As thou, to thy reproach, may'st well remember, 66
He ask'd thee, Hast thou seen my servant Job ?

Famous he was in heav'n, on earth less known ;
Where glory is false glory, attributed
To things not glorious, men not worthy' of fame. 70
They err who count it glorious to subdue
By conquest far and wide, to over-run
Large countries, and in field great battles win,
Great cities by assault : what do these worthies,
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave 75
Peaceable nations, neighb'ring, or remote,
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
Than those their conquerors, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin wherefoe'er they rove,
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy, 80
Then swell with pride, and must be titled gods,
Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers,
Worshipp'd with temple, priest and sacrifice ;
One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other ;
Till conqu'ror Death discover them scarce men, 85
Rolling in brutish vices, and deform'd,
Violent or shameful death their due reward.
But if there be in glory ought of good,
It may by means far different be attain'd
Without ambition, war, or violence ; 90
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
By patience, temperance : I mention still
Him whom thy wrongs with saintly patience borne
Made famous in a land and times obscure ;
Who names not now with honour patient Job ? 95
Poor Socrates, (who next more memorable ?),
By what he taught, and suffer'd for so doing,
For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now
Equal in fame to proudest conquerors.
Yet if for fame or glory ought be done, 100
Ought suffer'd ; if young African for fame
His wasted country freed from Punic rage,
The deed becomes unprais'd, the man at least,
And loses, though but verbal, his reward.
Shall I seek glory then, as vain men seek, 105

Oft not deserv'd ? I seek not mine, but his
Who sent me', and thereby witness whence I am.

To whom the tempter, murm'ring, thus reply'd :
Think not so slight of glory ; therein least
Resembling thy great Father : he seeks glory, 110
And for his glory all things made, all things
Orders and governs ; not content in heav'n
By all his angels glorify'd, requires
Glory from men, from all men good or bad,
Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemption ; 115
Above all sacrifice, or hallow'd gift
Glory' he requires, and glory he receives
Promiscuous from all nations, Jew, or Greek,
Or barbarous, nor exception hath declar'd ;
From us his foes pronounc'd glory' he exacts. 120

To whom our Saviour fervently reply'd :
And reason ; since his word all things produc'd,
Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,
But to show forth his goodness, and impart
His good communicable to every soul 125
Freely ; of whom what could he less expect
Than glory' and benediction, that is, thanks,
The slightest, easiest, readiest recompence
From them who could return him nothing else,
And not returning that would likeliest render 130
Contempt in stead, dishonour, obloquy ?
Hard recompence, unsuitable return
For so much good, so much beneficence.
But why should man seek glory ? who' of his own
Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs 135
But condemnation, ignominy', and shame ?
Who for so many benefits receiv'd
Turn'd recreant to God, ingrate and false,
And so of all true good himself despoil'd,
Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take 140
That which to God alone of right belongs ;
Yet, so much bounty is in God, such grace,
That who advance his glory, not their own,
Them he himself to glory will advance.

So spake the Son of God; and here again 145
Satan had not to answer, but stood struck
With guilt of his own sin, for he himself
Insatiable of glory had lost all,
Yet of another plea bethought him soon.

Of glory, as thou wilt, said he, so deem, 150
Worth or not worth the seeking, let it pass :
But to a kingdom thou art born, ordain'd
To sit upon thy father David's throne ;
By mother's side thy father; though thy right
Be now in powerful hands, that will not part- 155
Easily from possession won with arms :

Judea now and all the promis'd land,
Reduc'd a province under Roman yoke,
Obeys Tiberius; nor is always rul'd
With temp'rate sway ; oft have they violated 160
The temple, oft the law with foul affronts,
Abominations rather, as did once
Antiochus : and think'st thou to regain
Thy right by sitting still, or thus retiring ?
So did not Maccabeus : he indeed 165
Retir'd unto the desert, but with arms ;
And o'er a mighty king so oft prevail'd,
That by strong hand his family obtain'd,
Though priests, the crown, and David's throne usurp'd,
With Modin and her suburbs once content. 170

If kingdom move thee not, let move thee zeal
And duty ; zeal and duty are not flow ;
But on Occasion's forelock watchful wait.
They themselves rather are occasion best,
Zeal of thy father's house, duty to free 175
Thy country from her heathen servitude ;
So shalt thou best fulfil, best verify
The prophets old, who sung thy endless reign ;
The happier reign the sooner it begins :

Reign then ; what canst thou better do the while ?
To whom our Saviour answer thus return'd : 180
All things are best fulfill'd in their due time,
And time there is for all things, Truth hath said.

If of my reign prophetic writ hath told,
That it shall never end, so when begin 185
The Father in his purpose hath decreed,
He in whose hand all times and seasons roll.
What if he hath decreed that I shall first
Be try'd in humble state, and things adverse,
By tribulations, injuries, insults, 190
Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,
Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting,
Without distrust or doubt, that he may know
What I can suffer, how obey? who best
Can suffer, best can do; best reign, who first 195
Well hath obey'd; just trial ere I merit
My exaltation without change or end.
But what concerns it thee when I begin
My everlasting kingdom, why art thou
Solicitous, what moves thy inquisition? 200
Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,
And my promotion will be thy destruction?
To whom the tempter inly rack'd reply'd:
Let that come when it comes; all hope is lost
Of my reception into grace; what worse 205
For where no hope is left, is left no fear:
If there be worse, the expectation more
Of worse torments me than the feeling can.
I would be at the worst: worst is my port,
My harbour, and my ultimate repose, 210
The end I would attain, my final good.
My error was my error, and my crime
My crime: whatever for itself condemn'd,
And will alike be punish'd, whether thou
Reign or reign not; though to that gentle brow 216
Willingly I could fly, and hope thy reign,
From that placid aspect and meek regard,
Rather than aggravate my evil state,
Would stand between me and thy father's ire,
(Whose ire I dread more than the fire of hell,) 220
A shelter and a kind of shading cool
Interposition, as a summer's cloud.

If I then to the worst that can be haste,
 Why move thy feet so slow to what is best,
 Happiest both to thyself and all the world, 225
 That thou who worthiest art shouldst be their king?
 Perhaps thou linger'st in deep thoughts detain'd
 Of th' enterprize so hazardous and high:
 No wonder, for though in thee be united
 What of perfection can in man be found, 230
 Or human nature can receive, consider
 Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent
 At home, scarce view'd the Galilean towns,
 And once a year Jerusalem, few days 234
 Short sojourn; and what thence couldst thou observe?
 The world thou hast not seen, much less her glory,
 Empires, and monarchs, and their radiant courts,
 Best school of best experience, quickest insight
 In all things that to greatest actions lead.
 The wisest, unexperienc'd, will be ever 240
 Timorous and loath, with novice modesty,
 (As he who seeking asses found a kingdom,)
 Irresolute, unhardy, unadvent'rous:
 But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit
 Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes 245
 The monarchies of th' earth, their pomp and state,
 Sufficient introduction to inform
 Thee, of thyself so apt, in regal arts,
 And regal mysteries, that thou may'st know
 How best their opposition to withstand. 250
 With that (such pow'r was giv'n him then) he took
 The Son of God up to a mountain high.
 It was a mountain at whose verdant feet
 A spacious plain out-stretch'd in circuit wide,
 Lay pleasant; from his side two river's flow'd, 255
 The' one winding, th' other strait, and left between
 Fair champaign with less rivers intervein'd,
 Then meeting, join'd their tribute to the sea:
 Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil and wine;
 With herds the pastures throng'd, with flocks the
 hills: 260

Huge cities and high tower'd, that well might seem
The seats of mightiest monarchs ; and so large
The prospect was, that here and there was room
For barren desert fountainless and dry.
To this high mountain-top the tempter brought 265
Our Saviour, and new train of words began :

Well have we speeded, and o'er hill and dale,
Forest, and field, and flood, temples and towers
Cut shorter many a league ; here thou behold'st
Assyria and her empire's ancient bounds, 270
Araxes and the Caspian lake, thence on
As far as Indus east, Euphrates west ;
And oft beyond ; to south the Persian bay,
And inaccessible th' Arabian drought :
Here Nineveh, of length within her wall, 275
Several days journey, built by Ninus old,
Of that first golden monarchy the seat,
And seat of Salmanasser, whose success
Israel in long captivity still mourns ;
There Babylon, the wonder of all tongues, 280
As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice
Judah and all thy father David's house
Led captive, and Jerusalem laid waste,
Till Cyrus set them free ; Persepolis
His city there thou seest, and Bactra there ; 285
Ecbatana her structure vast there shows,
And Hecatompylos her hundred gates ;
There Susa by Choaspes, amber stream,
The drink of none but kings ; of later fame
Built by Emathian, or by Parthian hands, 290
There great Seleucia, Nisibis, and there
Artaxata, Terebon, Ctesiphon,
Turning with easy eye thou may'st behold.
All these the Parthian, now some ages past,
By great Arsaces led, who founded first 295
That empire, under his dominion holds,
From the luxurious kings of Antioch won.
And just in time thou com'st to have a view
Of his great power ; for now the Parthian king

In Ctesiphon hath gather'd all his host 300
Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild
Have wasted Sogdiana; to her aid
He marches now in haste; see, though from far,
His thousands, in what martial equipage
They issue forth, steel bows, and shafts their arms,
Of equal dread in flight, or in pursuit; 306
All horsemen, in which fight they most excel;
See how in warlike muster they appear,
In rhombs, and wedges, and half-moons, and wings.
He look'd, and saw what numbers numberless 310
The city-gates out-pour'd, light-armed troops
In coats of mail and military pride;
In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,
Prancing their riders bore, the flow'r and choice
Of many provinces from bound to bound; 315
From Arachosia, from Candaor east,
And Margiana to the Hyrcanean cliffs
Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales,
From Atropatia and the neighb'ring plains
Of Adiabene, Media, and the south 320
Of Susiana, to Balsara's haven.
He saw them in their forms of battle rang'd,
How quick they wheel'd, and fly'ing behind them shot
Sharp fleet of arrowy show'rs against the face
Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight; 325
The field, all iron, cast a gleaming brown:
Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn
Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight;
Chariots or elephants indors'd with tow'rs
Of archers, nor of lab'ring pioneers 330
A multitude with spades and axes arm'd,
To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,
Or where plain was raise hill, or overlay
With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;
Mules after these, camels and dromedaries, 335
And waggons fraught with utensils of war.
Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,
When Agrican, with all his northern powers

Besieg'd Albraca, as romances tell,
The city' of Gallaphrone, from thence to win 340
The fairest of her sex Angelica
His daughter, fought by many prowest knights,
Both Paynim, and the peers of Charlemain.
Such and so numerous was their chivalry ;
At sight whereof the fiend yet more presum'd, 345
And to our Saviour thus his words renew'd ;
That thou may't know I seek not to engage
Thy virtue, and not every way secure
On no slight grounds thy safety ; hear, and mark
To what end I have brought thee hither, and shown 350
All this fair sight : thy kingdom though foretold
By prophet or by angel, unless thou
Endeavour, as thy father David did,
Thou never shalt obtain ; prediction still
In all things, and all men, supposes means ; 355
Without means us'd, what it predicts revokes.
But say thou wert possess'd of David's throne
By free consent of all, none opposite,
Samaritan or Jew ; how couldst thou hope
Long to enjoy it quiet and secure, 360
Between two such inclosing enemies
Roman and Parthian ? therefore one of these
Thou must make sure thy own, the Parthian first
By my advice, as nearer, and of late
Found able by invasion to annoy 365
Thy country', and captive lead away her kings
Antigonus, and old Hyrcanus bound,
Maugre the Roman : it shall be my task
To render thee the Parthian at dispose ;
Choose which thou wilt by conquest or by league.
By him thou shalt regain, without him not, 371
That which alone can truly reinstal thee
In David's royal seat, his true successor,
Deliverance of thy brethren, those ten tribes
Whose offspring in his territory yet serve, 375
In Habor, and among the Medes dispers'd ;
Ten sons of Jacob, two of Joseph, lost

Thus long from Israel, serving as of old
Their fathers in the land of Egypt serv'd,
This offer sets before thee to deliver. 380

These if from servitude thou shalt restore
To their inheritance, then, nor till then,
Thou on the throne of David in full glory,
From Egypt to Euphrates and beyond
Shalt reign, and Rome or Cæsar not need fear. 385

To whom our Saviour answer'd thus unmov'd ;
Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm,
And fragile arms, much instrument of war
Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,
Before mine eyes thou' hast set ; and in my ear 390
Vented much policy, and projects deep
Of enemies, of aids, battles and leagues,
Plausible to the world, to me worth nought.
Means I must use thou say'st, prediction else
Will unpredict and fail me of the throne : 395

My time I told thee (and that time for thee
Were better farthest off) is not yet come ;
When that comes, think not thou to find me slack
On my part ought endeav'ring, or to need
Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome 400
Luggage of war there shown me, argument
Of human weakness rather than of strength.

My brethren, as thou call'st them, those ten tribes
I must deliver, if I mean to reign
David's true heir, and his full sceptre sway 405
To just extent over all Israel's sons ;

But whence to thee this zeal, where was it then
For Israel, or for David, or his throne,
When thou stood'st up his tempter to the pride
Of numb'ring Israel, which cost the lives 410
Of threescore and ten thousand Israelites
By three days pestilence ? such was thy zeal
To Israel then, the same that now to me.
As for those captive tribes, themselves were they
Who wrought their own captivity, fell off 415
From God to worship calves, the deities

Of Egypt, Baal next and Ashtaroth,
 And all th' idolatries of heathen round,
 Besides their other worse than heath'nish crimes:
 Nor in the land of their captivity 420
 Humbled themselves, or penitent besought
 The God of their forefathers; but so dy'd
 Impenitent, and left a race behind
 Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce
 From Gentiles, but by circumcision vain, 425
 And God with idols in their worship join'd.
 Should I of these the liberty regard,
 Who freed as to their ancient patrimony,
 Unhumbled, unrepentant, unreform'd,
 Headlong would follow'; and to their gods perhaps
 Of Bethel and of Dan? no; let them serve 431
 Their enemies, who serve idols with God.
 Yet he at length, time to himself best known,
 Rememb'ring Abraham, by some wondrous call
 May bring them back repentant and sincere, 435
 And at their passing cleave th' Assyrian flood,
 While to their native land with joy they haste,
 As the Red Sea and Jordan once he cleft,
 When to the promis'd land their fathers pass'd;
 To his due time and providence I leave them. 440
 So spake Israel's true King, and to the fiend
 Made answer meet, that made void all his wiles.
 So fares it when with truth falsehood contends.

End of BOOK THIRD.

PARADISE REGAINED.

B O O K IV.

PERPLEX'D and troubled at his bad success
The tempter stood, nor had what to reply ;
Discover'd in his fraud, thrown from his hope
So oft, and the persuasive rhetoric
That sleek'd his tongue, and won so much on Eve, 5
So little here, nay lost : but Eve was Eve,
This far his over-match, who self-deceiv'd
And rash, beforehand had no better weigh'd
The strength he was to cope with, or his own.
But as a man who had been matchless held 10
In cunning, over-reach'd where least he thought,
To save his credit, and for very spite,
Still will be tempting him who foils him still,
And never cease, though to his shame the more ;
Or as a swarm of flies in vintage-time, 15
About the wine-press where sweet must is pour'd,
Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound ;
Or surging waves against a solid rock,
Though all to shivers dash'd, th' assault renew,
Vain batt'ry, and in froth or bubbles end : 20
So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse
Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,
Yet gives not o'er, tho' desp'rate of success,
And his vain importunity pursues.
He brought our Saviour to the western side 25
Of that high mountain, whence he might behold
Another plain, long but in breadth not wide,

Wash'd by the southern sea, and on the north
 To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills,
 That screen'd the fruits of th' earth and seats of men
 From cold Septentrion blasts, thence in the midst
 Divided by a river, of whose banks 32
 On each side an imperial city stood,
 With tow'rs and temples proudly elevate
 On sev'n small hills, with palaces adorn'd, 35
 Porches and theatres, baths, aqueducts,
 Statues and trophies, and triumphal arcs,
 Gardens and groves presented to his eyes,
 Above the height of mountains interpos'd:
 By what strange parallax or optic skill 40
 Of vision multiply'd through air, or glass
 Or telescope, were curious to inquire:
 And now the tempter thus his silence broke.

The city which thou seest no other deem
 Then great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth 45
 So far renown'd, and with the spoils enrich'd
 Of nations; there the capitol thou seest
 Above the rest lifting his stately head
 On the Tarpeian, rock, her citadel
 Impregnable, and there mount Palatine, 50
 Th' imperial palace, compass huge, and high
 The structure, skill of noblest architects,
 With gilded battlements, conspicuous far,
 Turrets and terraces, and glitt'ring spires.
 Many a fair edifice besides, more like 55
 Houses of gods, (so well I have dispos'd
 My airy microscope,) thou mayst behold
 Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs,
 Carv'd work, the hand of fam'd artificers
 In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold. 60
 Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see
 What conflux issuing forth, or ent'ring in,
 Pretors, proconsuls to their provinces
 Hast'ning, or on return, in robes of state;
 Lictors, and rods, the ensigns of their pow'r, 65
 Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings:

Or embassies from regions far remote
In various habits on the Appian road,
Or on th' Emilian, some from farthest south,
Syene', and where the shadow both way falls, 70
Meroe Nilotic isle, and more to west,
The realm of Bocchus to the Blackmoor sea ;
From th' Asian kings, and Parthian among these,
From India and the golden Chersonese,
And utmost Indian isle Taprobane, 75
Dusk faces with white filken turbants wreath'd;
From Gallia, Gades, and the British west,
Germans and Scythians, and Sarmatians north
Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool.
All nations now to Rome obedience pay, 80
To Rome's great emperor, whose wide domain
In ample territory, wealth, and power,
Civility of manners, arts and arms,
And long renown, thou justly mayst prefer
Before the Parthian ; these two thrones except', 85
The rest are barb'rous, and scarce worth the sight,
Shar'd among petty kings too far remov'd ;
These having shown thee, I have shown thee al
The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory.
This emp'rour hath no son, and now is old, 90
Old and lascivious, and from Rome retir'd
To Capreæ, an island small but strong.
On the Campanian shore, with purpose there
His horrid lusts in private to enjoy,
Committing to a wicked favourite 95
All public cares, and yet of him suspicious,
Hated of all, and hating : with what ease,
Endu'd with regal virtues as thou art,
Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,
Might'st thou expel this monster from his throne 100
Now made a flye, and in his place ascending
A victor people free from servile yoke ?
And with my help thou may'st ; to me the power
Is giv'n, and by that right I give it thee.
Aim therefore at no less than all the world, 105

Aim at the high'est, without the high'est attain'd
Will be for thee no sitting, or not long,
On David's throne, be prophesy'd what will.

To whom the Son of God unmov'd reply'd :
Nor doth this grandeur and majestic show 110
Of luxury, though call'd magnificence,
More than of arms before, allure mine eye,
Much less my mind ; though thou shouldst add to tell
Their sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts
On citron tables or Atlantic stone, 115
(For I have also heard, perhaps have read)
Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerne,
Chios and Crete, and how they quaff in gold,
Crystal and myrrhine cups imboss'd with gems
And studs of pearl, to me shouldst tell who thrivest 120
And hunger still : then embassies thou show'st
From nations far and nigh ; what honour that,
But tedious waste of time to sit and hear
So many hollow compliments and lies,
Outlandish flatteries ? then proceed'st to talk 125
Of th' emperor, how easily subdu'd,
How gloriously ; I shall, thou say'st, expel
A brutish monster : what if I withal
Expell a devil who first made him such ?
Let his tormentor conscience find him out ; 130
For him I was not sent, nor yet to free
That people victor once, now vile and base,
Deservedly made vassal, who once just,
Frugal, and mild, and temp'rate, conquer'd well,
But govern ill the nations under yoke, 135
Peeling their provinces, exhausted all
By lust and rapine ; first ambitious grown
Of triumph, that insulting vanity ;
Then cruel, by their sports to blood inur'd
Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts expos'd, 140
Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier still,
And from the daily scene effeminate.
What wise and valiant man would seek to free
These thus degenerate, by themselves enslav'd,

Or could of inward slaves make outward free? 145
Know therefore, when my season comes to fit
On David's throne, it shall be like a tree
Spreading and overshadowing all the earth,
Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash
All monarchies besides throughout the world, 150
And of my kingdom there shall be no end :
Means there shall be to this ; but what the means,
Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell.

To whom the tempter impudent reply'd :
I see all offers made by me how slight 155
Thou valuest, because offer'd, and reject'st :
Nothing will please the difficult and nice,
Or nothing more than still to contradict :
On th' other side know also thou, that I
On what I offer set as high esteem, 160
Nor what I part with mean to give for nought ;
All these which in a moment thou behold'st,
'The kingdoms of the world to thee I give ;
For giv'n to me, I give to whom I please,
No trifle ; yet with this reserve, not else, 165
On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,
And worship me as thy superior lord,
Easily done, and hold them all of me ;
For what can less so great a gift deserve ?

Whom thus our Saviour answer'd with disdain:
I never lik'd thy talk, thy offers less, 171
Now both abhor, since thou hast dar'd to utter
Th' abominable terms, impious condition :
But I endure the time, till which expir'd,
Thou hast permission on me. It is written 175
The first of all commandments, Thou shalt worship
The Lord thy God, and only him shalt serve ;
And dar'st thou to the Son of God propound
To worship thee accurs'd, now more accurs'd
For this attempt, bolder than that on Eve, 180
And more blasphemous ? which expect to rue.
The kingdoms of the world to thee were giv'n,
Permitted rather, and by thee usurp'd ;

Other donation none thou canst produce :
If giv'n, by whom but by the King of kings, 185
God over all supreme ? if giv'n to thee,
By thee how fairly is the giver now
Repaid ? But gratitude in thee is lost
Long since. Wert thou so void of fear or shame,
As offer them to me the Son of God, 190
To me my own, on such abhorred pact,
That I fall down and worship thee as God ?
Get thee behind me ; plain thou now appear'st
That evil one, Satan for ever damn'd.

To whom the fiend with fear abash'd reply'd : 195
Be not so sore offended, Son of God,
Though Sons of God both angels are and men,
If I to try whether in higher sort
Than these thou bear'st that title, have propos'd
What both from men and angels I receive, 200
Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth
Nations besides from all the quarter'd winds,
God of this world invok'd and world beneath ;
Who then thou art, whose coming is foretold
To me so fatal, me it most concerns. 205
The trial hath indamag'd thee no way,
Rather more honour left and more esteem ;
Me nought advantag'd, missing what I aim'd.
Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,
The kingdoms of this world ; I shall no more 210
Advise thee ; gain them as thou canst, or not.
And thou thyself seem'st otherwise inclin'd
Than to a worldly crown, addicted more
To contemplation and profound dispute,
As by that early action may be judg'd, 215
When slipping from thy mother's eye thou went'st
Alone into the temple ; there wast found
Among the gravest Rabbies disputant
On points and questions sitting Moses' chair,
Teaching, not taught ; the childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day. Be famous then 221
By wisdom ; as thy empire must extend,

So let extend thy mind o'er all the world
 In knowledge, all things in it comprehend :
 All knowledge is not couch'd in Moses' law, 225
 The Pentateuch, or what the Prophets wrote ;
 The Gentiles also know, and write ; and teach
 To admiration, led by Nature's light ;
 And with the Gentiles much thou must converse,
 Ruling them by persuasion as thou mean'st ; 230
 Without their learning how wilt thou with them,
 Or they with thee hold conversation meet ?
 How wilt thou reason with them, how refute
 Their idolisms, traditions, paradoxes ?
 Error by his own arms is best evinc'd. 235
 Look once more ere we leave this specular mount
 Westward, much nearer by south-west, behold
 Where on the' Ægean shore a city stands
 Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,
 Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts 240
 And eloquence, native to famous wits
 Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
 City' or suburban, studious walks and shades ;
 See there the olive grove of Academe,
 Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird 245
 Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long ;
 There flow'ry hill Hymettus with the sound
 Of bees industrious murmur oft invites
 To studious musing ; there Ilissus rolls
 His whisp'ring stream : within the walls then view
 The schools of ancient sages ; his who bred 251
 Great Alexander to subdue the world,
 Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next :
 There thou shalt hear and learn the secret pow'r
 Of harmony in tones and numbers hit 255
 By voice or hand, and various-measur'd verse,
 Æolian charms and Dorian Lyric odes,
 And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
 Blind Melesigenes thence Homer call'd,
 Whose poem Phœbus challeng'd for his own. 260
 Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught

In Chorus or Iambic, teachers best
 Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd,
 In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
 Of Fate, of Chance, and change in human life; 265
 High actions, and high passions best describing:
 Thence to the famous orators repair,
 Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
 Wielded at will that fierce democracy,
 Shook the' arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece, 270
 To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne:
 To sage philosophy next lend thine ear,
 From heav'n descended to the low-roof'd house
 Of Socrates; see there his tenement,
 Whom well inspir'd the oracle pronounc'd 275
 Wisest of men; from whose mouth issu'd forth
 Mellifluous streams that water'd all the schools
 Of Academics old and new, with those
 Surnam'd Peripatetics, and the sect
 Epicurean, and the Stoic severe; 280
 These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st, at home,
 Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight;
 These rules will render thee a king complete
 Within thyself, much more with empire join'd.

To whom our Saviour sagely thus reply'd: 285
 Think not but that I know these things, or think
 I know them not; not therefore am I short
 Of knowing what I ought: he who receives
 Light from above, from the fountain of light
 No other doctrine needs, though granted true; 290
 But these are false, or little else but dreams,
 Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.
 The first and wisest of them all profess'd
 To know this only, That he nothing knew;
 The next to fabling fell, and smooth conceits; 295
 A third sort doubted all things, though plain sense;
 Others in virtue plac'd felicity,
 But virtue join'd with riches and long life;
 In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease;
 The Stoic last in philosophic pride,

By him called virtue; and his virtuous man,
Wife, perfect in himself, and all possessing,
Equals to God; oft shames not to prefer,
As fearing God nor man, contemning all,
Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life,
Which when he lists he leaves, or boasts he can,
For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,
Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.
Alas! what can they teach, and not mislead,
Ignorant of themselves, of God much more, 310
And how the world began, and how man fell
Degraded by himself, on grace depending?
Much of the foul they talk, but all awry,
And in themselves seek virtue, and to themselves
All glory arrogate, to God give none, 315
Rather accuse him under usual names,
Fortune and Fate, as one regardless quite
Of mortal things. Who therefore seeks in these
True wisdom, finds her not, or by delusion
Far worse, her false resemblance only meets, 320
An empty cloud. However, many books,
Wise men have said are wearisome; who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
(And what he brings, what needs he elsewhere seek?),
Uncertain and unsettled still remains, 326
Deep vers'd in books and shallow in himself,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys
And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge;
As children gath'ring pebbles on the shore. 330
Or if I would delight my private hours
With music or with poem, where so soon
As in our native language can I find
That solace? All our law and story strew'd
With hymns, our psalms with artful terms inscrib'd,
Our Hebrew songs and harps in Babylon,
That pleas'd so well our victor's ear, declare
That rather Greece from us these arts deriv'd;
Ill imitated, while they loudest sing

The vices of their deities, and their own 340
In fable, hymn, or song, so personating
Their gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.
Remove their swelling epithets thick laid
As varnish on a harlot's cheek, the rest
Thin sown with ought of profit or delight, 345
Will far be found unworthy to compare
With Sion's songs, to all true tastes excelling,
Where God is prais'd aright, and godlike men,
The holiest of holies, and his saints;
Such are from God inspir'd, not such from thee, 350
Unless where moral virtue is express'd
By light of nature not in all quite lost.
Their orators thou then extoll'st, as those
The top of eloquence, statists indeed,
And lovers of their country, as may seem; 355
But herein to our prophets far beneath,
As men divinely taught, and better teaching
The solid rules of civil government
In their majestic unaffected style,
Than all the oratory of Greece and Rome. 360
In them is plainliest taught, and easiest learn'd,
What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so,
What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat;
These only with our law best form a king.
So spake the Son of God: but Satan now 365
Quite at a loss, for all his darts were spent,
Thus to our Saviour with stern brow reply'd:
Since neither wealth nor honour, arms nor arts,
Kingdom nor empire pleases thee, nor ought
By me propos'd in life contemplative, 370
Or active, tended on by glory, or fame,
What dost thou in this world? the wilderness
For thee is fittest place; I found thee there,
And thither will return thee; yet remember
What I foretel thee, soon thou shalt have cause 375
To wish thou never hadst rejected thus
Nicely or cautiously my offer'd aid,
Which would have set thee in short time with ease

On David's throne, or throne of all the world,
 Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season, 280
 When prophecies of thee are best fulfill'd.
 Now contrary, if I read ought in heav'n,
 Or heav'n write ought of Fate, by what the stars
 Voluminous, or single characters,
 In their conjunction met, give me to spell, 385
 Sorrows and labours, opposition, hate,
 Attend thee, scorns, reproaches, injuries,
 Violence and stripes, and lastly cruel death ;
 A kingdom they portend thee, but what kingdom,
 Real or allegoric, I discern not, 390
 Nor when, eternal sure, as without end,
 Without beginning ; for no date prefix'd
 Directs me in the starry rubric set.

So say'ing, he took, (for still he knew his pow'r
 Not yet expir'd), and to the wilderness 395
 Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,
 Feigning to disappear. Darkness now rose,
 As day-light sunk, and brought in louring night
 Her shadowy offspring, unsubstantial both,
 Privation mere of light and absent day. 400
 Our Saviour meek, and with untroubled mind,
 After his airy jaunt, though hurry'd fore,
 Hungry and cold betook him to his rest,
 Where-ever, under some concourse of shades,
 Whose branching arms, thick interwin'd, might shield
 From dews and damps of night his shelter'd head ; 406
 But shelter'd slept in vain ; for at his head
 The tempter watch'd, and soon with ugly dreams
 Disturb'd his sleep ; and and either tropic now
 'Gan thunder, and both ends of heav'n, the clouds
 From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd 411
 Fierce rain with lightning mix'd, water with fire
 In ruin reconcil'd : nor slept the winds
 Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad
 From the four hinges of the world, and fell 415
 On the vex'd wilderness, whose tallest pines,
 Though rooted deep ashigh, and sturdiest oaks

Bow'd their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,
Or torn up sheer : ill wast thou shrouded then,
O patient Son of God; yet only stood'st 420
Unshaken : nor yet staid the terror there ;
Infernal ghosts, and hellish furies, round
Environ'd thee; somehowl'd, some yell'd, some shriek'd,
Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou
Satt'st unappall'd in calm and sinless peace. 425
Thus pass'd the night so foul, till morning fair
Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice gray,
Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar
Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the winds,
And grisly spectres, which the fiend had rais'd 430
To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.
And now the sun with more effectual beams
Had cheer'd the face of earth, and dry'd the wet
From drooping plant, or dropping tree ; the birds,
Who all things now behold more fresh and green,
After a night of storm so ruinous, 436
Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray
To gratulate the sweet return of morn ;
Nor yet amidst this joy and brightest morn
Was absent, after all his mischief done, 440
The prince of darkness, glad h'would also seem
Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came,
Yet with no new device, they all were spent,
Rather by this his last affront resolv'd,
Desp'rate of better course, to vent his rage, 455
And mad despite to be so oft repell'd.
Him walking on a sunny hill he found,
Back'd on the north and west by a thick wood ;
Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape,
And in a careless mood thus to him said : 450
Fair morning yet betides thee, Son of God,
After a dismal night ; I heard the wrack
As earth and sky would mingle ; but myself
Was distant; and these flaws, though mortals fear them
As dang'rous to the pillar'd frame of heav'n, 455
Or to the earth's dark basis underneath,

Are to the main as inconsiderable,
And harmless, if not wholesome, as a sneeze
To man's less universe, and soon are gone;
Yet as being oft-times noxious where they light 460
On man, beast, plant, wasteful and turbulent,
Like turbulencies in th' affairs of men,
Over whose heads they roar, and seem to point,
They oft fore-signify and threaten ill:
This tempest at this desert most was bent; 465
Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'st.
Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject
The perfect season offer'd with my aid
To win thy destin'd seat, but wilt prolong
All to the push of Fate, pursue thy way 470
Of gaining David's throne no man knows when,
For both the when and how is no where told,
Thou shalt be what thou art ordain'd, no doubt;
For angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing
The time and means: each act is rightliest done, 475
Not when it must, but when it may be best.
If thou observe not this, be sure to find,
What I foretold thee, many a hard assay
Of dangers, and adversities, and pains,
Ere thou of Israel's sceptre get fast hold; 480
Whereof this ominous night that clos'd thee round,
So many terrors, voices, prodigies
May warn thee, as a sure foregoing sign.

So talk'd he, while the Son of God went on
And staid not, but in brief him answer'd thus: 485

Me worse than wet thou find'st not; other harm
Those terrors which thou speak'st of, did me none;
I never fear'd they could, though noising loud
And threatening nigh; what they can do as signs
Betokening, or ill boding, I contemn. 490
As false portents, not sent from God, but thee;
Who knowing I shall reign past thy preventing,
Obtrud'st thy offer'd aid, that I accepting
At least might seem to hold all pow'r of thee,
Ambitious spi'rit, and would'st be thought my God,

And storm'st refus'd, thinking to terrify 495
Me to thy will; desist, thou art discern'd,
And toil'st in vain, nor me in vain molest.

To whom the fiend, now swoln with rage, reply'd:
Then hear, O son of David, virgin-born, 500
For Son of God to me is yet in doubt,
Of the Messiah I have heard foretold
By all the prophets; of thy birth at length
Announc'd by Gabriel with the first I knew,
And of th' angelic song in Bethlehem field, 505
On thy birth-night, that sung thee Saviour born.
From that time seldom have I ceas'd to eye
Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,
Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred;
Till at the ford of Jordan, whither all 510
Flock'd to the Baptist, I among the rest,
Though not to be baptiz'd, by voice from heav'n
Heard thee pronounc'd the Son of God belov'd.
Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view
And narrower scrutiny, that I might learn 515
In what degree or meaning thou art call'd
The Son of God, which bears no single sense;
The Son of God I also am, or was,
And if I was, I am, relation stands;
All men are sons of God; yet thee I thought 520
In some respect far higher so declar'd:
Therefore I watch'd thy footsteps from that hour,
And follow'd thee still on to this waste wild
Where by all best conjectures I collect
Thou art to be my fatal enemy. 525
Good reason then, if I beforehand seek
To understand my adversary, who,
And what he is; his wisdom, pow'r, intent;
By parl, or composition, truce, or league
To win him, or win from him what I can. 530
And opportunity I here have had
To try thee, sift thee, and confess have found thee
Proof against all temptation, as a rock
Of adamant, and as a centre firm,

To th' utmost of mere man both wise and good, 535
 Not more ; for honours, riches, kingdoms, glory,
 Have been before contemn'd, and may again :
 Therefore to know what more thou art than man,
 Worth naming Son of God by voice from heav'n,
 Another method I must now begin; 540

So saying, he caught him up, and without wing
 Of hippogrif bore through the air sublime
 Over the wilderness and o'er the plain :
 Till underneath them fair Jerusalem,
 The holy city, lifted high her tow'rs; 545
 And higher yet the glorious temple rear'd
 Her pile, far off appearing like a mount
 Of alabaster, topt with golden spires;
 There on the highest pinnacle he set
 The Son of God ; and added thus in scorn : 350

There stand, if thou wilt stand : to stand upright
 Will ask thee skill : I to thy Father's house
 Have brought thee', and highest plac'd, highest is best.
 Now show thy progeny ; if not to stand,
 Cast thyself down ; safely, if Son of God : 555
 For it is written, He will give command
 Concerning thee to' his angels ; in their hands
 They shall uplift thee, lest at any time
 Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone.

To whom thus Jesus : Also it is written, 568
 Tempt not the Lord thy God : he said and stood :
 But Satan smitten with amazement fell.

As when earth's son Anteus (to compare
 Small things with greatest) in Irafra strove
 With Jove's Alcides, and oft foil'd still rose, 565
 Receiving from his mother earth new strength
 Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple join'd,
 Throttled at length in th' air, expir'd and fell ;
 So after many a foil the tempter proud,
 Renewing fresh assaults, amidst his pride 570
 Fell whence he stood to see his victor fall.
 And as that Theban monster that propos'd
 Her riddle, and him who solv'd it not devour'd,

That once found out and solv'd, for grief and spite
Cast herself headlong from th' Iſmenian ſteep; 575
So ſtruck with dread and anguiſh fell the fiend,
And to his crew, that ſat conſulting, brought
Joyleſs triumphals of his hop'd ſucceſs,
Ruin, and deſperation, and diſmay,
Who durſt ſo proudly tempt the Son of God. 580
So Satan fell; and ſtraight a fiery globe
Of angels on full ſail of wing flew high,
Who on their plummy vans receiv'd him ſoft
From his uneaſy ſtation, and upbore,
As on a floating couch, through the blithe air, 585
Then in a flow'ry valley ſet him down
On a green bank, and ſet before him ſpread
A table of celeftial food, divine,
Ambroſial fruits, fetch'd from the tree of life
And from the fount of life ambroſial drink, 590
That ſoon reſreſh'd him weary'd, and repair'd,
What hunger, if ought hunger had impair'd,
Or thirſt; and as he fed, angelic choirs
Sung heav'nly anthems of his victory
Over temptation and the temper proud. 595

True image of the Father, whether thron'd
In the boſom of bliſs and light of light
Conceiving, or remote from heav'n inſhrin'd
In fleſhly tabernacle and human form,
Wand'ring the wilderneſs, whatever place, 600
Habit, or ſtate, or motion, ſtill expreſſing
The Son of God, with godlike force endu'd
Againſt th' attempter of thy Father's throne,
And thief of Paradife; him long of old
Thou didſt repel, and down from heav'n caſt 605
With all his army; now thou haſt aveng'd,
Supplanted Adam, and by vanquiſhing
Temptation, haſt regain'd loſt Paradife,
And fruſtrated the conqueſt fraudulent.
He never more henceforth will dare ſet foot 610
In Paradife to tempt: his ſnares are broke:
For though that ſeat of earthly bliſs be fail'd,

A fairer Paradise is founded now
For Adam and his chosen sons, whom thou
A Saviour art come down to reinstall, 615
Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be,
Of tempter and temptation without fear.
But thou, infernal spirit, shall not long
Rule in the clouds; like an autumnal star,
Or lightning, thou shalt fall from heav'n trod down
Under his feet; for proof, ere this thou feel'st 621
Thy wound, yet not thy last and deadliest wound,
By this repulse receiv'd, and hold'st in hell
No triumph; in all her gates Abaddon rues
Thy bold attempt; hereafter learn with awe 625
To dread the Son God; he all unarm'd
Shall chase thee with the terror of his voice
From thy demoniac holds, possession foul,
Thee and thy legions; yelling they shall fly,
And beg to hide them in a herd of swine, 630
Lest he command them down into the deep
Bound, and to torment sent before their time.
Hail Son of the Most High, heir of both worlds,
Queller of Satan, on thy glorious work.
Now enter, and begin to save mankind. 635
Thus they the Son of God our Saviour meek
Sung victor, and from heav'nly feast refresh'd
Brought on his way with joy; he unobserv'd
Home to his mother's house private return'd:

END OF PARADISE REGAINED.

SAMSON AGONISTES;

A DRAMATIC POEM,

*Tragedia est imitatio actionis seriae, &c. per misericordiam & metum
perficiens talium affectuum lustrationem.*

THE PERSONS.

SAMSON.

MANOAH, *the Father of Samson.*

DALILA, *his Wife.*

HARAPHA *of Gath.*

Public Officer.

Messenger.

Chorus of Danites.

The Scene before the Prison in Gaza.

Of that sort of Dramatic Poem which is
called TRAGEDY.

TRAGEDY, as it was anciently compos'd, hath been ever held the gravest, moralest, and most profitable of all other poems : therefore said by Aristotle to be of power, by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and such like passions, that is, to temper and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight, stirr'd up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is nature wanting in her own effect to make good his assertion : for so in phyfic, things of melancholic hue and quality are used against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humours. Hence philosophers and other gravest writers, as Cicero, Plutarch and others, frequently cite out of tragic poets, both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The apostle St. Paul himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the text of Holy Scripture, 1 Cor. xv. 33 and Paræus commenting on the Revelation, divides the whole book as a tragedy, into acts distinguished each by a chorus of heavenly harpings, and song between. Heretofore men in highest dignity have laboured not a little to be thought able to compose a tragedy. Of that honour Dionysius the elder was no less ambitious, than before of his attaining to the tyranny. Augustus Caesar also had begun his Ajax, but unable to please his own judgement with what he had begun,

left it unfinished. Seneca the philosopher is by some thought the author of those tragedies (at least the best of them) that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen, a father of the church, thought it not unbecoming the sanctity of his person to write a tragedy, which is intitled, Christ suffering: This is mentioned to vindicate tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common interludes, happening through the poet's error of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity; or introducing trivial and vulgar persons, which by all judicious hath been counted absurd, and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people. And though ancient tragedy use no prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self-defence, or explanation, that which Martial calls an epistle, in behalf of this tragedy coming forth after the ancient manner, much different from what among us passes for best; thus much may before hand be epistl'd, that Chorus is here introduced after the Greek manner, not ancient oniy but modern, and still in use among the Italians. In the modelling therefore of this poem, with good reason, the ancients and Italians are rather followed, as of much more authority and fame. The measure of verse used in the chorus is of all sorts, call'd by the Greeks Monostrophic, or rather Apolelymnnon without regard had to Strophe, Antistrophe, or Epod, which were a kind of stanzas framed only for the music, then used with the chorus that sung; not essential to the poem, and therefore not material; or being divided into stanzas or pauses, they may be called Allaeostropha. Division into act and scene referring chiefly to the stage (to which this work never was intended) is here omitted.

It suffices if the whole drama be found not produced beyond the fifth act. Of the style and uniformity, and that commonly called plot whether in-

tricate or explicit, which is nothing indeed but such oeconomy, or disposition of the fable as may stand best with verisimilitude and decorum, they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the three tragic poets unequalled yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavour to write tragedy. The circumscription of time wherein the whole drama begins and ends, is according to ancient rule and best example, within the space of 24 hours.

The ARGUMENT

SAMSON made captive, blind, and now in the prison at Gaza, there to labour as in a common work-house, on a festival-day in the general cessation from labour, comes forth into the open air, to a place nigh, somewhat retired, there to sit a while and bemoan his condition. Where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can; then by his old father Manoa, who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; and lastly, that this feast was proclaimed by the Philistines as a day of thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samson, which yet more troubles him. Manoa then departs to prosecute his endeavour with the Philistian lords for Samson's redemption; who in the mean while is visited by other persons; and lastly by a public officer to require his coming to the feast before the lords and people, to play or show his strength in their presence; he at first refuses, dismissing the public officer with absolute denial to come; at length persuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the second time with great threatnings to fetch him; the chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoa returns full of joyful hope, to procure ere long his son's deliverance: in the midst of which discourse an Hebrew comes in haste, confusedly at first, and afterward more distinctly relating the catastrophe, what Samson had done to the Philistines, and by accident to himself; wherewith the tragedy ends.

SAMSON AGONISTES.

Sams. **A** Little onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little farther on;
For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade,
There I am wont to sit, when any chance
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,
Daily in the common prison else enjoin'd me,
Where I a pris'ner chain'd, scarce freely draw
The air imprison'd also, close and damp,
Unwholsome draught; but here I feel amends
The breath of heav'n fresh blowing, pure and sweet;
With day-spring born; here leave me to respire.
This day a solemn feast the people hold
To Dagon their sea-idol, and forbid
Laborious works, unwillingly this rest
Their superstition yields me; hence with leave
Retiring from the pop'lar noise, I seek
This unfrequented place to find some ease,
Ease to the body some, none to the mind
From restless thoughts, that like a deadly swarm
Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone,
But rush upon me thronging, and present
Times past, what once I was, and what am now.
O wherefore was my birth from heav'n foretold
Twice by an angel; who at last in sight
Of both my parants all in flames ascended
From off the altar, where an off'ring burn'd,
As in a fiery column charioting
His God-like presence, and from some great act
Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race?
Why was my breeding order'd and prescrib'd
As of a person separate to God,

Design'd for great exploits ; if I must die
 Betray'd, captiv'd, and both my eyes put out,
 Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze ;
 To grind in brazen fetters under task
 With his heav'n-gifted strength ? O glorious strength
 Put to the labour of a beast, debas'd
 Lower than bondslave ! promise was that I
 Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver ;
 Ask for this great deliv'rer now, and find him
 Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves,
 Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke.
 Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt
 Divine prediction : what if all foretold
 Had been fulfill'd but through mine own default,
 Whom have I to complain of but myself ?
 Who this high gift of strength committed to me,
 In what part lodg'd, how easily bereft me,
 Under the seal of silence could not keep,
 But weakly to a woman must reveal it,
 O'ercome with importunity and tears.
 O impotent of mind, in body strong !
 But what is strength without a double share
 Of wisdom, vast, unwieldy, burthensome,
 Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
 By weakest subtleties, not made to rule ;
 But to subserve where wisdom bears command !
 God, when he gave me strength, to shew withal
 How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.
 But peace, I must not quarrel with the will
 Of highest dispensation, which herein
 Haply had ends above my reach to know :
 Suffices that to me strength is my bane
 And proves the source of all my miseries ;
 So many, and so huge, that each apart
 Would ask a life to wail, but chief of all,
 O loss of sight, of thee I most complain !
 Blind among enemies. O worse than chains,
 Dungeon, or beggary, decrepit age !
 Light the prime work of God to me is extinct,

And all her various objects of delight
Annul'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,
Inferior to the vilest now become
Of man or worm ; the vilest here excel me,
They creep, yet see, I dark in light expos'd
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse and wrong,
Within doors, or without, still as a fool,
In pow'r of others, never in my own ;
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrevocably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day !
O first created beam, and thou great word,
Let there be light, and light was over all ;
Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree ?
The sun to me is dark.
And silent as the moon
When she deserts the night
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
Since light so necessary is to life,
And almost life itself, if it be true
That light is in the soul,
She all in ev'ry part ; why was the light
To such a tender ball as th' eye confin'd ?
So obvious and so easy to be quench'd,
And not, as feeling, through all parts diffus'd,
That she might look at will through ev'ry pore ?
Then had I not been thus exil'd from light ;
As in the land of darkness yet in light,
To live a life half head, a living death,
And bury'd ; but O yet more miserable !
My self, my sepulchre, a moving grave,
Bury'd yet not exempt
By privilege of death and burial
From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs,
But made hereby obnoxious more
To all the miseries of life,
Life in captivity
Among inhuman foes.

But who are these ? for with joint pace I hear
 The tread of many feet steering this way ;
 Perhaps my enemies who come to stare
 At my affliction, and perhaps t' insult,
 Their daily practice to afflict me more.

Chor. This, this is he ; softly a while,
 Let us not break in upon him ;
 O change beyond report, thought or belief !
 See how he lies at random, carelessly diffus'd,
 With languish'd head unpropt,
 As one past hope, abandon'd,
 And by himself giv'n over !
 In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds
 O'er worn and soil'd ;
 Or do my eyes misrepresent ? can this be he,
 That heroic, that renown'd,
 Irresistible Samson ; whom unarm'd
 No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast could
 withstand ?
 Who tore the lion as the lion tears the kid,
 Ran on imbattled armies clad in iron,
 And weaponless himself,
 Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery
 Of brazen shield and spear, the hammer'd cuirass,
 Chalybean temper'd steel, and frock of mail
 Adamantean proof ;
 But safest he who stood aloof,
 When insupportably his foot advanc'd,
 In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,
 Spurn'd them to death by troops. The bold Ascalonite
 Fled from his lion ramp, old warriors turn'd
 Their plated backs under his heel ;
 Or grov'ling soil'd their crested helmets in the dust.
 Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,
 The jaw of a dead ass, his sword of bone,
 A thousand foreskins fell, the flow'r of Palestin,
 In Ramoth-lechi famous to this day :
 Then by main force pull'd up and on his shoulders
 Bore the gates of Gaza, post, and massy bar

Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of giants old,
 No journey of a sabbath-day, and loaded so;
 Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up heav'n.
 Which shall I first bewail,
 Thy bondage or lost sight,
 Prison within prison
 Inseparably dark?
 Thou art become (O worst imprisonment!)
 The dungeon of thy self; thy soul
 (Which men enjoying sight oft without cause com-
 Imprison'd now indeed, (plain)
 In real darkness of the body dwells,
 Shut up from outward light
 T' incorporate with gloomy night;
 For inward light alas
 Puts forth no visual beam.
 O mirror of our fickle state,
 Since man on earth unparallel'd!
 The rarer thy example stands,
 By how much from the top of wond'rous glory,
 Strongest of mortal men,
 To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fall'n.
 For him I reckon not in high estate,
 Whom long descent of birth
 Or the sphere of fortune raises;
 But thee whose strength, while virtue was her mate,
 Might have subdu'd the earth,
 Universally crown'd with highest praises.

Samf. I hear the sound of words, their sense the
 Dissolves unjointed ere it reach my ear. (air

Chor. He speakes, let us draw nigh. Matchless in
 The glory late of Israel, now the grief, (might,
 We come thy friends and neighbours not unknown
 From Eshtaol and Zora's fruitful vale
 To visit or bewail thee, or if better,
 Counsel or consolation we may bring,
 Salve to thy sores, apt words have pow'r to swage
 The tumours of a troubled mind,
 And are as balm to fester'd wounds.

Samf. Your coming, friends, revives me, for I learn
 Now of my own experience, not by talk,
 How counterfeit a coin they are who friends
 Bear in their superscription (of the most
 I would be understood) in prosp'rous days.
 They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head
 Not to be found, though sought. Ye see, O friends,
 How many evils have inclos'd me round ;
 Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me,
 Blindness, for had I sight, confus'd with shame,
 How could I once look up, or heave the head,
 Who like a foolish pilot have shipwreck'd
 My vessel trusted to me from above,
 Gloriously rigg'd ; and for a word, a tear,
 Fool, have divulg'd the secret gift of God
 To a deceitful woman ? tell me, friends,
 Am I not sung and proverb'd for a fool
 In ev'ry street, do they not say, how well
 Are come upon him his deserts ? yet why ?
 Immeasurable strength they might behold
 In me, of wisdom nothing more than mean ;
 This with the other should, at least have pair'd,
 'These two proportion'd ill drove me transverse.

Chor. Tax not divine disposal, wisest men
 Have err'd, and by bad women been deceiv'd ;
 And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise.
 Deject not then so overmuch thyself,
 Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides ;
 Yet truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder
 Why thou shouldst wed Philistian woman rather
 Than of thine own tribe fairer, or as fair,
 At least of thy own nation, and as noble.

Samf. The first I saw at Timna, and she pleas'd
 Me, not my parents, that I sought to wed,
 The daughter of an infidel ; they knew not
 That what I mention'd was of God ; I knew
 From intimate impulse, and therefore urg'd
 The marriage on ; that by occasion hence
 I might begin Israel's deliverance.

The work to which I was divinely call'd,
 She proving false, the next I took to wife
 (O that I never had ! fond with too late,)
 Was in the vale of Sorec, Dalila,
 That specious monster, my accomplish'd snare.
 I thought it lawful from my former act,
 And the same end ; still watching to oppress
 Israel's oppressors : of what now I suffer
 She was not the prime cause, but I myself,
 Who vanquish'd with a peal of words (O weakness!)
 Gave up my fort of silence to a woman.

Chor. In seeking just occasion to provoke
 The Philistine, thy country's enemy,
 Thou never wast remiss, I bear thee witness :
 Yet Israel still serves with all his sons.

Samf. That fault I take not on me, but transfer
 On Israel's governors, and heads of tribes,
 Who seeing those great acts which God had done
 Singly by me against their conquerors,
 Acknowledg'd not, or not at all consider'd
 Deliv'rance offer'd : I on th' other side
 Us'd no ambition to commend my deeds,
 The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the
 But they persisted deaf, and would not seem (doer :
 To count them things worth notice, till at length
 Their lords the Philistines with gather'd pow'rs
 Enter'd Judea seeking me, who then
 Safe to the rock of Etham was retir'd,
 Not flying, but fore-casting in what place
 To set upon them what advantag'd best,
 Mean while the men of Judah to prevent
 The harras of their land beset me round ;
 I willingly on some conditions came
 Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me
 To the uncircumcis'd a welcome prey,
 Bound with two cords ; but cords to me were threads
 Touch'd with the flame : on their whole host I flew
 Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd
 Their choicest youth ; they only liv'd who fled,

Had Judah that day join'd, or one whole tribe,
 They had by this possess'd the tow'rs of Gath,
 And lorded over them whom now they serve :
 But what more oft in nations grown corrupt,
 And by their vices brought to servitude,
 Than to love bondage more than liberty,
 Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty ;
 And to despise, or envy, or suspect
 Whom God hath of his special favour rais'd
 As their deliverer ; if he aught begin,
 How frequent to desert him, and at last
 To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds ?

Chor. Thy words to my remembrance bring
 How Succoth and the fort of Penueh
 Their great deliverer contemn'd,
 The matchless Gideon in pursuit
 Of Madian and her vanquish'd kings ;
 And how ingrateful Ephraim
 Had dealt with Jephtha, who by argument,
 Not worse than by his shield and spear
 Defended Israel from the Ammonite,
 Had not his prowess quell'd their pride
 In that sore battle, when so many dy'd
 Without reprieve adjudg'd to death,
 For want of well pronouncing Shibboleth.

Samf. Of such examples add me to the roll,
 Me easily indeed mine may neglect,
 But God's propos'd deliverance not so.

Chor. Just are the ways of God,
 And justifiable to men ;
 Unless there be who think not God at all,
 If any be, they walk obscure ;
 For of such doctrine never was there school,
 But the heart of the fool,
 And no man therein doctor but himself.

Yet more there be who doubt his ways not just,
 And to his own edicts found contradicting,
 Then give the reins to wandring thought,
 Regardless of his glory's diminution ;

Till by their own perplexities involv'd
They ravel more, still less resolv'd,
But never find self-satisfying solution.

As if they would confine th' interminable,
And tie him to his own prescript,
Who made our laws to bind us, not himself,
And hath full right t' exempt
Whom so it pleases him by choice
From national obstriction, without taint
Of sin, or legal debt;
For with his own laws he can best dispense.

He would not else, who never wanted means,
Nor in respect of th' enemy just cause
To set his people free,
Have prompted this heroic Nazarite
Against his vow of strictest purity,
To seek in marriage that fallacious bride,
Unclean, unchaste.

Down reason then, at least vain reasonings down,
Though reason here aver
That moral verdict quits her of unclean :
Unchaste was subsequent, her stain not his.

But see here comes thy rev'rend sire
With careful step, locks white as down,
Old Manoa : advise
Forthwith how thou ought'st to receive him.

Samf. Ay me, another inward grief awak'd
With mention of that name renews th' assault.

Man. Brethren and men of Dan, for such ye seem,
Though in this uncouth place ; if old respect,
As I suppose, to'wards your once glory'd friend,
My son now captive, hither hath inform'd
Your younger feet, while mine cast back with age
Came lagging after ; say if he be here.

Chor. As single now in low dejected state
As erst in highest, behold him where he lies.

Man. O miserable change ! is this the man,
That invincible Samson, far renown'd
The dread of Israel's foes, who with a strength

Equivalent to angels walk'd their streets,
 None offering fight ; who single combatant
 Duell'd their armies rank'd in proud array,
 Himself an army, now unequal match
 To save himself against a coward arm'd
 At one spear's length. O ever-failing trust
 In mortal strength ! and oh what not in man
 Deceivable and vain ? nay, what thing good
 Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane ?
 I pray'd for children, and thought barrenness
 In wedlock a reproach ; I gain'd a son,
 And such a son as all men hail'd me happy ;
 Who would be now a father in my stead ?
 O wherefore did God grant me my request,
 And as a blessing with such pomp adorn'd ?
 Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt
 Our earnest pray'rs, then giv'n with solemn hand
 As graces, draw a scorpion's tail behind ?
 For this did th' angel twice descend ? for this
 Ordain'd thy nature holy, as of a plant
 Select and sacred, glorious for a while,
 The miracle of men ; then in an hour
 Ensnared, assaulted, overcome, led bound,
 Thy foes' derision, captive, poor, and blind,
 Into a dungeon thrust, to work with slaves ?
 Alas methinks whom God hath chosen once
 To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err,
 He should not so o'erwhelm, and as a thrall
 Subject him to so foul indignities,
 Be it but for honour's sake of former deeds.

Samsf. Appoint not heav'nly disposition, father,
 Nothing of all these evils hath befall'n me
 But justly ; I, myself have brought them on,
 Sole author, I, sole cause ; if ought seem vile,
 As vile hath been my folly, who have profan'd
 The mystery of God giv'n me under pledge
 Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,
 A Canaanite, my faithless enemy ;
 This well I knew, nor was at all surpriz'd

But warn'd by oft experience ; did not she
 Of Timna first betray me, and reveal
 The secret wrested from me in her height
 Of nuptial love profess, carrying it straight
 To them who had corrupted her, my spies,
 And rivals? in this other was there found
 More faith? who also in her prime of love,
 Spousal embraces, vitiated with gold,
 Though offer'd only, by the scent conceiv'd
 Her spurious first-born, treason against me?
 Thrice she assay'd with flatt'ring pray'rs and sighs,
 And amorous reproaches to win from me
 My capital secret, in what part my strength
 Lay stor'd, in what part summ'd, that she might know
 Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to sport
 Her importunity, each time perceiving
 How openly, and with what impudence
 She purpos'd to betray me, and (which was worse
 Than undissembled hate) with what contempt
 She thought to make me traitor to myself;
 Yet the fourth time, when mustering all her wiles,
 With blandish'd parleys, feminine assaults,
 Tongue-batteries, she surceas'd not day nor night
 To storm me overwatch'd, and weary'd out.
 At times when men seek most repose and rest,
 I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart,
 Who with a grain of manhood well resolv'd
 Might easily have shook off all her snares:
 But foul effeminacy held me yok'd
 Her bond-slave; O indignity, O blot
 To honour and religion! servile mind
 Rewarded well with servile punishment!
 The base degree to which I now am fall'n.
 These rags, this grinding, is not yet so base
 As was my former servitude, ignoble,
 Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,
 True slavery, and that blindness worse than this,
 That saw not how degen'rately I serv'd.

Man. I cannot praise thy marriage-choices, son,

Rather approv'd them not ; but thou didst plead
Divine Impulsion prompting how thou might'st
Find some occasion to infest our foes.
I state not that ; this I am sure, our foes
Found soon occasion thereby to make thee
Their captive, and their triumph ; thou the sooner
Temptation found'st, or over-potent charms
To violate the sacred trust of silence
Deposited within thee ; which to have kept
Tacit, was in thy pow'r : true ; and thou bear'st
Enough, and more the burden of that fault ;
Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying
That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains,
This day the Philistines a pop'lar feast
Here celebrate in Gaza ; and proclaim
Great pomp and sacrifice, and praises loud
To Dagon, as their God who hath deliver'd
Thee, Samson, bound and blind into their hands,
Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain.
So Dagon shall be magnify'd, and God,
Besides whom is no God, compar'd with idols,
Disglorify'd, blasphem'd, and had in scorn
By the idolatrous rout amidst their wine ;
Which to have come to pass by means of thee,
Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest,
Of all reproach the most with shame that ever
Could have befallen thee and thy father's house.

Samf. Father, I do acknowledge and confess
That I this honour, I this pomp have brought
To Dagon, and advanc'd his praises high
Among the heathen round ; to God have brought
Dishonour, obloquy, and op'd the mouths
Of idolists, and atheists ; have brought scandal
To Israel, diffidence of God, and doubt
In feeble hearts, propense enough before
To waver, or fall off and join with idols ;
Which is my chief affliction, shame and sorrow,
The anguish of my soul, that suffers not
Mine eye to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest.

This only hope relieves me, that the strife
 With me hath end ; all the contest is now
 'Twixt God and Dagon ; Dagon hath presum'd
 Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,
 His deity comparing and preferring
 Before the God of Abraham. He, be sure,
 Will not connive, or linger, thus provok'd,
 But will arise and his great name assert :
 Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive
 Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him
 Of all these boasted trophies won on me,
 And with confusion blank his worshippers.

Man. With cause this hope relieves thee, and these
 I as a prophecy receive; for God, (words
 Nothing more certain, will not long defer
 To vindicate the glory of his name
 Against all competition, nor will long
 Endure it, doubtful whether God be Lord,
 Or Dagon. But for thee what shall be done ?
 Thou must not in the mean while here forgot
 Lye in this miserable loathsome plight
 Neglected. I already have made way
 To some Philistian lords with whom to treat
 About thy ransom: well they may by this
 Have satisfy'd their utmost of revenge
 By pains and slav'ries, worse than death, inflicted
 On thee who now no more canst do them harm.

Samf. Spare that proposal, father; spare the trouble
 Of that sollicitation; let me here,
 As I deserve, pay on my punishment;
 And expiate, if possible, my crime,
 Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd
 Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,
 How heinous had the fact been, how deserving
 Contempt and scorn of all, to be excluded
 All friendship, and avoided as a blab,
 The mark of fool set on his front? but I
 God's council have not kept, his holy secret
 Presumptuously have publish'd, impiously,

Weakly at least, and shamefully : a sin
That Gentiles in their parables condemn
To their abyss and horrid pains confin'd.

Man. Be penitent and for thy fault contrite,
But act not in thy own affliction, son ;
Repent the sin, but if the punishment
Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids ;
Or th' execution leave to high disposal,
And let another hand, not thine, exact
Thy penal forfeit from thyself : perhaps
God will relent, and quit thee all his debt ;
Who ever more approves and more accepts
(Best pleas'd with humble and filial submission)
Him who imploring mercy sues for life,
Than who self-rigorous chuses death as due ;
Which argues over-just, and self-displeas'd
For self-offence, more than for God offended.
Reject not then what offer'd means, who knows
But God hath set before us, to return thee
Home to thy country and his sacred house,
Where thou may'st bring thy off'rings, to avert
His farther ire, with pray'rs and vows renew'd ?

Samf. His pardon I implore ; but as for life,
To what end should I seek it ? when in strength
All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes
With youthful courage and magnanimous thoughts
Of birth from heav'n foretold and high exploits,
Full of divine instinct, after some proof
Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond
The sons of Anack, famous now and blaz'd,
Fearless of danger, like a petty god.
I walk'd about admir'd of all and dreaded
On hostile ground, none daring my affront.
Then swoll'n with pride into the snare I fell
Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,
Softned with pleasure and voluptuous life ;
At length to lay my head and hallow'd pledge
Of all my strength in the lascivious lap
Of a deceitful-concubine, who shor'd me

Like a tame weather, all my precious fleece,
Then turn'd me out ridiculous, despoil'd,
Shaven and disarm'd among mine enemies.

Chor. Desire of wine and all delicious drinks
Which many a famous warrior overturns,
Thou could'st repress, nor did the dancing ruby
Sparkling, out-pour'd, the flavour or the smell,
Or taste that cheers the hearts of god or men,
Allure thee from the cool crystalline stream.

Samf. Where-ever fountain or fresh current flow'd
Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure,
With touch aethereal of heav'n's fiery rod,
I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying
Thirst, and refresh'd; nor envy'd them the grape
Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

Chor. O madness, to think use of strongest wines
And strongest drinks our chief support of health,
When God with these forbidd'n made choice to rear
His mighty champion, strong above compare,
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.

Samf. But what avail'd this temp'rance, not com-
Against another object more enticing? (pleat
What boots it at one gate to make defence,
And at another to let in the foe
Effeminately vanquish'd? by which means,
Now blind, dishearten'd, sham'd, dishonour'd, quell'd,
To what can I be useful, wherein serve
My nation, and the work from heav'n impos'd,
But to sit idle on the household-hearth,
A burd'nous drone; to visitants a gaze,
Or pity'd object, these redundant locks
Robustious to no purpose clust'ring down,
Vain monument of strength; till length of years
And sedentary numbness craze my limbs
To a contemptible old age obscure.
Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread,
Till vermin or the draff of servile food
Consume me, and oft invocated death
Hasten the welcome end of all my pains.

Man. Wilt thou then serve the Philistines with that
Which was expressly given thee to annoy them? (gift
Better at home lie bed-rid, not only idle,
Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age out-worn.
But God who caus'd a fountain at thy pray'r
From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst t' allay
After the brunt of battle; can as easy
Cause light again within thy eyes to spring,
Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast;
And I persuade me so; why else this strength
Mirac'lous yet remaining in those locks?
His might continues in thee not for naught,
Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus.

Samf. All otherwise to my thoughts portend,
That these dark orbs no more shall treat with light;
Nor th' other light of life continue long,
But yield to double darkness nigh at hand:
So much I feel my genial spirits droop,
My hopes all flat, nature within me seems
In all her functions weary of herself;
My race of glory run, and race of shame,
And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

Man. Believe not these suggestions, which proceed
From anguish of the mind and humours black,
That mingle with thy fancy. I however
Must not omit a father's timely care
To prosecute the means of thy deliverance
By ransom, or how else: mean while be calm,
And healing words from these thy friends admit.

Samf. O that torment should not be confin'd
To the body's wounds and sores,
With maladies innumerable
In heart, head, breast, and reins;
But must secret passage find
To th' inmost mind,
There exercise all his fierce accidents,
And on her purest spirits prey,
As on entrails, joints and limbs
With answerable pains, but more intense,

Tho' void of corporal sense.

My griefs not only pain me
As a lingring disease,
But finding no redress, ferment and rage,
Nor less than wounds immedicable
Rankle, and fester, and gangrene,
To black mortification.

Thoughts my tormenters arm'd with deadly stings
Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,
Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise
Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb
Or medicinal liquor can assuage,
Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp.
Sleep hath forsook and giv'n me o'er
To death's benumbing opium as my only cure,
Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,
And sense of heav'n's desertion.

I was his nursling once, and choice delight,
His destin'd from the womb,
Promis'd by heav'nly message twice descending.
Under his spccial eye
Abstemious I grew up and thriv'd amain :
He led me on to mightiest deeds
Above the nerve of mortal arm
Against the uncircumcis'd, our enemies :
But now hath cast me off as never known,
And to those cruel enemies,
Whom I by his appoinment had provok'd,
Left me all helpless with th' irreparable loss
Of sight, reserv'd alive to be repeated
The subject of their cruelty or scorn.
Nor am I in the list of them that hope ;
Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless
This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,
No long petition, speedy death,
The close of all my mileries, and the balm.

Chor. Many are the sayings of the wise
In ancient and in modern books enroll'd,
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude ;

And to the bearing well of all calamities,
 All chances incident to man's frail life :
 Consolatories writ
 With studied argument, and much persuasion fought
 Lenient of grief and anxious thought,
 But with th' afflicted in his pangs their sound
 Little prevails, or rather seems a tune,
 Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint,
 Unless he feel within
 Some source of consolation from above,
 Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,
 And fainting spirits uphold.

God of our fathers, what is man !
 That thou to'wards him with hand so various,
 Or might I say contrarious,
 Temper'st thy providence through his short course,
 Not ev'nly, as thou rul'st
 Th' angelic orders and inferior creatures mute,
 Irrational and brute.
 Nor do I name of men the common rout,
 That wandring loose about,
 Grow up and perish, as the summer flie,
 Heads without name no more remembred,
 But such as thou hast solemnly elected,
 With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd,
 To some great work, thy glory,
 And people's safety, which in part they effect :
 Yet toward these thus dignify'd, thou oft
 Amidst their height of noon,
 Changest thy countenance, and thy hand with no re-
 Of highest favours-past (gard
 From thee on them, or them to thee of service.

Nor only dost degrade them, or remit
 To life obscur'd, which were a fair dismissal,
 But throw'st them lower than thou didst exalt them
 Unseemly falls in human eye, (high,
 Too grievous for the trespass or omission,
 Oft leav'st them to the hostile sword
 Of heathen and prophane, their carcases

To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captiv'd;
 Or to th' unjust tribunals, under change of times,
 And condemnation of th' ungrateful multitude.
 If these they 'scape, perhaps in poverty
 With sickness and disease thou bow'st them down,
 Painful diseases and deform'd,
 In crude old age :
 Though not disordinate, yet causeless suff'ring
 The punishment of dissolute days, in fine,
 Just or unjust, alike seem miserable,
 For oft alike, both come to evil end.

So deal not with this once thy glorious champion,
 The image of thy strength and mighty minister.
 What do I beg ? how hast thou dealt already ?
 Behold him in this state calamitous, and turn
 His labours, for thou canst, to peaceful end.

But who is this, what thing of sea or land ?
 Femal of sex it seems,
 That so bedeckt, ornate, and gay,
 Comes this way sailing
 Like a stately ship
 Of Tarsus, bound for th' isles
 Of Javan or Gadier,
 With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
 Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,
 Courted by all the winds that hold them play,
 An amber scent of odorous perfume
 Her harbinger, a damsel train behind;
 Some rich Philistian matron she may seem,
 And now at nearer view, no other certain
 Than Dalila thy wife. (me !

Samf. My wife, my trayt'refs, let her not come near

Chor. Yet on she moves, now stands and eyes thee fix'd.

About t' have spoke, but now, with head declin'd,

Like a fair flow'r surcharg'd with dew, she weeps,

And words address'd seem into tears dissolv'd,

Wetting the borders of her silk'n veil ;

But now again she makes address to speak.

Dal. With doubtful feet and wavering resolution

I came, still dreading thy displeasure, Samson,
 Which to have merited, without excuse,
 I cannot but acknowledge ; yet if tears
 May expiate (though the fact more evil drew
 In the perverse event than I forfaw)
 My penance hath not slacken'd, though my pardon
 No way assur'd. But conjugal affection
 Prevailing over fear, and timorous doubt
 Hath led me on desirous to behold
 Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,
 If aught in my ability may serve
 To lighten what thou suffer'st, and appease
 Thy mind with what amends is in my pow'r,
 Though late, yet in some part to recompense
 My rash, but more unfortunate misdeed.

Samf. Out, out Hyaena ; these are thy wonted arts,
 And arts of ev'ry woman false like thee,
 To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray,
 Then as repentant to submit, beseech,
 And reconciliation move with feign'd remorse,
 Confess, and promise wonders in her change,
 Not truly penitent, but chief to try,
 Her husband, how far urg'd his patience bears,
 His virtue or weakness which way to assail :
 Then with more cautious and instructed skill
 Again transgresses, and again submits ;
 That wisest and best men full oft beguil'd,
 With goodness principl'd not to reject
 The penitent, but ever to forgive,
 Are drawn to wear out miserable days,
 Entangl'd with a pois'nous bosom snake,
 If not by quick destruction soon cut off,
 As I by thee, to ages an example.

Dal. Yet here me, Samson ; not that I endeavour
 To lessen or extenuate my offence,
 But that on th' other side if it be weigh'd
 By itself, with aggravations not surcharg'd,
 Or else with just allowance counterpois'd,
 I may, if possible, thy pardon find

The easier to'wards me, or thy hatred less.
First granting, as I do, it was a weakness
In me, but incident to all our sex;
Curiosity inquisitive, importune
Of secrets, then with like infirmity,
To publish them, both common female faults;
Was it not weakness also to make known
For importunity, that is, for nought,
Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety?
To what I did thou shew'dst me first the way.
But I to enemies reveal'd, and should not;
Nor should'st thou have trusted that to woman's frailty:
Ere I to thee, thou to thyself wast cruel.
Let weakness then with weakness come to parle
So near related, or the same of kind,
Thine forgive mine; that men may censure thine
The gentler, if severely thou exact not
More strength from me, than in thyself was found,
And what if love, which thou interpret'st hate,
The jealousy of love, powerful of sway,
In human hearts, nor less in mine to'wards thee,
Caus'd what I did? I saw thee mutable
Of fancy, fear'd lest one day thou wou'dst leave me
As her at Timna, sought by all means therefore
How to endear, and hold thee to me firmest:
No better way I saw than by importuning
To learn thy secrets, get into my pow'r
Thy key of strength and safety: thou wilt say,
Why then reveal'd? I was assur'd by those
Who tempted me, that nothing was design'd
Against thee but safe custody, and hold:
That made for me, I knew that liberty
Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,
While I at home sate full of cares and fears,
Wailing thy absence in my widow'd bed;
Here I should enjoy thee day and night
Mine and love's pris'ner, not the Philistines,
Whole to my self, unhazarded abroad,
Fearless at home of partners in my love.

These reasons in love's law have pass'd for good,
 Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps;
 And love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much woe,
 Yet always pity or pardon hath obtain'd :
 Be not unlike all others, not austere
 As thou art strong, inflexible as steel.
 If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,
 In uncompassionate anger do not so.

Samf. How cunningly the forcerefs displays
 Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine!
 That malice not repentance brought thee hither,
 By this appears : I gave, thou say'st, th' example ;
 I led the way, bitter reproach, but true,
 I to myself was false ere thou to me :
 Such pardon therefore as I give my folly,
 Take to thy wicked deed, which when thou seest
 Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,
 Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather
 Confess it feign'd, weakness is thy excuse,
 And I believe it, weakness to resist
 Philistian gold : if weakness may excuse,
 What murderer, what traitor, parricide,
 Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it ?
 All wickedness is weakness : that plea therefore
 With God or man will gain thee no remission,
 But love constrain'd thee ; call it furious rage
 To satisfy thy lust : love seeks to have love ;
 My love how couldst thou hope, who took'st the way
 To raise in me inexpiable hate,
 Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betray'd ?
 In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame,
 Or by evasions thy crime uncover'st more.

Dal. Since thou determin'st weakness for no plea
 In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,
 Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides,
 What sieges girt me round, ere I consented ;
 Which might have aw'd the best resolv'd of men,
 The constantest, to have yielded without blame.
 It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'st,

That wrought with me: thou know'st the magi-
 And princes of my country came in person, (strates
 Solicited, commanded, threatn'd, urg'd,
 Adjur'd by all the bonds of civil duty
 And of religion, press'd how just it was,
 How honourable, how glorious to entrap
 A common enemy, who had destroy'd
 Such numbers of our nation: and the priest
 Was not behind, but ever at my ear,
 Preaching how meritorious with the gods
 It would be to ensnare an irreligious
 Dishonourer of Dagon: what had I
 T' oppose against such pow'rful arguments?
 Only my love to thee held long debate;
 And combated in silence all their reasons
 With hard contest: at length that ground'd maxim
 So rise and celebrated in the mouths
 Of wisest men; that to the public good
 Private respects must yield; with grave authority
 Took full possession of me, and prevail'd;
 Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty so enjoining.

Samf. I thought where all thy circling wiles would
 In feign'd religion, smooth hypocrisy. (end;
 But had thy love, still odiously pretended,
 Been, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught thee
 Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds.
 I before all the daughters of my tribe
 And of my nation chose thee from among
 My enemies, lov'd thee, as too well thou knew'st,
 Too well, unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,
 Not out of levity, but over-power'd
 By thy request, who could deny thee nothing;
 Yet now am judg'd an enemy. Why then
 Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband?
 'Then, as since then, thy country's foe protest:
 Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave
 Parents and country; nor was I their subject,
 Nor under their protection but my own;
 Thou mine, not theirs; if aught against my life

Thy country fought of thee, it fought unjustly,
 Against the law of nature, law of nations,
 No more thy country, but an impious crew
 Of men conspiring to uphold their state
 By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends
 For which our country is a name so dear;
 Not therefore to be obey'd. But zeal mov'd thee:
 To please thy gods thou didst it; gods unable
 T' acquit themselves and prosecute their foes
 But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction
 Of their own deity, gods they cannot be;
 Less therefore to be pleas'd obey'd or fear'd.
 These false pretexes and varnish'd colours failing,
 Bare in thy guilt, how foul must thou appear!

Dal. In argument with men a woman ever
 Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.

Samf. For want of words, no doubt, or lack of
 Witnesses when I was worried with thy peals (breath,

Dal. I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken
 In what I thought would have succeeded best.
 Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson,
 Afford me place to shew what recompence
 To'wards thee I intend for what I have misdone,
 Misguided; only what remains past cure
 Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist
 T' afflict thyself in vain: though sight be lost,
 Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd
 Where other senses want not their delights
 At home in leisure in domestic ease,
 Exempt from many a care and chance, to which
 Eye sight exposes daily men abroad.
 I to the lords will intercede, not doubting
 Their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee
 From forth this loathsome prison-house t' abide
 With me, where my redoubl'd love and care
 With nursing diligence, to me glad office,
 May ever tend about thee to old age
 With all things grateful cheer'd, and so supply'd,
 That what by me thou'st lost thou least shalt miss.

Samf. No, no, of my condition take no care ;
 It fits not ; thou and I long since are twain ;
 Nor think me so unwary or accurst
 To bring my feet again into the snare
 Where once I have been caught : I know thy trains,
 Though dearly to my cost, thy gins, and toils ;
 Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms
 No more on me have pow'r, their forte is null'd ;
 So much of adders' wisdom I have learnt
 To fence my ear against thy forceries.
 If in my flow'r of youth and strength, when all men
 Lov'd, honour'd, fear'd me, thou alone could'st hate
 me

Thy husband, slight me, sell me, and forego me :
 How wouldst thou use me now, blind, and thereby
 Deceivable, in most things as a child
 Helpless, thence easily contemn'd, and scorn'd,
 And last neglected ? how wouldst thou insult,
 When I must live uxorious to thy will
 In perfect thralldom, how again betray me,
 Bearing my words and doings to the lords
 To glose upon, and censuring, frown or smile ?
 This jail I count the house of liberty
 To thine, whose doors my feet shall never enter.

Dal. Let me approach at least, and touch thy
 hand.

Samf. Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance
 My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint. (wake
 At distance I forgive thee, go with that ;
 Bewail thy falsehood, and the pious works
 It hath brought forth to make thee memorable
 Among illustrious women, faithful wives :
 Cherish thy hasten'd widowhood with the gold
 Of matrimonial treason : so farewell.

Dal. I see thou art implacable, more deaf
 To pray'rs than winds and seas, yet winds to seas
 Are reconcil'd at length, and sea to shore :
 Thy anger unappeasable, still rages,
 Eternal tempest never to be calm'd,

Why do I humble thus myself and suing
 For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate?
 Bid go with evil omen, and the brand
 Of infamy upon my name denounc'd?
 To mix with thy concernments I desist
 Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own.
 Fame if not double-fac'd is double mouth'd,
 And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds;
 On both his wings; one black, the other white,
 Bears greatest names in his wild airy flight.
 My name perhaps among the circumcis'd
 In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering tribes,
 To all posterity may stand defam'd,
 With malediction mention'd, and the blot
 Of falshood most unconjugal traduc'd.
 But in my country where I most desire,
 In Ecron, Gaza, Afdod, and in Gath
 I shall be nam'd among the famous
 Of women, sung at solemn festivals,
 Living and dead recorded, who to save
 Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose
 Above the faith of wedlock-bands, my tomb
 With odours visited and annual flow'rs,
 Not less renown'd than in Mount Ephraim,
 Jael, who with inhospitable guile
 Smote Sisera sleeping through the temples nail'd.
 Nor shall I count it heinous to enjoy
 The public marks of honour and reward
 Conferr'd upon me, for the piety
 Which to my country I was judg'd to have shewn.
 At this whoever envies or repines,
 I leave him to his lot, and like my own.

Chor. She's gone, a manifest serpent by her sting
 Discover'd in the end, till now conceal'd.

Sams. So let her go, God sent her to debase me,
 And aggravate my folly, who committed
 To such a viper his most sacred trust
 Of secrecy, my safety and my life. (pow'r,

Chor. Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange

After offence returning, to regain
Love once possesst, nor can be easily
Repuls'd, without much inward passion felt
And secret sting of amorous remorse.

Samf. Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord end,
Not wedlock-treachery endang'ring life.

Chor. It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit,
Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit,
That woman's love can win or long inherit ;
But what it is, hard is to say,
Harder to hit,

(Which way soever men refer it)
Much like thy riddle, Samson, in one day
Or seven, though one should musing sit.

If any of these or all, the Timnian bride
Had not so soon preferr'd
Thy paranymp, worthless to thee compar'd,
Successor in thy bed,
Nor both so loosely disally'd
Their nuptials, nor this last so treacherously
Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head :
Is it for that such outward ornament
Was lavish'd on their sex, that inward gifts
Were left for haste unfinish'd, judgment scant,
Capacity not rais'd to apprehend,
Or value what is best.

In choice, but ofttest to affect the wrong ?
Or was too much of self-love mixt,
Of constancy no root infix'd,
That either they love nothing or not long ?

Whate'er it be, to wisest men and best
Seeming at first all heav'nly under virgin veil,
Soft, modest, meek, demure,
Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a thorn
Intestine, war within defensive arms
A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue
Adverse and turbulent, or by her charms
Draws him awry enslav'd
With dotage, and his sense deprav'd

To folly and shameful deeds which ruin ends:
 What pilot so expert but needs must wreck
 Embark'd with such a steers-mate at the helm?

Favour'd of heav'n who finds
 One virtuous rarely found,
 That in domestic good combines:
 Happy that house! his way to peace is smooth:
 But virtue which breaks through all opposition,
 And all temptation can remove,
 Most shines, and most is acceptable above.

Therefore God's universal law
 Gave to the man despotic power
 Over his female in due awe,
 Nor from that right to part an hour,
 Smile she or lowre:
 So Shall he least confusion draw
 On his whole life, not sway'd
 By female usurpation, or dismay'd.
 But had we best retire, I see a storm?

Samf. Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.

Chor. But this another kind of tempest brings.

Samf. Be less abstruse, my riddling days are past.

Chor. Look now for no enchanting voice, nor
 The bait of honied words; a rougher tongue (fear
 Draws hitherward, I know him by his stride,
 The giant Harapha of Gath, his look
 Haughty as is his pile high-built and proud.
 Comes he in peace? what wind hath blown him hi-
 I less conjecture than when first I saw (ther-
 The sumptuous Dalila floating this way:
 His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

Samf. Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.

Chor. His fraught we soon shall know, he now
 arrives.

Har. I come not, Samson, to condole thy chance
 As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,
 Though for no friendly intent. I am of Gath,
 Men call me Harapha, of stock renown'd
 As Og or Anak and the Emims old.

That Kariathaim held, thou know'st me now
 If thou at all art known. Much I have heard
 Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd
 Incredible to me, in this displeas'd,
 That I was never present on the place
 Of those encounters, where we might have try'd
 Each others force in camp or list'd field:
 And now am come to see of whom such noise
 Hath walk'd about, and each limb to survey,
 If thy appearance answer loud report.

Samf. The way to know were not to see but taste.

Har. Dost thou already single me? I thought
 Gieves and the mill had tam'd thee. O that fortune
 Had brought me to the field where thou art fam'd
 To' have wrought such wonders with an ass's jaw;
 I should have forc'd thee soon with other arms,
 Or left thy carcase where the ass lay thrown:
 So had the glory of prowess been recover'd
 To Palestine, won by a Philistine
 From the unfore-skin'd race, of whom thou bear'st
 The highest name for valiant acts, that honour
 Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee
 I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out.

Samf. Boast not of what thou wouldst have done,
 but do

What then thou wouldst, thou seest it in thy hand.

Har. To combat with a blind man I disdain,
 And thou hast need much washing to be touch'd.

Samf. Such usage as your honourable lords
 Afford me assassinated and betray'd,
 Who durst not with their whole united pow'rs
 In fight withstand me single and unarm'd,
 Nor in the house with chamber ambushes
 Close-banded durst attack me, no not sleeping
 Till they had hir'd a woman with their gold
 Breaking her marriage faith to circumvent me.
 Therefore without feign'd shifts let be assign'd
 Some narrow place inclos'd, where fight may give
 Or rather flight, no great advantage of me; (thee,

Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet
 And brigandine of brass, thy broad habergeon,
 Vant-brass and greves, and gauntlet, and thy spear
 A weaver's beam, and seven-times-folded shield;
 I only with an oaken-staff will meet thee,
 And raise such out-cries on thy clatter'd iron,
 Which long shall not withhold me from thy head,
 That in a little time while breath remains thee,
 Thou oft shalt wish thyself at Gath to boast
 Again in safety what thou wouldst have done
 To Samson, but shalt never see Gath more.

Har. Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms
 Which greatest heroes have in battle worn,
 Their ornament and safety, had not spells
 And black enchantments, some magician's art (heav'n
 Arm'd thee or charm'd thee strong, which thou from
 Feig'ndst at thy birth was giv'n thee in thy hair,
 Where strength can least abide, though all thy hairs
 Were bristles rang'd like those that ridge the back
 Of chaf'd wild boars, or ruffled porcupines.

Samf. I know no spells, use no forbidden arts;
 My trust is in the living God, who gave me
 At my nativity this strength, diffus'd
 No less through all my sinews, joints and bones,
 Than thine, while I preserv'd these locks unshorn,
 The pledge of my unviolated vow.
 For proof hereof, if Dagon be thy god,
 Go to his temple, invoke his aid
 With solemnest devotion, spread before him
 How highly it concerns his glory now
 To frustrate and dissolve these magic spells,
 Which I to be the pow'r of Israel's God
 Avow, and challenge Dagon to the test,
 Off'ring to combat thee his champion bold
 With th' utmost of his god-head seconded:
 Then thou shalt see, or rather to thy sorrow
 Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine.

Har. Presume not on thy God, whate'er he be,
 Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off

Quite from his people, and delivered up
 Into thy enemies' hand, permitted them
 To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd send thee
 Into the common prison, there to grind
 Among the slaves and asses thy comrades,
 As good for nothing else, no better service
 With those thy boistr'ous locks, no worthy match
 For valour to assail, nor by the sword
 Of noble warriour, so to stain his honour,
 But by the barber's razor best subdu'd.

Samf. All these indignities, for such they are
 From thine, these evils I deserve and more,
 Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me
 Justly, yet despair not of his final pardon
 Whose ear is ever open, and his eye
 Gracious to re-admit the suppliant;
 In confidence whereof I once again
 Defy thee to the trial of mortal fight,
 By combat to decide whose God is God,
 Thine or whom I with Israel's sons adore.

Har. Fair honour that thou dost thy God, in trusting
 He will accept thee to defend his cause,
 A murderer, a revolter, and a robber.

Samf. Tongue-doughty giant, how dost thou prove
 me these?

Har. Is not thy nation subject to our lords?
 Their magistrates confests'd it, when they took thee
 As a league-breaker, and deliver'd bound
 Into our hands: for hadst thou not committed
 Notorious murder on those thirty men
 At Askalon, who never did thee harm,
 Then like a robber strip'dst them of their robes?
 The Philistines, when thou hadst broke the league,
 Went up with arm'd pow'rs thee only seeking,
 To others did no violence or spoil.

Samf. Among the daughters of the Philistines
 I chose a wife, which argu'd me no foe;
 And in your city held my nuptial feast:
 But your ill-meaning politician lords,

Under pretence of bridal friends and guests,
 Appointed to await me thirty spies,
 Who threatning cruel death constrain'd the bride
 To wring from me and tell to them my secret,
 That solv'd the riddle which I had propos'd.
 When I perceiv'd all set on enmity,
 As on my enemies, where-ever chanc'd,
 I us'd hostility, and took their spoil
 To pay my underminers in their coin.
 My nation was subjected to your lords ;
 It was the force of conquest ; force with force
 Is well ejected when the conquer'd can,
 But I a private person, whom my country
 As a league-breaker gave up bound, presum'd
 Single rebellion, and did hostile acts.
 I was no private but a person rais'd
 With strength sufficient and command from heav'n
 To free my country ; if their servile minds
 Me their deliverer sent would not receive,
 But to their masters gave me up for naught,
 Th' unworthy they ; whence to this day they serve.
 I was to do my part from heav'n assign'd,
 And had perform'd it, if my known offence
 Had not disabl'd me, not all your force :
 These shifts refuted, answer thy appellant
 Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts,
 Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,
 As a petty enterprize of small enforce.

Har. With thee, a man condemn'd, a slave enrol'd
 Due by the law to capital punishment ?
 To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.

Samf. Cam'st thou for this, vain boaster, to
 survey me,
 To descant on my strength, and give thy verdict ?
 Come nearer, part not hence so slight inform'd ;
 But take good heed my hand survey not thee.

Har. O Baal-zebub ! can my ears unus'd
 Hear these dishonours, and not render death ?

Samf. No man withholds thee, nothing from thy hand

Fear I incurable ; bring up thy van, *
My heels are fetter'd, but my fist is free.

Har. This insolence other kind of answer fits.

Samf. Go baffle'd coward, lest I run upon thee,
Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,
And with one buffet lay thy structure low,
Or swing thee in the air, then dash thee down
To th' hazard of thy brains and shatter'd sides.

Har. By Astaroth ere long thou shalt lament
These braveries in irons loaden on thee.

Chor. His giantship is gone somewhat crest-fall'n,
Stalking with less unconscionable strides
And lower looks, but in a sultry chase.

Samf. I dread him not, nor all his gaint-brood,
Though fame divulg'd him father of five sons
All of gigantic size, Goliath chief.

Chor. He will directly to the lords, I fear,
And with malicious counsel stir them up
Some way or other yet farther to afflict thee.

Samf. He must alledge some cause, and offer'd fight
Will not dare mention, lest a question rise
Whether he durst accept the offer or not,
And that he durst not plain enough appear'd :
Much more affliction than already felt
They cannot well impose, nor I sustain,
If they intend advantage of my labours,
The work of many hands, which earns my keeping
With no small profit daily to my owners.
But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove
My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence,
The worst that he can give, to me the best.
Yet so it may fall out, because their end
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine
Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.

Chor. Oh how comely it is, and how reviving
To the spirits of just men long oppress'd !
When God into the hands of their deliverer

Puts invincible might
 To quell the mighty of the earth, th' oppressor,
 The brute and boist'rous force of violent men
 Hardy and industrious to support
 Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue
 The righteous and all such as honour truth;
 He all their ammunition
 And feats of war defeats,
 With plain heroic magnitude of mind
 And celestial vigour arm'd.
 Their armories and magazines contemns,
 Renders them uselefs, while
 With winged expedition,
 Swift as the light'ning glance, he executes
 His errand on the wicked, who surpriz'd
 Lose their defence distracted and amaz'd.

But patience is more oft the exercise
 Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,
 Making them each his own deliverer,
 And victor over all
 That tyranny or fortune can inflict.
 Either of these is in thy lot,
 Samson, with might endu'd
 Above the sons of men; but fight bereav'd
 May chance to number thee with those
 Whom patience finally must crown,
 This idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest,
 Labouring thy mind
 More than the working day thy hands.

And yet perhaps more trouble is behind,
 For I descry this way
 Some other tending, in his hand
 A sceptre or quaint staff he bears,
 Comes on amain, speed in his look;
 By his habit I discern him now
 A public officer, and now at hand,
 His message will be short and voluble.

Off. Hebrews, the pris'ner Samson her I seek.

Chor. His manacles remark him, there he sits.

Off. Samson, to thee our lords thus bid me say ;
This day to Dagon is a solemn feast,
With sacrifices, triumph, pomp and games ;
Thy strength they know surpassing human rate,
And now some public proof thereof require
To honour this great feast, and great assembly :
Rise therefore with all speed and come along,
Where I will see thee heartn'd and fresh clad
To' appear as fits before th' illustrious lords.

Samf. Thou know'st I am an Hebrew, therefore tell
Our law forbids at their religious rites (them,
My presence ; for that cause I cannot come.

Off. This answer, be assur'd, will not content them.

Samf. Have they not sword-players, and ev'ry sort
Of gymnick artists, wrestlers, riders, runners,
Juglers and dancers, anticks, mumers, mimicks,
But they must pick me out with shackles tir'd,
And over-labour'd at their publick mill,
To make them sport with blind activity ?
Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels
On my refusal, to distress me more,
Or make a game of my Calamities?
Return the way thou cam'st I will not come.

Off. Regard thyself, this will offend them highly.

Samf. Myself ? my conscience and internal peace.
Can they think me so broken, so debas'd
With corporal servitude, that my mind ever
Will condescend to such absurd commands ?
Although their drudge, to be their fool or jester,
And in my midst of sorrow and heart grief
To shew them feats, and play before their god,
The worst of all indignities, yet on me
Join'd with extreme contempt ? I will not come.

Off. My message was impos'd on me with speed,
Brooks no delay : is this thy resolution ?

Samf. So take it with what speed thy message needs.

Off. I am sorry what this stoutness will produce.

Samf. Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow indeed.

Chor. Consider, Samson; matters now are strain'd
Up to the height, whether to hold or break;
He's gone, and who knows how he may report
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?
Expect another message more imperious,
More lordly thund'ring than thou well wilt bear.

Samf. Shall I abuse this consecrated gift
Of strength, again returning with my hair
After my great transgression, so requite
Favour renew'd and add a greater sin
By prostituting holy things to idols?
A Nazarite in place abominable
Vaunting my strength in honour to their Dagon!
Besides how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,
What act more execrably unclean, profane?

Chor. Yet with this strength thou serv'st the
Philistines,
Idolatrous, uncircumcis'd, unclean.

Samf. Not in their idol worship, but by labour
Honest and lawful to deserve my food
Of those who have me in their civil power.

Chor. Where the heart joins not, outward acts
defile not.

Sams. Where outward force constrains, the sentence
But who constrains me to the temple of Dagon, (holds,
Not dragging? the Philistian lords command.
Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,
I do it freely, vent'ring to displease
God for the fear of man, and man prefer,
Set God behind: which in his jealousy
Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness.
Yet that he may dispense with me or thee
Present in temples at idolatrous rites
For some important cause, thou need'st not doubt.

Chor. How thou wilt here come off surmounts my

Samf. Be of good courage, I begin to feel (reach
Some rousing motions in me, which dispose
To something extraordinary my thoughts.
I with this messenger will go along.

Nothing to do, be sure that may dishonour
Our law, or stain my vow of Nazarite.
If there be aught of presage in the mind,
This day will be remarkable in my life
By some great act, or of my days the last.

Chor. In time thou hast resolv'd, the man returns.

Off. Samson, this second message from our lords
To thee I am bid say. Art thou our slave,
Our captive, at the public mill our drudge,
And dar'st thou at our sending and command
Dispute thy coming? come without delay:
Or we shall find such engines to assail
And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,
Though thou wert firmlier fastn'd than a rock.

Samf. I could be well content to try their art,
Which to no few of them would prove pernicious;
Yet knowing their advantages too many,
Because they shall not trail me through their streets
Like a wild beast, I am content to go.
Masters' commands come with a power resistless
To such as owe them absolute subjection:
And for a life who will not change his purpose?
(So mutable are all the ways of men)
Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply
Scandalous or forbidden in our law.

Off. I praise thy resolution, doff these links:
By this compliance thou wilt win the lords
To favour and perhaps to set thee free.

Samf. Brethren farewell, your company along
I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them
To see me girt with friends; and how the sight
Of me as of a common enemy,
So dreaded once, may now exasperate them
I know not: lords are lordliest in their wine;
And the well-feasted priest then soonest fir'd
With zeal, if aught religion seem concern'd;
No less the people on their holy days
Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable,
Happen what may, of me expect to hear
Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy.

Our God, our law, my nation or myself,
The last of me or no I cannot warrant.

Chor. Go, and the holy one
Of Israel be thy guide
To what may serve his glory best, and spread his
name

Great among the heathen round ;
Send thee the angel of thy birth to stand
Fast by thy side, who from thy father's field
Rode up in flames after his message told
Of thy conception, and be now a shield
Of fire ; that spirit that first rusht on thee
In the camp of Dan

Be efficacious in thee now at need,
For never was from heaven imparted
Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,
As in thy wond'rous actions hath been seen.
But wherefore comes old Manoa in such haste
With youthful steps? much livelier than ere while
He seems : supposing here to find his son,
Or of him bringing to us some glad news?

Man. Peace with you, brethren ; my inducement
hither

Was not at present here to find my son,
By order of the lords new parted hence
To come and play before them at their feast.
I heard all as I came, the city rings
And numbers thither flock, I had no will,
Lest I should see him forc'd to things unseemly :
But that which mov'd my coming now was chiefly
To give you part with me what hope I have
With good success to work his liberty.

Chor. That hope would much rejoice us to
partake

With thee ; say reverend Sire, we thirst to hear.

Man. I have attempted one by one the lords
Either at home, or through the high street passing,
With supplication prone, and father's tears,
To accept of ransom for my son their pris'ner,

Some much averſe I found and wondrous haſh,
 Contemptuous, proud, ſet on revenge and ſpite;
 That part moſt reverenc'd Dagon and his prieſts,
 Others more moderate ſeeming, but their aim
 Private reward, for which both God and ſtate
 They eaſily would ſet to ſale; a third
 More generous far and civil, who confeſs'd
 They had enough reveng'd, having reduc'd
 Their foe to miſery beneath their fears,
 The reſt was magnanimity to remit,
 If ſome convenient ranſom were propos'd.
 What noiſe or ſhout was that! it tore the ſky.

Chor. Doubtleſs the people ſhoutiſg to behold
 Their once great dread, captive, and blind before
 them;

Or at ſome proof of ſtrength before them ſhown.

Man. His ranſom, if my whole inheritance
 May compaſs it, ſhall willingly be paid
 And number'd down: much rather I ſhall chuſe
 To live the pooreſt in my tribe, than richeſt,
 And he in that calamitous priſon left.
 No, I am fixt not to part hence without him:
 For his redemption all my patrimony,
 If need be, I am ready to forego
 And quit; not wanting him, I ſhall want nothing.

Chor. Fathers are wont to lay up for their ſons.
 Thou for thy ſon are bent to lay out all;
 Sons wont to nurſe their parents in old age.
 Thou in old age car'ſt how to nurſe thy ſon,
 Made older than thy age through eye-ſight-loſt.

Man. It ſhall be my delight to tend his eyes
 And view him ſitting in the houſe, ennobl'd
 With all thoſe high exploits by him atchiev'd,
 And on his ſhoulders waving down theſe locks,
 That of a nation arm'd the ſtrength contain'd:
 And I perſuade God had not permitted
 His ſtrength again to grow up with his hair
 Garrison'd round about him like a camp
 Of faithful ſoldiery, were not his purpoſe

To use him farther yet in some great service,
 Not to sit idle with so great a gift
 Useless, and thence ridiculous about him.
 And since his strength with eye-sight was not lost,
 God will restore him eye-sight to his strength.

Chor. Thy hopes are not illfounded, nor seem vain
 Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon
 Conceiv'd, agreeable to a father's love.
 In both which we, as next, participate.

Man. I know your friendly minds and—O what
 noise!

Mercy of heav'n what hideous noise was that!
 Horribly loud, unlike the former shout.

Chor. Noise call you it, or universal groan,
 As if the whole inhabitation perish'd!
 Blood, death, and deathful deeds are in that noise,
 Ruin, destruction at the utmost point.

Man. Of ruin indeed me thought I heard the
 noise.

Oh it continues, they have slain my son!

Chor. Thy son is rather slaying them, that out-cry
 From slaughter of one foe could not ascend.

Man. Some dismal accident it needs must be;
 What shall we do, stay here or run and see?

Chor. Best keep together here, lest running
 thither

We unawares run into danger's mouth.
 This evil on the Philistines is fall'n,
 From whom could else a general cry be heard?
 The sufferers then will scarce molest us here,
 From other hands we need not much to fear.
 What if his eye-sight (for to Israel's God
 Nothing is hard) by miracle restor'd,
 He now be dealing dole among his foes,
 And over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way?

Man. That were a joy presumptuous to be
 thought.

Chor. Yet God hath wrought things as incredible
 For his people of old; what hinders now?

Man. He can I know, but doubt to think he will;
Yet hope would fain subscribe and tempts belief,
A little stay will bring some notice hither.

Chor. Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner;
For evil news rides post, while good news baits,
And to our wish I see one hither speeding,
An Hebrew, as I guess, and of our tribe.

Mess. O whither shall I run, or which way fly
The sight of this so horrid spectacle,
Which erst my eyes beheld and yet behold?
For dire imagination still pursues me.
But providence or instinct of nature seems,
Or reason though disturb'd, and scarce consulted
To have guided me aright, I know not how,
To thee first reverend Manoa, and to these
My country men, whom here I knew remaining,
As at some distance from the place of horror,
So in the sad event too much concern'd.

Man. The accident was loud, and here before
thee

With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not;
No preface needs, thou see'st we long to know.

Mess. It would burst forth, but I recover breath
And sense distract, to know well what I utter.

Man. Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.

Mess. Gaza yet stands, but all her sons are fall'n,
All in a moment overwhelm'd and fall'n.

Man. Sad, but thou know'st to Israelites not
saddest

The desolation of a hostile city. (surfeit.

Mess. Feed on that first, there may in grief be

Man. Relate by whom. *Mess.* By Samson. *Man.*
That still lessens

The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.

Mess. Ah Manoa, I refrain too suddenly
To utter what will come at last too soon;
Lest evil tidings with too rude irruption
Hitting thy aged ear should pierce too deep.

Man. Suspense in news is torture, speak them out.

Mess. Then take the worst in brief, Samson is dead.

Man. The worst indeed, O all my hope's defeated

To free him hence ! but death who sets all free
Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.

What windy joy this day had I conceiv'd
Hopeful of his deliv'ry, which now proves
Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring
Nipt with the lagging reer of winter's frost.

Yet ere I give the reinsto grief, say first,
How dy'd he ? death to life is crown or shame;
All by him fell thou say'st, by whom fell he ?

What glorious hand gave Samson his death's wound?

Mess. Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

Man. Wearied with slaughter then or how? explain.

Mess. By his own hands.

Man. Self-violence ? what cause

Brought him so soon at variance with himself.
Among his foes ?

Mess. Inevitable cause

At once both to destroy and be destroy'd :
The edifice where all were met to see him,
Upon their heads and on his own he pull'd.

Man. O lastly over-strong against thyself !
A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge.
More than enough we know ; but while things yet
Are in confusion, give us if thou canst,
Eye-witness of what first or last was done,
Relation more particular and distinct.

Mess. Occasions drew me early to this city,
And as the gates I enter'd with sun-rise,
The morning trumpets festival proclaim'd
Through each high street : little had I dispatch'd,
When all abroad was rumour'd that this day
Samson should be brought forth to shew the people
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games.
I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded
Not to be absent at that spectacle.
The building was a spacious theatre.

Half round, on two main pillars vaulted high,
With seats where all the lords and each degree
Of sort might sit in order, to behold ;
The other side was open, where the throng
On banks and scaffolds, under sky might stand ;
I among these aloof obscurely stood.
The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice
Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high chear and
wine,

When to their sports they turn'd. Immediately
Was Samson as a public servant brought,
In their state livery clad ; before him pipes
And timbrels, on each side went arm'd guards,
Both horse and foot before him and behind,
Archers, and slingers, cataphracts and spears.
At sight of him the people with a shout
Rifted the air, clamouring their god with praise,
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.
He patient but undaunted where they led him
Came to the place, and what was set before him
Which without help of eye might be assay'd,
To heave, pull, draw, for break, he still perform'd
All with incredible stupenduous force,
None daring to appear antagonist.
At length for intermission' sake they led him
Between the pillars ; he his guide requested
(For so from such as nearer stood we heard)
As over-tir'd, to let him lean a while
With both his arms on those twomassy pillars,
That to the arched roof gave main support.
He unsuspecting led him ; which when Samson
Felt in his arms, with head a while inclin'd,
And eyes fast fixt he stood as one who pray'd,
Or some great matter in his mind revolv'd.
At last with head erect thus cry'd aloud,
Hitherto, lords, what your commands impos'd
I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying,
Not without wonder or delight beheld ;
Now of my own accord such other tryal

I mean to shew you of my strength, yet greater,
 As with amaze shall strike all who behold.
 This utter'd, straining all his nerves he bow'd,
 As with the force of winds and waters pent,
 When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars
 With horrible convulsion to and fro,
 He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came and drew
 The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder
 Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
 Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,
 Their choice nobility and flower, not only
 Of this but each Philistian city round
 Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.
 Samson with these inmixt, inevitably
 Pull'd down the same destruction on himself ;
 The vulgar only 'scap'd who stood without.

Chor. O dearly bought revenge, yet glorious
 Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd
 The work for which thou wast foretold
 To Israel, and now ly'st victorious
 Among thy slain self-kill'd
 Not willingly, but tangl'd in the fold
 Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoin'd
 Thee with thy slaughter'd foes in number more
 Than all thy life had slain before.

Semichor. While their hearts were jocund and sub-
 Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine, (lime,
 And fat regorg'd of bulls and goats,
 Chaunting their idol, and preferring
 Before our living dread who dwells
 In Silo his bright sanctuary :
 Among them he a spi'rit of phrenzy sent,
 Who hurt their minds,
 And urg'd them on with mad desire
 To call in haste for their destroyer ;
 They only set on sport and play,
 Unweetingly importun'd
 Their own destruction to come speedy upon them.

So fond are mortal men,
 Fall'n into wrath divine,
 As their own ruin on themselves t'invite,
 Insensate left, or to sense reprobate,
 And with blindness internal struck.

Semicbor. But he though blind of sight,
 Despis'd, and thought extinguish'd quite,
 With inward eyes illuminated,
 His fiery virtue rous'd
 From under ashes into sudden flame,
 And as an ev'ning-dragon came,
 Assailant on the perched roosts,
 And nests in order rang'd
 Of tame villatic fowl ; but, as an eagle
 His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.
 So virtue giv'n for lost,
 Deprest and overthrown, as seem'd,
 Like that self-begott'n bird
 In th' Arabian woods embost,
 That no second knows nor third,
 And lay ere while a holocaust,
 From out her ashy womb now teem'd,
 Revives, reffourishes, then vigorous most
 When most unactive deem'd,
 And though her body die, her fame survives
 A secular bird ages of lives.

Man. Come, come, no time for lamentation now,
 Nor much more cause ; Samson hath quit himself
 Like Samson, and heroically hath finish'd
 A life heroic, on his enemies
 Fully reveng'd, hath left them years of mourning,
 And lamentation to the sons of Chaphtor
 Through all Philistian bounds : to Israel
 Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them
 Find courage to lay hold on this occasion ;
 To himself and father's house eternal fame :
 And which is best and happiest yet, all this
 With God not parted from him, as was fear'd,
 But favouring and assisting to the end.
 Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail

Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in death so noble.
Let us go find the body where it lies
Soak'd in his enemies' blood, and from the stream
With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off
The clotted gore. I with what speed the while
(Gaza is not in plight to say us nay)
Will send for all my kindred, all my freinds
To fetch him hence and solemnly attend
With silent obsequy and funeral train
Home to his father's house : there will I build him
A monument, and plant it round with shade
Of laurel ever-green, and branching palm,
With all his trophies hung, and acts inroll'd
In copious legend, or sweet lyrick song.
Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
And from his memory inflame their breasts
To matchless valour, and adventures high :
The virgins also shall on feastful days
Visit his tomb with flowers, only bewailing
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

Chor. All is best, though we oft doubt
What th' unsearchable dispose
Of highest wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close.
Oft he seems to hide his face,
But unexpectedly returns,
And to his faithful champion hath in place
Bore witness gloriously ; whence Gaza mourns,
And all that band them to resist
His uncontrollable intent,
His servants he with new acquit
Of true experience from this great event
With peace and consolation hath dismiss'd,
And calm of mind all passion spent.

THE END.

C O M U S.

A

M A S K

PRESENTED

AT LUDLOW-CASTLE, MDCXXXIV.

BEFORE

THE EARL OF BRIDGE WATER, THEN
PRESIDENT OF WALES,

The PERSONS.

The attendant spirit, afterwards in the habit of Thyrsis.

Comus with his crew.

The lady.

1 *Brother.*

2 *Brother.*

Sabrina the nymph.

The chief persons who presented, were.

The Lord Brackly.

Mr. Thomas Egerton his brother.

The Lady Alice Egerton,

The Copy of a Letter written by Sir
HENRY WOOTTON, to the Author,
upon the following Poem.

From the College, this 13th of April, 1638.

SIR,

IT was a special favour, when you lately bestowed upon me here the first taste of your acquaintance, though no longer than to make me know that I wanted more time to value it, and to enjoy it rightly; and in truth, if I could then have imagined your farther stay in these parts, which I understood afterwards by Mr. H. I would have been bold in our vulgar phrase to mend my draught, (for you left me with an extreme thirst) and to have begged your conversation again, jointly with your said learned friend, at a poor meal or two, that we might have banded together some good authors of the ancient time: among which, I observed you to have been familiar.

Since your going, you have charged me with new obligations, both for a very kind letter from you dated the sixth of this month, and for a dainty piece of entertainment which came therewith. Wherein I should much commend the tragical part, if the lyrical did not ravish me with a certain dorique delicacy in your songs and odes, whereunto I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our language: *ipsa mollities*. But I must not omit to tell you, that I now only owe you thanks for intimating unto me (how modestly soever) the true artificer. For the work itself I had viewed some good while before, with singular delight,

having received it from our common friend Mr. R. in the very close of the late R's poems, printed at Oxford, whereunto it was added (as I now suppose) that the accessory might help out the principal, according to the art of *stationers*, and to leave the reader *con la bocca dolce*.

Now Sir, concerning your travels, wherein I may challenge a little more privilege of discourse with you; I suppose you will not blanch Paris in your way: therefore I have been bold to trouble you with a few lines to Mr. M. B. whom you shall easily find attending the young Lord S. as his governor; and you may surely receive from him good direction for the shaping of your farther journey into Italy, where he did reside by my choice some time for the king, after mine own recess from Venice.

I should think that your best line will be thorough the whole length of France to Marseilles, and thence by sea to Genoa, whence the passage into Tuscany is as diurnal as a Gravesend barge: I hasten as you do to Florence, or Siena, the rather to tell you a short story from the interest you have given me in your safety.

At Siena I was tabled in the house of one Alberto Scipioni, an old Roman courtier in dangerous times, having been steward to the Duca di Pagliaw, who with all his family were strangled, save this only man that escaped by foresight of the tempest; with him I had often much chat of those affairs; into which he took pleasure to look back from his native harbour; and at my departure toward Rome (which had been the center of his experience) I had won confidence enough to beg his advice, how I might carry myself securely there, without offence of others, or of mine own conscience. *Signor Arrigo mio* (says he) *I pensieri stretti, et il viso sciolto*, will go safely over the whole world: of which Delphian oracle (for so I have found it) your judgment doth need no commentary; and

therefore (Sir) I will commit you with it the best of all securities, God's dear love, remaining

Your friend as much at command

as any of longer date,

HENRY WOOTTON.

P O S T S C R I P T.

SIR,

I Have expressly sent this my foot-boy to prevent your departure without some acknowledgment from me of the receipt of your obliging letter, having myself through some business, I know not how, neglected the ordinary conveyance. In any part where I shall understand you fixed, I shall be glad, and diligent to entertain you with home novelties; even for some fomentation of our friendship, too soon interrupted in the cradle.

The Mask was presented in 1634, and consequently in the 26th year of our Author's age. In the title-page of the first edition, printed in 1637, it is said that it was presented *on Michaelmas night*; and there was this motto,

*Eheu quid volui misero mibi ! floribus austrum
Perditus.*

In this edition, and in that of Milton's poems in 1645, there was prefixed to the Mask the following Dedication.

To the Right Honourable

JOHN Lord Viscount BRACKLY, son and heir apparent to the Earl of BRIDGEWATER, &c.

My LORD,

THIS poem, which received its first occasion of birth from yourself and others of your noble family, and much honour from your own person in the performance, now returns again to make a final dedication of itself to you. Although not openly acknowledged by the author, yet it is a legitimate offspring, so lovely, and so much desired, that the often copying of it hath tired my pen to give my several friends satisfaction, and brought me to a necessity of producing it to the public view; and now to offer it up in all rightful devotion to those fair hopes, and rare endowments of your much promising youth, which give a full assurance to all that know you, of a future excellence. Live, sweet Lord, to be the honour of your name; and receive this as your own, from the hands of him who hath by many favours been long obliged to your most honoured parents: and as in this representation your attendant Thyrsis, so now, in all real expression,

Your faithful and most

humble servant,

H. LAWES.

C O M U S.

A

M A S K.

The first Scene discovers a wild Wood

The attendant spirit descends or enters.

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aerial spirits live inspher'd
In regions mild, of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot, 5
Which men call earth, and with low thoughted care
Confin'd, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives
After this mortal change, to her true servants 10
Amongst the enthron'd gods on fainted seats.
Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key
That ope's the palace of eternity :
To such my errand is, and but for such, 15
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds,
With the rank vapours of this sin-worm mould.

But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway
Of every salt flood, and each ebbing stream,
Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove, 20
Imperial rule of all the sea girt isles,
That like to rich and various gems inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep,
Which he to grace his tributary gods
By course commits to several government, 25

And gives them leave to wear their saphire crowns,
 And wield their little tridents; but this isle,
 The greatest and the best of all the main,
 He quarters to his blue-haired deities,
 And all this tract that fronts the falling sun 30
 A noble peer of mickle trust and power
 Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
 An old and haughty nation proud in arms:
 Where his fair off-spring nurs'd in princely lore,
 Are coming to attend their father's state, 35
 And new intrusted scepter; but their way
 Lies through the perplex'd paths of this dread wood,
 The nodding horror of whose shady brows
 Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger;
 And here their tender age might suffer peril, 40
 But that by quick command from sovereign Jove
 I was dispatch'd for their defence and guard;
 And listen why, for I will tell ye now
 What never yet was heard in tale or song,
 From old or modern bard, in hall or bow'r. 45

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
 Crusht the sweet poyson of misused wine,
 After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,
 Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,
 On Circe's island fell; (who knows not Circe, 50
 The daughter of the sun? whose charmed cup
 Whoever tasted lost his upright shape,
 And downward fell into a grov'ling swine)
 This nymph that gaz'd upon his clustring locks,
 With ivy berries wreath'd and his blithe youth, 55
 Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
 Much like his father, but his mother more,
 Whom therefore she brought up and Comus nam'd
 Who ripe, and frolick of his full grown age,
 Roving the Celtick and Iberian fields, 60
 At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
 And in thick shelter of black shades imbowr'd,
 Excells his mother at her mighty art,
 Off'ring to every weary traveller

His orient liquor in a crystal glass, 65
 To quench the drouth of Phoebus, which as they taste
 (For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst) |
 Soon as the potion works, their human count'nance
 Th' exprefs resemblance of the gods, is chang'd
 Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear, 70
 Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
 All other parts remaining as they were ;
 And they, so perfect in their misery,
 Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
 But boast themselves more comely than before, 75
 And all their friends and native home forget,
 To roll with pleasure in a sensual stie.
 Therefore when any favour'd of high Jove
 Chances to pass through this adventrous glade,
 Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star 80
 I shoot from heav'n to give him safe convoy,
 As now I do ; but first I must put off
 These my sky robes spun out of Iris wooff,
 And take the weeds and likeness of a swain
 That to the service of this house belongs, 85
 Who with his soft pipe, and smooth dittied song,
 Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
 And hush the waving woods, nor of less faith,
 And in this office of his mountain watch,
 Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid 90
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
 Of hateful steps; I must be viewless now.

*Comus enters with a charming rod in one hand, his glass
 in the other; with him a rout of monsters headed like
 sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men
 and women, their apparel glistering; they come in
 making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in
 their hands.*

Comus. The star, that bids the shepherd fold
 Now the top of heav'n doth hold,
 And the gilded car of day 95

His glowing axle doth allay
 In the steep atlantick stream,
 And the slope sun his upward beam
 Shoots against the dusky pole,
 Pacing toward the other goal 100
 Of his chamber in the east.
 Mean while welcome joy, and feast,
 Midnight shout, and revelry,
 Tipsey dance and jollity.
 Braid your locks with rosy twine, 105
 Dropping odours dropping wine.
 Rigour now is gone to bed,
 And advice with scrupulous head,
 Strict age and sour severity,
 With their grave saws in slumber lie. 110
 We that are of purer fire
 Imitate the starry quire,
 Who in their nightly watchful spheres,
 Lead in swift round the months and years.
 The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove, 115
 Now to the moon in wavering morrice move,
 And on the tawny sands and shelves,
 Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves;
 By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
 The wood nymphs deckt with daises trim, 120
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep :
 What hath night to do with sleep ?
 Night hath better sweets to prove,
 Venus now wakes, and wak'ns love.
 Come let us our rites begin, 125
 'Tis only day-light that makes sin,
 Which these dun shades will ne'er report.
 Hail goddess of nocturnal sport,
 Dark vail'd Cotytto, t' whom the secret flame
 Of midnight torches burns ; mysterious dame, 130
 That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon womb
 Of stygian darkness spetts her thickest gloom,
 And makes one blot of all the air,
 Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,

Wherein thou rid'st with Hecat', and befriend 135
 Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,
 Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
 The nice morn on th' Indian steep
 From her cabin'd loop-hole peep, 140
 And to the tell-tale sun descry
 Our conceal'd solemnity.
 Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
 In a light fantastic round.

The measure.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace 145
 Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
 Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees,
 Our number may affright; some virgin sure
 (For so I can distinguish by mine art)
 Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms, 150
 And to my wily trains, I shall ere long
 Be well-stock'd with as fair a herd as graz'd
 About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
 My dazzling spells into the spongy air,
 Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion, 155
 And give it false presentments, lest the place
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
 And put the damsel to suspicious flight,
 Which must not be, for that's against my course;
 I under fair pretence of friendly ends, 160
 And well-plac'd words of glozing courtesy,
 Baited with reasons not unplaufible,
 Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
 And hug him into snares. When once her eye
 Hath met the virtue of this magic dust, 165
 I shall appear some harmless villager,
 Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.
 But here she comes I fairly step aside
 And hearken, if I may her business hear.

The lady enters.

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true, 170
 My best guide now; methought it was the sound
 Of riot, and ill manag'd merriment,
 such as the jocund flute, or gamefome pipe
 Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,
 When for their teeming flocks, and granges full, 175
 In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
 And thank the gods amifs. I should be loth
 To meet the rudeness, and swill'd insolence
 Of such late wassailers; yet O where else
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet 180
 In the blind mazes of this tangl'd wood?
 My brothers when they saw me wearied out
 With this long way, resolving here to lodge
 Under the spreading favour of these pines,
 Stept as they said to the next thicket side 185
 To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
 As the kind hospitable woods provide.
 They left me then, when the gray-hooded ev'n
 Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed
 Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phoebus' wain. 190
 But where they are, and why they came not back,
 Is now the labour of my thoughts, 'tis likeliest
 They had engag'd their wandring steps too far,
 And envious darkness, ere they could return,
 Had stole them from me; else O theevish night, 200
 Why should'st thou, but for some fellonious end,
 In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,
 That nature hung in heav'n, and fill'd their lamps
 With everlasting oil, to give due light
 To the mis-led and lonely traveller? 105
 This is the place, as well as I may gues,
 Whence ev'n now the tumult of loud mirth
 Was rise, and perfect in my list'ning ear;
 Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
 What might this be? a thousand fantasies 200
 Begin to throng into my memory

Of calling shapes, and beckning shadows dire,
 And airy tongues, that syllable mens names
 On sands and shores, and desert wildernesses : 215
 These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
 The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
 By a strong siding champion conscience.—
 O welcome pure ey'd faith, white-handed hope,
 Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings,
 And thou unblemish'd form of chastity ; 220
 I see ye visibly, and now believe
 That he, the supreme good, to whom all things ill
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
 Would send a glist'ring guardian if need were,
 To keep my life and honour unassail'd. 225
 Was I deceiv'd, or did a fable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night ?
 I did not err, there does a fable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
 And casts a gleam over this tufted grove. 230
 I cannot hollow to my brothers, but
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
 I'll venture, for my new enliv'nd spirits
 Prompt me ; and they perhaps are not far off:

S O N G.

SWEET *echo, sweetest nymph that liv'st unseen* 235
Within thy airy shell,
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well ; 240
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are ?
O if thou have
Hid them in some flowry cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere ;

*So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all heav'n's harmonies.*

Comus. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment? 250
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence;
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty vaulted night, 255
At ev'ry fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smil'd! I have oft heard
My mother Circe with the sirens three,
Amidst the flowry-kirtl'd Naiades,
Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs, 260
Who as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
And lap it in Elysium: Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause:
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense, 265
And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself.
But such a sacred, and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss
I never heard till now. I'll speak to her, 270
And she shall be my queen. Hail foreign wonder,
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed;
Unless the goddess that in rural shrine
Dwell'd here with Pan, or Silvan, by blest song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog 275
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.

La. Nay gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise
'That is addrest to unattending ears;
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my sever'd company,
Compell'd me to awake the courteous echo 280
To give me answer from her mossy couch.

Co. What chance, good lady, hath bereft you thus?

La. Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

Co. Could that divide you from near-ushering guides?

La. They left me weary on a grassy turf. 185

Co. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

La. To seek i' th' valley some cool friendly spring.

Co. And left your fair side all unguarded lady?

La. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.

Co. Perhaps forestalling night prevented them. 290

La. How easy my misfortune is to hit?

Co. Imports their loss, beside the present need?

La. No less than if I should my brothers lose.

Co. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

La. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips 295

Co. Two such I saw, what time the labour'd ox

In his loose traces from the furrow came,

And the swink't hedger at his supper sat;

I saw them under a green mantling vine

That crawls along the side of yon small hill, 300

Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;

Their port was more than human as they stood:

I took it for a fairy vision

Of some gay creatures of the element,

That in the colours of the rainbow live, 305

And play i' th' plighted clouds. I was aw-struck,

And as I pass'd, I worship't; if those you seek,

It were a journey like the path to heav'n,

To help you find them. *La.* Gentle villager,

What readiest way would bring me to that place? 310

Co. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

La. To find out that, good shepherd, I suppose

In such a scant allowance of star-light,

Would over-task the best land-pilot's art,

Without the sure guess of well practis'd feet. 315

Co. I know each lane, and every alley green,

Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,

And every bosky bourn from side to side,

My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood:

And if your stray attendants be yet lodg'd, 320

Or shroud within these limits I shall know

Ere morrow wake, or the low roosted lark

From her thatch'd pallat rowse ; if otherwise
 I can conduct you, lady, to a low
 But loyal cottage, where you may be safe 325
 Till further quest. *La.* Shepherd, I take thy word,
 And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
 Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
 With smoaky rafters, than in tapestry halls
 And courts of princes, where it first was nam'd, 330
 And yet is most pretended : in a place
 Less warranted than this, or less secure,
 I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
 Eye me, blest providence, and square my trial
 To my proportion'd strenght. Shepherd, lead on. 335

The two brothers.

Eld. Bro. Unmuffle ye faint stars, and thou fair moon,
 That wont'st to love the travellers benizon,
 Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
 And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
 In double night of darkness, and of shades ; 340
 Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
 With black usurping mists, some gentle taper
 'Though a rush candle from the wicker hole
 Of some clay habitation, visit us
 With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light 345
 And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
 Or Tyrian cynosure. 2. *Bro.* Or if our eyes
 Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
 The folded flocks pen'd in their watled cotes,
 Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops, 350
 Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
 Count the night watches to his feathery dames,
 'Twould be some solace yet, some little chearing
 In this close dungeon of innumeros bows.
 But O that hapless virgin ! our lost sister, 255
 Where may she wander now, whither betake her
 From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and thistles ?
 Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,

Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears. 360
What if in wild amazement, and affright,
Or, while we speak, within the direfull grasp
Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?

Eld. Bro. Peace, brother, be not over exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils; 365
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
Or if they be but false alarms of fear,
How bitter is such self-delusion? 370

I do not think my sister so to seek,
Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
As that the single want of light and noise
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not) 375
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into mis-becoming plight.
Virtue could see to do what virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. And wisdom's self 380
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where with her best nurse contemplation,
She plumes her feathers and lets go her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffl'd, and sometimes impair'd. 385
He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' th' center, and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon. 390

2 *Bro.* 'Tis most true,
That musing meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerfull haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in a senate house. 395
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,

Or do his gray hairs any violence ?
 But beauty like the fair hesperian tree
 Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard 510
 Of dragon watch with uninchanted eye,
 To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
 From the rash hand of bold incontinence.
 You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps
 Of misers' treasure by an outlaw's den, 415
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
 Danger will wink on opportunity,
 And let a single helpless maiden pass
 Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste
 Of night, or loneliness it reck's me not;
 I fear the dread events that dog them both,
 Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
 Or our unowned sister.

Eld Bro. I do not, brother,
 Infer, as if I thought my sister's state 525
 Secure without all doubt, or controversy :
 Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear
 Does arbitrate th'event, my nature is
 That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
 And gladly banish squint suspicion. 430
 My sister is not so defenceless left
 As you imagine, she has a hidden strength
 Which you remember not.

2 *Bro.* What hidden strength,
 Unless the strength of heav'n, if you mean that ? 435

Eld. Bro. I mean that too but yet a hidden
 strength,
 Which if heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own :
 'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity :
 She that has that, is clad in compleat steel,
 And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen 440
 May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
 Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds,
 Where through the sacred rays of chastity,
 No savage fierce, bandite, or mountaineer
 Will dare to soil her virgin purity :

Yea there, where very desolation dwells
 By grotts, and caverns shag'd with horrid shades,
 She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,
 Be it not done in pride, or in presumption,
 Some say no evil thing that walks by night, 450
 In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
 Blue meager hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
 That breaks his magic chains at Curfeu time,
 No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine,
 Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity. 455
 Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call,
 Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
 To testify the arms of chastity?
 Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
 Fair silver-shafted queen for ever chaste, 460
 Wherewith she tam'd the brinded lioness,
 And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought
 The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men
 Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o'th' woods.
 What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield 465
 That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin.
 Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone,
 But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
 And noble grace that dash'd brute violence
 With sudden adoration, and blank aw? 470
 So dear to heav'n is faintly chastity,
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,
 A thousand liveried angels lacky her,
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
 As in clear dream, and solemn vision, 475
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
 Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants
 Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,
 And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence, 480
 Till all be made immortal: but when lust,
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk
 But most by leud and lavish act of sin,
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts,

The soul grows clotted by contagion, 485
 Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
 The divine property of her first being.
 Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
 Oft seen in charnel vaults, and sepulchres,
 Lingring and sitting by a new-made grave, 490
 As loth to leave the body that it lov'd,
 And linkt itself by carnal sensuality
 To a degenerate and degraded state.

2 Bro. How charming is divine philosophy !
 Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose, 495
 But musical as is Apollo's lute,
 And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
 Where no crude surfeit reigns. Eld. Bro. List, list, I hear
 Some far off hollow break the silent air.

2 Bro. Methought so too ; what should it be ? 200
 Eld. Bro. For certain

Either some one like us night-founder'd here,
 Or else some neighbour woodman, or, at worst,
 Some roving robber calling to his fellows.

2 Bro. Heav'n keep my sister, Again, again, and near
 Best draw, and stand upon our guard. 506

Eld. Bro. I'll hollow ;
 If he be friendly he comes well ; if not,
 Defence is a good cause, and heav'n be for us.

The attendānt spirit, habited like a shepherd.

That hollow I should know, what are you ? speak.
 Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes else.

Spir. What voice is that, my young lord ? speak
 again.

2 Bro. O brother, 'tis my father's shepherd sure.

Eld. Bro. Thyrsis ? whose artful strains have oft
 delay'd

The huddling brook to hear his madrigal, 515
 And sweetn'd every muskrose of the dale,
 How cam'st thou here, good swain ? hath any ram
 Slipt from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,

Or straggling weather the pent flock forfook ? 520
How could'st thou find this dark sequester'd nook ?

Spir. O my lov'd master's heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on such a trivial toy
As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth
Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth 524
That doth enrich these downs, is worth a thought
To this my errand, and the care it brought.
But, O my virgin lady, where is she ?
How chance she is not in your company ?

Eld. Bro. To tell thee sadly, shepherd, without
blame,

Or our neglect, we lost her as we came. 530

Spir. Ay me unhappy ! then my fears are true.

Eld. Bro. What fears, good Thyrsis ? prithee
briefly shew.

Spir. I'll tell ye, 'tis not in vain or fabulous,
(Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance) 535
That the sage poets, taught by th' heav'nly muse,
Story'd of old in high immortal verse,
Of dire Chimera's and enchanted isles,
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to hell,
For such there be, but unbelief is blind :
Within the navel of this hideous wood, 540
Immur'd in cypress-shades a forcerer dwells,
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great comus,
Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries;
And here to every thirsty wanderer,
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup, 545
With many murmurs mixt, whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks.
And the inglorious likeness of a beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
Character'd in the face ; this have I learnt 550
Tending my flocks hard by i' th' hilly crofts,
That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
Like stabl'd wolves, or tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate 555
In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers.

Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells,
 To' inveigle and invite th' unwary sense
 Of them that pass unweeting by the way.
 This evening late, by then the chewing flocks 560
 Had ta'en their supper on the savoury herb
 Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
 I sat me down to watch upon a bank
 With ivy canopied, and interwove
 With flaunting honey-suckle, and began 565
 Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
 To meditate my rural minstrelsy,
 Till fancy had her fill; but ere a close,
 The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,
 And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance, 570
 At which I ceas'd, and listen'd them a while,
 Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
 Gave respite to the drowsy flighted steeds
 That draw the litter of close-curtain'd sleep.
 At last a soft and solemn breathing sound 575
 Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
 And stole upon the air that even silence
 Was took ere she was ware, and wisht she might
 Deny her nature, and be never more, 580
 Still to be displac'd. I was all ear,
 And took in strains that might create a soul
 Under the ribs of death: but O ere long
 Too well I did perceive it was the voice
 Of my most honour'd lady, your dear sister. 585
 Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear
 And O poor hapless nightingale thought I,
 How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!
 Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste
 Through paths and turnings oft'n trod by day,
 Till guided by mine ear I found the place 590
 Where that damn'd wifard hid in sly disguise,
 (For so by certain signs I knew) had met
 Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
 The idle innocent lady his wisht prey,
 Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two, 595
 Supposing him some neighbour villager.

Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd
 Ye were the two she meant, with that I sprung
 Into swift flight, till I had found you here,
 But further know I not. 2 *Bro.* O night and shades,
 How are you join'd with hell in triple knot, (601
 Against th' unarm'd weakness of one virgin
 Alone, and helpless ! is this the confidence
 You gave me brother ? *Eld. Bro.* Yes, and keep it still,
 Lean on it safely, not a period 605
 Shall be unsaid for me ; against the threats
 Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
 Which erring men call chance, this I hold firm,
 Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
 Surpriz'd by unjust force, but not inthrall'd ; 610
 Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,
 Shall in the happy trial prove most glory,
 But evil on it self shall back recoil,
 And mix no more with goodness, when at last
 Gather'd like scum, and settl'd to itself, 615
 It shall be in eternal restless change
 Self-fed, and self-consum'd ; if this fail,
 The pillar'd firmament is rott'nness,
 And earth's base built on stubble. But come let's on.
 Against th' opposing will and arm of heav'n 620
 May never this just sword be lifted up ;
 But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt
 With all the grisly legions that troop
 Under the footy flag of Acheron,
 Harpyes and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms 625
 'Twixt Africa and Inde, I'll find him out,
 And force him to restore his purchase back,
 Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
 Curs'd as his life.

Spir. Alas ! good vent'rous youth, 630
 I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise ;
 But here thy sword can do thee little stead,
 Far other arms, and other weapons must
 Be those that quell the might of hellish charms,
 He with his bare wand can unthred thy joints, 635

And crumble all thy sinews.

Eld. Bro. Why prithee, shepherd,
How durst thou then thyself approach so near,
As to make this relation?

Spir. Care and utmost shifts 640
How to secure the lady from surprisal,
Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,
Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd
In every virtuous plant and healing herb,
That spreads her verdant leaf to the morning ray: 645
He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing,
Which when I did, he on the tender grass
Would sit, and hearken even to extasy,
And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
And shew me simples of a thousand names, 650
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties;
Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
But of divine effect, he cull'd me out;
The leaf was darkish and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he said, 655
Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil:
Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon,
And yet more med'cinal is it than that moly
That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave; 660
He call'd it Hamony, and gave it me,
And bad me keep it as of sov'reign use
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast or damp,
Or gastly furies' apparition:
I purs'd it up, but little reck'ning made, 665
Till now that this extremity compell'd,
But now I find it true; for by this means
I knew the foul inchanter, though disguis'd,
Enter'd the very lime twigs of his spells,
And yet came off: if you have this about you
(as I will give you when we go) you may
Boldly assault the necromancer's hall;
Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood,
And brandisht blade rush on him, break his glass,

And shed the luscious liquor on the ground, 5
 But seize his wand, tho he and his curst crew
 Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,
 Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoke,
 Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

Eld. Bro. Thyrsis lead on a pace, I'll follow thee,
 And some good angel bear a shield before us. 681

The scene changes to a stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness: soft musick, tables set with all dainties. Comus appears with his rabble, and the lady set in an enchanted chair, to whom he offers his glass which she puts by, and goes about to rise.

Comus. Nay, lady, fit; if I but wave this wand,
 Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabaster,
 And you a statue, or as Daphne was
 Root-bound, that fled Appollo. 690

La. Fool, do not boast,
 Thou can'st not touch the freedom of my mind
 With all thy charms, although this corporal rind
 Thou hast immanacl'd while heav'n sees good.

Co. Why are you vext, lady? why do you frown?
 Here dwell no frowns, nor anger, from these gates
 Sorrow flies far: see here be all the pleasures
 That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
 When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
 Brisk as the April buds in primrose season. 700

And first behold this cordial julep here,
 That flames and dances in his crystal bounds
 With spirits of balm, and fragrant syrups mixt.
 Not that Nepenthes which the wife of Thone,
 In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena, 705
 Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
 To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
 Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
 And to those dainty limbs which nature lent
 For gentle usage and soft delicacy? 710
 But you invert the cov'nants of her trust,

And harshly deal like an ill borrower
 With that which you receiv'd on other terms,
 Scorning the unexempt condition
 By which all mortal frailty must subsist. 715
 Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
 That have been tir'd all day without repast,
 And timely rest have wanted: but fair virgin
 This will restore all soon.

La. 'Twill not, false traitor 720
 'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
 That thou hast banisht from thy tongue with lies:
 Was this the cottage, and the safe abode
 Thou told'st me of? what grim aspects are these
 These ugly headed monsters? mercy gaurd me! 725
 Hence with thy brew'd inchantments, foul deceiver,
 Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence
 With visor'd falshood, and base forgery?
 And would'st thou seek again to trap me here
 With lickerish baits fit to ensnare a brute? 735
 Were it a draft for Juno when she banquets,
 I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none
 But such as are good men can give good things,
 And that which is not good, is not delicious
 To a well govern'd and wise appetite. 740

Co. O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
 To those Budge doctors of the Stoick fur,
 And fetch their precepts from the Cynick tub,
 Praising the lean and fallow abstinence.
 Wherefore did nature pour her bounties forth, 745
 With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
 Cov'ring the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
 Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
 But all to please, and sate the curious taste?
 And set to work millions of spinning worms, 750
 That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk
 To deck her sons, and that no corner might
 Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loyns
 She hutch't th' all-worshipt ore, and precious gems
 To store her children with: if all the world

Should in a pet of temperance feed on pulse,
 Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
 The all-giver would be unthank't, would be unprais'd,
 Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd,
 And we should serve him as a grudging master, 760
 As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
 And live like nature's bastards, not her sons,
 Who would be quite surcharg'd with her own weight
 And strangl'd with her waste fertility,
 The earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air darkt with
 The herds would over-multitude their lords, [plumes,
 The sea o'erfraught would swell, and th' unsought
 Would so emblaze the forehead of the deep, [diamonds
 And so bestud with stars, that they below
 Would grow inur'd to light, and come at last 735
 To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.
 Lift, Lady be not coy, and be not cosen'd
 With that same vaunted name Virginity.
 Beauty is nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
 But must be current, and the good thereof 740
 Consists in mutual and partaken blifs,
 Unsavory in th' enjoyment of itself;
 If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
 It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.
 Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown 745
 In courts, in feasts, and high solemnities,
 Where most may wonder at the workmanship;
 It is for homely features to keep home;
 They had their name thence; coarse complexions
 And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply 750
 The sampler, and to tease the housewife's wool.
 What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that,
 Love-darting eyes, or tresses slike the morn?
 There was another meaning in these gifts, 754
 Think what, and be advis'd, you are but young yet.
La. I had not thought to have unlock'd my lips
 In this unhallow'd air, but that this juggler
 Would think to charm my judgement, as mine eyes,
 Obtruding false rules, prankt in reason's garb.

I hate when vice can bolt her arguments, 795
 And virtue has no tongue to check her pride :
 Impostor, do not charge most innocent nature,
 As if she would her children should be riotous
 With her abundance ; she good caterefs
 Means her provision only to the good, 800
 That live according to her sober laws,
 And holy dictate of spare temperance :
 If every just man that now pines with want,
 Had but a moderate and befitting share
 Of that which lewdly-pamper'd luxury 805
 Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
 Nature's full blessings would be well dispens'd,
 In unsuperfluous even proportion,
 And she no whit encumber'd with her store,
 And then the giver would be better thank'd, 810
 His praise due paid ; for swinish gluttony
 Ne'er looks to heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
 But with besotted base ingratitude
 Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on ?
 Or have I said enough ? to him that dares 815
 Arm his prophane tongue with contemptuous words
 Against the son-clad power of chastity,
 Fain would I something say, yet to what end ?
 Thou hast not ear, nor soul to apprehend
 The sublime notion, and high mystery 825
 That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
 And serious doctrine of virginity,
 And thou art worthy that thou should'st not know
 More happiness than this thy present lot.
 Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric, 830
 That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence,
 Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinc'd ;
 Yet should I try, the uncontrolled worth
 Of this pure cause would kindle my rap'd spirits
 To such a flame of sacred vehemence, 835
 That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,
 And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
 Till all thy magick structures rear'd so high,

Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

Co. She fables not, I feel that I do fear 840

Her words set off by some superior power ;

And though not mortal, yet a cold shudd'ring dew

Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove

Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus

To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble, 845

And try her yet more strongly. Come, no more,

This is meer moral babble, and direct

Against the canon laws of our foundation ;

I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees

And settlings of a melancholy blood ; 850

But this will cure all straight, one sip of this

Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,

Beyond the blifs of dreams. Be wise and taste.—

The brothers rush in with swords drawn, wrest his glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground ; his rout make sign of resistance, but are all driven in ; the attendant spirit comes in.

Spir. What, have you let the false enchanter 'scape?

O ye mistook, ye should have snatcht his wand 855

And bound him fast, without his rod revers'd,

And backward mutters of deservering power,

We cannot free the lady that sits here

In stony fetters fixt, and motionless;

Yet stay, be not disturb'd, now I bethink me, 860

Some other means I have which may be us'd,

Which once of Melibaeus old I learnt,

The soothest shepherd that e'er pip't on plains.

There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,

That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream

Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure; 866

Whilome she was the daughter of Locrine,

That had the sceptre from his father Brute.

She guiltless damsel flying the mad pursuit

Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen, 870

Commended her fair innocence to the flood

That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course.
 The water nymphs that in the bottom play'd,
 Held up their pearled wrists and took her in,
 Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall, 875
 Who piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
 And gave her to his daughters to embathe
 In nectar'd lavers strew'd with asphodil,
 And through the porch and inlet of each sense
 Dropt in ambrosial oils till she reviv'd, 880
 And underwent a quick immortal change,
 Made goddess of the river; still she retains
 Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
 Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
 Helping all urchin blasts, and ill luck signs 885
 That the shroud meddling elfe delights to make,
 Which she with precious viol'd liquors heals.
 For which the shepherds at their festivals
 Carrol her goodness loud in rustick lays,
 And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream 895
 Of pancies, pinks and gaudy daffodils.
 And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
 The clasping charm, and thaw the numming spell,
 If she be right invok'd in warbled song,
 For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
 To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
 In hard besetting need; this will I try,
 And add the power of some adjuring verse.

S O N G.

Sabrina fair,

Listen where thou art sitting

900

Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,

In twisted braids of lilies knitting

The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;

Listen for dear honour's sake,

Goddess of the silver lake

950

Listen and save.

Listen and appear to us,

In name of great Oceanus,

By the' earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
 And Tethys' grave majestick pace, 910
 By hoary Nereus wrinkled look,
 And the Carpathian wifard's hook,
 By scaly Triton's winding shell,
 And old sooth saying Glaucus' spell,
 By Leucothea's lovely hands, 915
 And her son that rules the strands,
 By Thetis' tinsel-slipper'd feet,
 And the songs of Sirens sweet,
 By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
 And fair Ligea's golden comb, 320
 Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
 Sleeking her soft alluring locks,
 By all the nymphs that nightly dance
 Upon thy streams with wily glance;
 Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head 925
 From thy coral-pav'n bed,
 And bridle in thy headlong wave,
 Till thou our summons answer'd have.

Listen and save.

Sabrina rises, attended by water nymphs, and sings.

By the rusby-fringed bank,
 Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
 My sliding chariot stays,
 Thick set with agat, and the azurn sheen
 Of turkis blue, and emerald green
 That in the channel strays; 935
 Whilst from off the waters fleet
 Thus I set my printless feet
 O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
 That bends not as I tread;
 Gentle swain at thy request 946
 I am here.

Spir. Goddess dear,
 We implore thy powerfull hand
 To undo the charmed band.

Of true virgin here distressed, 645
Through the force, and through the wile
Of unblest inchanter vile.

Sab. Shepherd, 'tis my office best
To help insnared chastity;
Brightest lady look on me, 950
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops that from my fountain pure,
I have kept of precious cure,
Thrice upon thy fingers' tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip; 955
Next this marble venom'd seat,
Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold,
Now the spell hath lost his hold;
And I must haste ere morning hour 950
To wait in Amphitrite's bow'r.

Sabrina descends, and the lady rises out of her seat.

Spir. Virgin daughter of Loctrine,
Sprung of old Anchises' line,
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miss 965
From a thousand petty rills,
That tumble down the snowy hills:
Summer drouth, or singed air
Never scorch thy tresses fair,
Nor wet October's torrent flood 679
Thy molten crysell fill with mud;
May thy billows roll ashore
The beryl, and the golden ore;
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a tower and terrass round, 975
And here and there thy banks upon
With groves of myrrhe, and cinnamon.
Come lady, while heav'n lends us grace,
Let us fly this curfed place,
Lest the forcerer us entice 980
With some other new device.

Not a waste, or needles found,
 Till we come to holier ground;
 I shall be your faithful guide
 Through this gloomy covert wide, 985
 And not many furlongs thence
 Is your father's residence,
 Where this night are met in state
 Many a friend to gratulate
 His wish'd presence; and beside 990
 All the swains that near abide,
 With jiggs, and rural dance resort;
 We shall catch them at their sport,
 And our sudden coming there
 Will double all their mirth and chear; 995
 Come let us haste, the stars grow high,
 But night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

The scene changes, presenting Ludlow town, and the President's castle, then come in country dancers, after them the attendant spirit, with the two brothers and the lady.

S O N G.

Spir. Back shepherds, back, enough your play,
Till next sun-shine holiday;
Here be without duck, or nod, 1000
Other trippings to be trod
Of lighter toes, and such court guise
As Mercury did first devise
With the mincing Dyrades
On the lawns, and on the leas. 1005

This second song presents them to their father and mother.

Noble lord and lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight,
Here behold so goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own,

*Heav'n hath timely try'd their youth,
 Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
 And sent them here through hard assays
 With a crown of deathless praise,
 To triumph in victorious dance
 O'er sensual folly, and intemperance.*

1010

1015

The dances ended, the spirit epeloguizes.

Spir. To the ocean now I fly,
 And those happy climes that ly
 Where day never shuts his eye,
 Up in the broad fields of the sky:
 There I suck the liquid air
 All amidst the gardens fair
 Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
 That sing about the golden tree:
 Along the crisped shades and bowers
 Revels the spruce and jocund spring,
 The graces, and the rose-bosom'd hours,
 Thither all their bounties bring,
 That there eternal summer dwells,
 And west winds, with musky wing
 About the cedarn alleys sling
 Nard, and Cassia's balmy smells.
 Iris there with humid bow
 Waters the odorous banks that blow
 Flowers of more mingled hew,
 Than her purpled scarf can shew,
 And drenches with Elysian dew
 (Lift mortals, if your ears be true)
 Beds of Hyacinth, and roses,
 Where young adonis oft reposes,
 Waxing well of his deep wound
 In slumber soft, and on the ground
 Sadly sits th' Assyrian queen;
 But far above in spangled sheen
 Celestial Cupid her fam'd son advanc'd,
 Holds his dear Psyche sweet intranc'd,
 After her wand'ring labours long,

1020

1025

1030

1035

1040

Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blisful twins are to be born,
Youth and joy ; so Jove hath sworn.

1050

But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.

1055

Mortals that would follow me,
Love virtue, she alone is free,
She can teach you how to clime
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or if virtue feeble were,
Heav'n itself would stoop to her.

P O E M S,

ON SEVERAL

O C C A S I O N S,

COMPOSED

AT SEVERAL TIMES.

By JOHN MILTON.

———Baccare frontem

Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.

Virgil. Eclog. 7

*On the Death of a fair Infant, a Nephew of his, dying
of a Cough.*

I.

O Fairest flower no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft silken primrose fading timelessly,
Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst out-lasted
Bleak winter's force that made thy blossom dry;
For he being amorous on that lovely dye
That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kifs,
But kill'd alas, and then bewail'd his fatal blifs.

II.

For since grim Aquilo his charioteer
By boiltrous rape th' Athenian damsel got,
He thought it touch'd his Deity full near,
If likewise he some fair one wedded not,

Thereby to wipe away th' infamous blot
 Of long uncoupled bed, and childless eld, [held.
 Which 'mongst the wanton gods a foul reproach was
 III.

So mounting up in icy-pearled car, 15
 Through middle empire of the freezing air,
 He wander'd long, till thee he spy'd from far,
 There ended was his quest, there ceast his care.
 Down he descended from his snow-soft chair,
 But all unwares with his cold-kind embrace 20
 Unhous'd thy virgin soul from her fair biding place.

IV.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;
 For so Appollo, with unweeting hand,
 Whilome did slay his dearly loved mate,
 Young Hyacinth born on Eurotas' strand, 25
 Young Hyacinth the pride of Spartan land;
 But then transform'd him to a purple flower
 Alack that so to change thee winter had no power.

V.

Yet can I not perswade me thou art dead,
 Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb, 30
 Or that thy beauties ly in wormy bed,
 Hid from the world in a low delved tomb;
 Could heav'n for pity thee so strictly doom?
 Oh no! for something in my face did shine
 Above mortality, that shew'd thou wast divine. 35

VI.

Resolve me then, oh soul most surely blest,
 (If so it be that thou these complaints dost hear)
 Tell me bright spirit where'er thou hoverest,
 Whether above that high first-moving sphere,
 Or in the' Elysian fields (if such there were) 40
 O say me true, if thou wert mortal wight,
 And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight.

VII.

Wert thou some star which from the ruin'd roof
 Of shak'd Olympus by mischance didst fall;
 Which careful Jove in nature's true behoof

Took up, and in fit place did reinstall?
 Or did of late earth's sons besiege the wall
 Of sheenie heav'n, and thou some goddess fled
 Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head.

VIII.

Or wert thou that just maid who once before 50
 Forsook the hated earth, O tell me sooth,
 And cam'st again to visit us once more?
 Or wert thou that sweet smiling youth?
 Or that crown'd matron sage white robed truth?
 Or any other of that heav'nly brood 55
 Let down in cloudy throne to do the world some good?

IX.

Or wert thou of the golden winged host,
 Who having clad thyself in human weed,
 To earth from thy prefixed seat didst post,
 And after short abode fly back with speed, 60
 As if to shew what creatures heav'n doth breed,
 Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire
 To scorn the fordid world, and unto heav'n aspire.

X.

But why didst thou not stay here below
 To bliss us with thy heav'n lov'd-innocence, 65
 To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,
 To turn swift-rushing black perdition hence,
 Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,
 To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart? (art. 70
 But thou canst best perform that office where thou

XI.

Then thou the mother of so sweet a child,
 Her false imagin'd loss cease to lament,
 And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild;
 Think what a present thou to God hast sent,
 And render him with patience what he lent: 75
 This if thou do, he will an off-spring give, [live.
 That till the world's last end shall make thy name to

At a Vacation Exercise in the College, part Latin, part English. The Latin speeches ended, the-English thus began.

HAIL native language, that by sinews weak
 Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to
 And mad'st imperfect words with childish trips, [speak
 Half unpronounc'd slide through my infant-lips,
 Driving Dumb silence from the portal door,
 Where he had mutely sat two-years before;
 Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,
 That now I use thee in my latter task:
 Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,
 I know my tongue but little grace can do thee: 10
 Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,
 Believe me I have thither packt the worst:
 And, if it happen as I did forecast,
 The daintiest dishes shall be serv'd up last;
 I pray thee then deny me not thy aid 15
 For this same small neglect that I have made:
 But haste thee straight to do me once a pleasure,
 And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure,
 Not those new-fangled toys, and trimmings slight,
 Which take our late fantasticks with delight; 20
 But cull those richest robes, and gay'st attire,
 Which deepest spirits and choicest wits desire:
 I have some naked thoughts that rove about,
 And loudly knock to have their passage out,
 And weary of their place do only stay 25
 Till thou hast deck'd them in thy best array
 That so they may without suspect or fears
 Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears:
 Yet I had rather, if I were to chuse,
 Thy service in some graver subject use, 30
 Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
 Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound:
 Such where the deep transported mind may soar
 Above the wheeling poles, and at heav'n's door,
 Look in and see each blisful Deity 35

How he before the thundrous throne doth lie,
 List'ning to what unshorn Appollo sings
 To th' touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings
 Immortal nectar to her kingly Sire:
 Then passing through the spheres of watchful fire, 40
 And misty regions of wide air next under,
 And hills of snow and lofty of piled thunder
 May tell at length how green ey'd Neptune raves,
 In heav'n's defiance mustering all his waves;
 Then sing of secret things that came to pass 45
 When beldam nature in her cradle was;
 And last, of kings and queens and heroes old,
 Such as the wise Demodocus once told
 In solemn songs at King Alcinous, feast,
 While sad Ulysses soul and all the rest 50
 Are held with his melodious harmony
 In willing chains and sweet captivity.
 But fy, my wand'ring Muse, how thou dost stray!
 Expectance calls thee now another way,
 Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent 35
 To keep in compass of thy predicament.
 Then quick about thy purpos'd business come,
 That to the next I may resign my room.

*Then Ens is represented as Father of the Predicaments
 his two Sons, whereof the Eldest stood for Substance with
 his Canons, which Ens thus speaking, explains.*

GOOD luck befriend thee, son; for at thy birth
 The fairy ladies danc'd upon the hearth;
 Thy drowsy nurse hath sworn she did them spy
 Come tripping to the room where thou didst ly,
 And sweetly singing round about thy bed, 5
 Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping head.
 She heard them give thee this, that thou shouldst still
 From eyes of mortals walk invisible:
 Yet there is something that doth force my fear,
 For once it was my dismal hap to hear 10

A Sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age,
 That far events full wisely could presage,
 And in time's long and dark prospective glass
 Foresaw what future days should bring to pass;
 Your son, said she, (nor can you it prevent) 15
 Shall subject be to many an accident.
 O'er all his brethren he shall reign as king,
 Yet every one shall make him underling;
 And those that cannot live from him asunder,
 Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under: 20
 In worth and excellence he shall out-go them,
 Yet being above them, he shall be below them;
 From others he shall stand in need of nothing,
 Yet on his brother shall depend for clothing
 To find a foe it shall not be his hap, 25
 And peace shall lull him in her flow'ry lap:
 Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door
 Devouring war shall never cease to roar:
 Yea it shall be his natural property
 To harbour those that are at enmity. 30
 What pow'r, what force, what mighty spell, if not
 Your learned hands, can loose this gordian knot?

*The next Quantity and Quality spake in Prose, then
 Relation was called by his name.*

RIVERS arise; whether thou be the son
 Of utmost Tweed, or Ouse, or gulphy Dan,
 Or Trent, who like some earth-born giant spreads
 His thirty arms along the' indented meads
 Or sullen Mole that runneth underneath, 5
 Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death,
 Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lee,
 Or coaly Tine, or ancient hallow'd Dee,
 Or Humber loud that keeps the Scythian's name,
 Or Medway smooth, or royal towred Thame.

The rest was Prose.

The P A S S I O N

I.

ERE while of musick, and ethereal mirth,
 Wherewith the stage of air and earth did ring,
 And joyous news of heav'nly infant's birth;
 My Muse with angels did divide to sing.
 But headlong joy is ever on the wing, 5

In wintry solstice-like the shorten'd light,
 Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

II.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
 And set my heart to notes of saddest wo,
 Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere long, 10
 Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than so,
 Which he for us did freely undergo.

Most perfect Hero, try'd in heaviest plight
 Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human weight!

III.

He sov'reign priest stooping his regal head 15
 That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
 Poor fleshly tabernacle entered,
 His starry front low-rooft beneath the skies;
 O what a mask was there, what a disguise!

Yet more; the stroke of death he must abide, 20
 Then lies him meekly down fast by his brethren's side.

IV.

These latest scenes confine my roving verse,
 To this horizon is my Phoebus bound;
 His Godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,
 And former sufferings, otherwhere are found; 25
 Loud oe'r the rest Cremona's trump doth sound;
 Me softer airs besit, and softer strings
 Of lute, or viol still more apt for mournful things.

V.

Befriend me night, best patroness of grief,
 Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw, 30

And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
That heav'n and earth are colour'd with my wo;
My sorrows are too dark for day to know :

The leaves should all be black whereon I write, 34
And letters where my tears have washt a wanish white.

VI.

See, see the chariot, and those rushing wheels,
That whirl'd the prophet up at Chebar flood,
My spirit some transporting Cherub feels,
To bear me where the towers of Salem stood,
Once glorious towers, now sunk in guiltless blood ;
There doth my soul in holy vision sit 41
Impensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatick fit.

VII.

Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral rock
That was the casket of heav'n's richest store,
And here though grief my feeble hands up lock, 45
Yet on the softned quarry would I score
My plaining verse as lively as before ;

For sure so well instructed are my tears
That they would fitly fall in order'd characters

VIII.

Or should I thence hurried on viewless wings, 50
Take up a weeping on the moutains wild,
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild,
And I (for grief is easily beguil'd)

Might think th' infection of my sorrows loud, 55
Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud,

This subject the Author finding to be above the years he had when he wrote it, and nothing satisfi'd with what was begun, left it unfinished.

On T I M E.

FLY envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
 Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
 Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace;
 And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
 Which is no more than what is false and vain, 5
 And merely mortal dross:
 So little is our loss,
 So little is thy gain.
 For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,
 And last of all thy greedy self consum'd, 10
 Then long eternity shall greet our bliss
 With an individual kiss;
 And joy shall overtake us as a flood,
 When every thing that is sincerely good,
 And perfectly divine, 15
 With truth, and peace, and love shall ever shine
 About the supreme throne
 Of him, t'whose happy-making sight alone,
 When once our heav'nly-guided soul shall clime,
 Then all this earthy grossness quit, 20
 Attir'd with stars we shall forever sit, (Time
 Triumphant over death, and chance, and thee O

Upon the Circumcision.

YE flaming powers, and winged warriors bright,
 That erst with musick, and triumphant song,
 First heard by happy watchfull shepherds ear,
 So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

179

Through the soft silence of the list'ning night; 5
 Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear
 Your fiery essence can distill no tear,
 Burn in your sighs, and borrow
 Seas wept from our deep sorrow;
 He who with all heav'n's heraldry whilere 10
 Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease;
 Alas, how soon our sin
 Sore doth begin
 His infancy to seize!
 O more exceeding love or law more just? 15
 Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!
 For we by rightful doom remediless
 Were lost in death, till he that dwelt above
 High thron'd in secret bliss, for us frail dust
 Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakedness; 28
 And that great cov'nant which we still transgress
 Intirely satisfy'd,
 And the full wrath beside
 Of vengeful justice bore for our excess,
 And seals obedience first with wounding smart 25
 This day; but O ere long
 Huge pangs and strong
 Will pierce more near his heart.

At a solemn Musick.

BLEST pair of Sirens, pledges of heav'n's joy,
 Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
 Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd power employ
 Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,
 And to our high-rais'd phantasy present 5
 That undisturbed song of pure concent,
 Ay sung before the saphire colour'd throne
 To him that sits thereon
 With faintly shout, and solemn jubilee,
 Where the bright seraphim in burning row 10

Their loud up-listed angel trumpets blow,
 And the cherubick host in thousand quires,
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
 With those just spirits that wear victorious palms;
 Hymns devote and holy psalms 15
 Singing everlastingly;
 That we on earth with undiscording voice
 May rightly answer that melodious noise;
 As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
 Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din 20
 Broke the fair music that all creatures made
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
 In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
 In first obedience, and their state of good.
 O may we soon again renew that song, 25
 And keep in tune with heav'n, till God ere long
 To his celestial consort us unite,
 To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light.

A N

EPI T A P H

O N T H E

Marchioness of Winchester.

THIS rich marble doth enter
 The honour'd wife of Winchester,
 A Viscount's daughter, an Earl's heir,
 Besides what her virtues fair
 Added to her noble birth,
 More than she could own from earth.
 Summers three times eight save one
 She had told; alas too soon,
 After so short time of breath,
 To house with darkness, and with death.
 Yet had the number of her days

Been as complete was as her praise,
 Nature and fate had had no strife
 In giving limit to her life.
 Her high birth, and her graces sweet, 15
 Quickly found a lover meet ;
 The virgin quire for her request
 The god that sits at marriage-feast ;
 He at their invoking came,
 But with a scarce-well-lighted flame ; 20
 And in his garland as he stood,
 Ye might discern a cyprus bud.
 Once had the early matrons run
 To greet her of a lovely son,
 And now with second hope she goes, 25
 And calls Lucina to her throws ;
 But whether by mischance or blame
 Atropos for Lucina came ;
 And with remorseless cruelty
 Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree ; 30
 The hapless babe before his birth
 Had burial, yet not laid in earth,
 And the languish'd mother's womb
 Was not long a living tomb.
 So have I seen some tender slip 35
 Sav'd with care from winter's nip,
 The pride of her carnation train,
 Pluck'd up by some unheedy swain,
 Who only thought to crop the flow'r,
 New shot up from vernal show'r ; 40
 But the fair blossom hangs the head
 Side-ways, as on a dying bed,
 And those pearls of dew she wears,
 Prove to be presaging tears
 Which the sad morn had let fall 45
 On her hastening funeral.
 Gentle lady, may thy grave
 Peace and quiet ever have ;
 After this thy travel sore
 Sweet rest seize thee evermore, 50
 Vol. II. Q

That to give the world increafe,
 Shortned haft thy own life's leafe;
 Here, befides the forrowing
 That thy noble houfe doth bring,
 Here be tears of perfect moan 55
 Wept for thee in Helicon,
 And fome flowers, and fome bays,
 For thy hearfe, to ftrew the ways,
 Sent thee from the banks of Came,
 Devoted to thy virtuous name; 60
 Whilft thou, bright faint, high fit'ft in glory,
 Next her much like to thee in ftory,
 That fair Syrian fhepherdeffe,
 Who after years of barrennefs,
 The highly-favour'd Iofeph bore 65
 To him that ferv'd for her before;
 And at her next birth, much like thee,
 Through pangs fled to felicity,
 Far within the bofom bright
 Of blazing majesty and light. 70
 There with thee, new welcome faint,
 Like fortunes may her foul acquaint;
 With thee there clad in radiant fheen,
 No Marchionefs, but now a queen.

SONG. *On May Morning.*

NOW the bright morning ftar, day's harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the eaft, and leads with
 The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws [her
 The yellow cowflip, and the pale primrofe.
 Hail bounteous May, that doth inspire 5
 Mirth and youth and warm defire;
 Woods and groves are of thy drefling,
 Hill and dale doth boast thy bleffing.
 Thus we falute thee with our early fong,
 And welcome thee, and wifh thee long. 10

On SHAKESPEARE. 1630.

WHAT needs my Shakespeare, for his honour'd
 The labour of an age in piled stones, [bones,
 Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
 Under a star-ypointing Pyramid?
 Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
 What need'st thou such weak witnesses of thy name?
 Thou in our wonder and astonishment
 Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
 For whilst to th' shame of slow-endeavouring art
 Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
 Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book,
 Those Delphick lines with deep impression took
 Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
 Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
 And so sepulcher'd in such pomp dost lie,
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

*On the University-Carrier, who sicken'd in the time of
 his vacancy, being forbid to go to London, by reason
 of the Plague*.*

HERE lies old Hobson; death hath broke his
 And here, alas! hath laid him in the dirt: [girt,

* We have the following account of this extraordinary man in the Spectator, No 509. Mr. Tobias Hobson was a carrier, and the first man in this island who let out hackney-horses. He lived in Cambridge; and, observing that the scholars rid hard, his manner was, to keep a large stable of horses, with boots, bridles, and whips, to furnish the gentlemen at once, without going from college to college to borrow, as they have done since the death of this worthy man; I say Mr. Hobson kept a stable of forty good cattle, always ready and fit for travelling; but when a man came for a horse, he was led into the stable, where their was great choice; but he obliged him to take the horse which stood next the stable door; so that every customer was alike well served, according to his chance, and every horseridden with the same justice. From this it became a proverb, when what ought to be your election was forced upon you, to say, *Hobson's Choice*. This memorable man stands drawn in fresco at an inn (which he used) in Bishopsgate street, with an hundred pound bag under his arm, with this inscription upon the said bag.

The fruitful mother of an hundred more.

Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,
 He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
 'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known, 5
 Death was half glad when he had got him down;
 For he had any time this ten years full,
 Dodg'd with him, betwixt Cambridge and the Bull.
 And surely death could never have prevail'd,
 Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd; 10
 But lately finding him so long at home,
 And thinking now his journey's end was come,
 And that he had ta'ne up his latest inn,
 In the kind office of a chamberlin
 Shew'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
 Pull'd of his boots, and took away the light. 16
 If any ask for him, it shall be said,
 Hobson has supt, and's newly gone to bed.

Another on the same.

HERE lieth one, who did most truly prove
 That he could never die while he could move:
 So hung his destiny, never to rot
 While he might still jog on and keep his trot,
 Made of sphere-metal, never to decay 5
 Until his revolution was at stay.
 'Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
 Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time:
 And like an engine mov'd with wheel and weight,
 His principals being ceast, he ended strait. 10
 Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,
 And too much breathing put him out of breath;
 Nor were it contradiction to affirm,
 Too long vacation hasten'd on his term:
 Merely to drive the time away, he sicken'd, 15
 Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quicken'd;
 Nay, quoth he, on his swooning bed outstretch'd,
 If I maynt carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,
 But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,
 For one carrier put down to make six bearers. 20

Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,
 He dy'd for heaviness that his cart went light:
 His leisure told him that his time was come,
 And lack of load, made his life burdensome,
 That even to his last breath (there be that say't) 25
 As he were press'd to death, he cry'd more weight;
 But had his doings lasted as they were,
 He had been an immortal carrier.
 Obedient to the moon he spent his date
 In course reciprocal, and had his fate
 Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas,
 Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase;
 His letters are deliver'd all and gone,
 Only remains this superscription.

On the new Forces of Conscience under the Long
 P A R L I A M E N T.

BECAUSE you have thrown off your prelate Lord,
 And with stiff vows renounc'd his liturgie,
 To seize the widow'd whore Pluraltie
 From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorr'd,
 Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword 5
 To force our consciences that Christ set free,
 And ride us with a classic Hierarchy
 Taught ye by meer A. S. and Rotherford?
 Men whose life, learning, faith and pure intent
 Would have been held in high esteem with Paul,
 Must now be nam'd and printed heretics, 11
 By shallow Edwards and Scots what-d'ye-call:
 But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
 Your plots and packing worse than those of Trent,
 That so the Parliament 15
 May with their wholesome and preventive shears
 Clip your Phylacteries, though bauk your ears,
 And succour our just fears:
 When they shall read this clearly in your charge,
 New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large. 20

ON THE
MORNING
OF
CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

I.

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the son of heav'n's eternal King,
Of wedded maid, and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy Sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

II.

That glorious form that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith he wont at heav'n's high council-table
To sit the midst of trinal unity,
He laid aside; and here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

III.

Say heav'nly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein, 15
Afford a present to the infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the heav'n by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light, 20
And all the spangl'd host keep watch in squadrons
bright?

IV.

See how from far upon the eastern road
The star-led wisards haste with odours sweet;
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet; 25
Have thou the honour first, thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the angel quire,
From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

The HYMN.

I.

IT was the winter wild,
While the heav'n-born-child 30
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies ;
Nature in awe to him
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
With her great master so to sympathize ;
It was no season then for her 35
To wanton with the sun her lusty paramour.

II.

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air,
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The faintly veil of maiden white to throw,
Confounded, that her maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

III.

But he her fears to cease, 45
Sent down the meek-ey'd peace ;
She crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing; 50
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes an universal peace through sea and land.

IV.

No war, or battle's sound
Was heard the world around,
The idle spear and shield were high up hung, 55
The hooked chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood.
The trumpet spake not to the armed throngs,
And kings sat still with awful eye, 59
As if they surely knew their sov'reign Lord was by.

V.

But peacefull was the night,
Wherein the prince of light

His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,

65

Whisp'ring new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

VI.

The stars with deep amaze
Stand fixt in stedfast gaze,

70

Bending one way their precious influence;
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,

Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Untill their Lord himself bespoke and bid them go.

75

VII.

And though the shady gloom
Had giv'n day her room,

The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame

80

The new-enlightned world no more should need;
He saw a greater sun appear (bear.
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree could

VIII.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn,

85

Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they then,
That the mighty Pan

Was kindly come to live with them below:
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

90

IX.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,

As never was by mortal finger strook, 95
Divinely warbled voice

Answering the stringed noise,

As all their souls in blissful rapture took:

The air such pleasure loth to lose, (close. 99

With thousand echo's still prolongs each heav'nly

X.

Nature that heard such sound

Beneath the hollow round

Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,

Now was almost won

To think her part was done, 105

And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;

She knew such harmony alone

Could hold all heav'n and earth in happier union.

XI.

At last surrounds their sight

A globe of circular light, 110

That with long beams the shame-fac'd night array'd;

The helmed cherubim

And sworded seraphim,

Are seen in glitt'ring ranks with wings display'd,

Harping in loud and solemn quire, 115

With unexpressive notes to heav'n's new-born heir.

XII.

Such music (as 'tis said)

Before was never made,

But when of old the sons of morning sung,

While the Creator great

His constellations set,

And the well-ballanc'd world on hinges hung,

And cast the dark foundations deep,

And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII.

Ring out ye crysell spheres, 125

Once bless our human ears,

(If ye have power to touch our senses so)

And let your silver chime

Move in melodious time;

And let the base of heav'n's deep organ blow, 130
 And with your ninefold harmony
 Make up full confort to th' angelic symphony.

XIV.

For if such holy song
 Enwrap our fancy long,

Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold;
 And speckled vanity
 Will sicken soon and die,

And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould;
 And hell it self will pass away, 139
 And leave her dolorous mansion to the peering day.

XV.

Yea truth and justice then
 Will down return to men;
 Orb'd in a rain-bow, and like glories wearing
 Mercy will sit between,
 Thron'd in celestial sheen, 145

With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering,
 And heav'n as at some festival,
 Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

XIV

But wisest fate says no,
 This must not yet be so, 150

The babe lies yet in smiling infancy,
 That on the bitter cross
 Must redeem our loss;

So both himself and us to glorify:
 Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep, (deep 155
 The wakeful trump of doom must thunder thro' the

XVII.

With such a horrid clang
 As on mount Sinai rang,

While thered fire, and smouldring clouds out brake:
 The aged earth agast, 160
 With terrour of that blast,

Shall from the surface to the center shake;
 When at the world's last session,
 The dreadful judge in middle air shall spread his throne

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 191

XVIII.

And then at last our bliss 165
Full and perfect is,

But now begins ; for from this happy day
Th' old dragon under ground
In straiter limits bound,

Not half so far casts his usurped sway, 170
And wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

XIX.

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs thro the arched roof in words deceiving. 175
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,

With hollow shriek the steep of Delpos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell, 179
Inspires the pale-ey'd priest from the prophetic cell.

XX.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament ;
From haunted spring, and dale,
Edg'd with poplar pale, 185

The parting genius is with sighing sent ;
With flow'r-inwov'n tresses torn (mourn.
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets

XXI.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth, 190

The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint ;
In urns, and altars round,
A drear and dying sound

Affrights the Flamins at their service quaint ;
And the chill marble seems to sweat, 195
While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted seat.

XXII.

Peor and Baalim
Forfake their temples dim,

With that twice batter'd god of Palestine,
 And mooned Ashtaroth, 200
 Heav'n's queen and mother both,
 Now sits not girt with tapers holy shine;
 The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn, (mourn.
 In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz

XXIII.

And fullen Moloch fled, 205
 Hath left in shadows dread
 His burning idol all of blackest hue;
 In vain, with cymbals ring,
 They call the grisly king,
 In dismal dance about the furnace blue; 210
 The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
 Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

XXIV

Nor is Osiris seen
 In Memphian grove, or green,
 Trampling the unshowr'd grass with lowings loud:
 Nor can he be at rest 216
 Within his sacred chest,
 Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud;
 In vain with timbrel'd anthems dark
 The fable-stoled forcerers bear his worship'd ark. 220

XXV.

He feels from Juda's land,
 The dreaded infant's hand,
 The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;
 Nor all the gods beside,
 Longer dare abide, 225
 Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:
 Our babe, to shew his God head true,
 Can in his swadling bands controll the damned crew.

XXVI.

So when the sun in bed,
 Curtain'd with cloudy red, 230
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
 The flocking shadows pale,
 Troop to th' infernal jail,

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 193

Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave,
And the yellow-skirted Fayes, (maz. 235
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-lov'd

XXVII.

But see the virgin blest
Hath laid her babe to rest,
Time is our tedious song should here have ending;
Heav'n's youngest teemed star
Hath fix'd her polish'd car, 240
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending
And all about the courtly stable,
Bright-hardest angels sit in order serviceable.

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LYCIDAS.

In this monody the author bewails a learned friend unfortunately drown'd in his passage from Chester on the Irish seas, 1637. And by occasion foretels the ruin of our corrupted Clergy then in their height.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never fere,
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
 And with forc'd fingers rude,
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year, 5
 Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
 Compels me to disturb your season due
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer;
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew 10
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme,
 He must not flote upon his watry bier
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.
 Begin then, sisters of the sacred well, 15
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
 Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
 So may some gentle Muse
 With lucky words favour my destin'd urn, 20
 And as he passes turn,
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
 For we were nurs'd upon the self-same hill,
 Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.
 Together both, ere the high lands appear'd 25
 Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
 We drove a field, and both together heard
 What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
 Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night
 Oft till the star that rose, at evening, bright, 30
 Toward heav'n's descent had slop'd his westering
 wheel:

Mean while the rural ditties were not mute,
 Temper'd to th' oaten flute,
 Rough Satyrs danc'd, and fauns with cloven heel,
 From the glad sound would not be absent long; 35
 And old Damoetas lov'd to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
 Now thou art gone, and never must return!
 Thee shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
 And all their echoes mourn. 41
 The willows, and the hazel copses green,
 Shall now no more be seen,
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
 As killing as the canker to the rose, 45
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
 When first the white-thorn blows;
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds ear.
 Where were ye nymphs, when the remorseless deep
 Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas? 51
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,
 Where your old Bards, the famous Druids, lie,
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
 Nor yet where Deva spreads his wisard stream: 55
 Ah me, I fondly dream!

Had ye been there—for what could that have done?
 What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting son
 Whom universal nature did lament, 60
 When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
 His goary visage down the stream was sent,
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with incessant care
 To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade, 65
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
 Were it not better done, as others use,
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair?
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise 70

(That last infirmity of noble mind)

To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears, 75
 And flits the thin-spun life. But not the praise,
 Phoebus reply'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;
 Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glittering foil
 Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies, 80
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in heav'n expect thy meed.

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood, 85
 Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood:

But now my oat proceeds,
 And listens to the herald of the sea.
 That came in neptune's plea, 90
 He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the fellon winds
 What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
 And question'd every gust of rugged wings
 That blows from off each beaked promontory:
 They knew not of his story, 95

And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
 That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
 The air was calm, and on the level brine,
 Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark 100
 Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend Sire, went footing slow,
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge 105
 Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe.
 Ah; who hath rest (goth he) my dearest pledge?
 Last came, and last did go
 The pilot of the Galilean lake,

Two maffy keys he bore of metals twain, 110
 (The golden opes, the iron fhuts amain)
 He fhook his miter'd locks, and ftern befpoke;
 How well could I have spar'd for thee, young fwain
 Anow of fuch as for their bellies fake,
 Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold? 115
 Of other care they little reck'ning make,
 Than how to scramble at the fhearer's feaft,
 And shove away the worthy bidden gueft, (hold
 Blind mouths! that fcarce themfelves know how to
 A fheep-hook, or have learn'd ought elfe the leaft
 That to the faithful herdman's art belongs! 121
 What reck's it them? what need they? they are fped
 And when they lift, their lean and fflafhy fongs
 Grate on their fcannel pipes of wretched ftraw;
 The hungry fheep look up, and are not fed, 124
 But fwoln with wind, and the rank mift they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion fspread:
 Befides what the grim wolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing fald;
 But that two-handed engine at the door, 130
 Stands ready to fmite once, and fmite no more.

Return Alpheus, the dread voice is paft,
 That fhunk thy fstreams; return Sicilian Mufe,
 And call the vales, and bid them hither caft
 Their bells, and flourets of a thoufand hues, 135
 Ye valleys low where the mild whifpers ufe,
 Of fhades and wanton winds, and gufhing brooks,
 On whose frefh lap the fwart ftar fparely looks,
 Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes,
 That on the green turf fuck the honied fhowers, 140
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
 Bring the rathe primrofe that forfaken dies,
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jeflamine,
 The white pink, and the pansie freakt with jet,
 The glowing violet, 145
 The mufk-rofe, and the well-attir'd woodbine,
 The cowflips wan that hang the penfive head,
 And ev'ry flower that fad embroidery wears:

Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
 And daffadillies fill their cups with tears, 150
 To strow the laureat herse where Lycid lies,
 For so to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
 Ah me ! whilst thee the shores, and sounding seas
 Wash far away, where-e'er thy bones are hurl'd, 155
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world ;
 Or whether thou to our moist vows deny'd,
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old, 160
 Where the great vision of the guarded mount
 Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold ;
 Look homeward angel now, and melt with ruth :
 And, O ye Dolphins, waft the hapless youth.
 Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more,
 For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead ; 166
 Sunk though he be beneath the watry floor,
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
 Flamines in the forehead of the morning sky : 171
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves
 Where other groves, and other streams along,
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves 175
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
 There entertain him all the saints above,
 In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
 That sing, and singing in their glory move, 180
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more ;
 Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood. 185
 Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks and rills,
 While the still morn went out with sandals gray,

He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
 With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
 And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills, 190
 And now was dropt into the western bay:
 At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue;
 To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

L' Allegro.

HENCE loathed melancholy,
 Of Cerberus, and blackest midnight born,
 In stygian cave forlorn
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,
 Find out some uncouth cell, 5
 Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
 And the night-raven sings;
 There under Ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
 As ragged as thy locks,
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell. 10
 But come thou goddess fair and free,
 In heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,
 And by men, heart-easing mirth,
 Whom lovely Venus at a birth
 With two sister graces more 15
 To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
 Or whether (as some sages sing)
 The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
 Zephyr with Aurora playing,
 As he met her once a maying, 20
 There on the beds of violets blue,
 And fresh blown roses washt in dew,
 Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
 So bucksom, blithe, and debonair.
 Hast thee nymph, and bring with thee 25
 Jest and youthful jollity,
 Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
 Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek; 30

Sport that wrinkl'd care derides,
 And laughter holding both his sides.
 Come, and trip it as you go
 On the light fantastic toe,
 And in thy right hand lead with thee 35
 The mountain nymph, sweet liberty;
 And if I give thee honour due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew
 To live with her, and live with thee
 In unreprieved pleasures free; 40
 To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And singing startle the dull night,
 From his watch-tower in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
 Then to come in spite of sorrow, 45
 And at my window bid good-morrow,
 Through the sweet briar, or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine.
 While the cock with lively din
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin; 50
 And to the stack, or the barn-door,
 Stoutly struts his dames before,
 Oft listning how the hounds and horn
 Chearly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
 From the side of some hoar hill, 55
 Through the high wood echoing shrill.
 Some time walking not unseen
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
 Right against the eastern gate,
 Where the great sun begins his state, 60
 Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight.
 While the plow-man near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe, 65
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.
 Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,

Whilst the landskip round it measures;
 Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
 Mountains on whose barren breast
 The labouring clouds do often rest,
 Meadows trim with daisies pride,
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
 Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
 Are at their savoury dinner set
 Of herbs, and other country messes,
 Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses;
 And then in haste her bower she leaves,
 With Thelys to bind the sheaves:
 Or if the earlier season lead
 To the tann'd haycock in the mead,
 Sometimes with secure delight
 The up-land hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound
 To many a youth, and many a maid,
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sunshine holy-day,
 Till the live-long day-light fail,
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
 With storys told of many a feat,
 How Fairy Mab the junkets eat;
 She was pincht, and pull'd, she said,
 And he by friers lantern led;
 Tells how the drudging Goblin swet,
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimps of morn
 His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,

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SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

203

That ten day lab'ers could not end,
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend : 110

And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Balks at the fire his hairy strength;
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his mattin rings.

Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep. 115

Towred cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold, 120

With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain Influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.

There let Hymen oft appear 125

In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry,
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream. 130

Then to the well trod stage anon,
If Johnson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespear, fancy's child,

Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs 135

Married to immortal verse
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,

In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out, 140

With wanton head, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running.

Untwisting all the chains that tye
The hidden soul of harmony :

That Orpheus' self may heave his head 145

From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear

Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto to have quite set free
 His half regain'd Eurydice. 150
 These delights, if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

Il Penseroso.

HENCE vain deluding joys,
 The brood of folly without father bred,
 How little you bested,

Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
 Dwell in some idle brain, 5

And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless

As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,
 Or likest hovering dreams,

The fickle pensioners of Morpheus train. 10

But hail thou Goddess, sage and holy,

Hail divinest Melancholy,

Whose faintly visage is too bright

To hit the sense of human sight;

And therefore to our weaker view, 15

O'erlaid with black, staid wisdom's hue.

Black, but such as in esteem,

Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,

Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove

To set her beauty's praise above 20

The sea nymphs, and their powers offended.

Yet thou art higher far descended,

Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore

To solitary Saturn bore;

His daughter she, in Saturn's reign, 25

Such mixture was not held a stain:

Oft in glimmering bowr's, and glades

He met her, and in secret shades

Of woody Ida's inmost grove,

While yet there was no fear of Jove. 30

Come pensive nun, devout and pure,

Sober, stedfast, and demure.

All in a robe of darkeſt grain,

Flowing with majeſtic train,

And ſable ſtole of Cypreſs lawn,

Over thy decent ſhoulders drawn.

Come, but keep thy wonted ſtate,

With ev'n ſtep, and muſing gate,

And looks commercing with the ſkies,

Thy rapt ſoul ſitting in thine eyes :

There held in holy paſſion ſtill,

Forget thyſelf to marble, till

With a ſad leaden downward caſt,

Thou fix them on the earth as faſt ;

And join with thee calm peace, and quiet,

Spare faſt, that oft with Gods doth diet,

And hears the Muſes in a ring,

Ay round about Jove's altar ſing.

And add to theſe retired leiſure,

That in trim gardens takes his pleaſure ;

But firſt, and cheifeſt, with thee bring,

Him that yon ſoars on golden wing,

Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,

The cherub Contemplation,

And the mute ſilence hiſt along,

'Leſs Philomel will deign a ſong,

In her ſweeteſt, ſaddeſt plight,

Smoothing the rugged brow of night,

While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,

Gently o'er th' accuſtom'd oak ;

Sweet bird that ſhunn'ſt the noiſe of folly,

Moſt muſical, moſt melancholy !

Thee chauntreſs of the woods among,

I woo to hear thy even ſong ;

And miſſing thee, I walk unſeen

On the dry ſmooth-shaven green;

To behold the wandring moon,

Riding near her higheſt noon,

Like one that had been led alſtray.

Through the heav'n's wide pathleſs way ;

And oft as if her head she bow'd,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft on a plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off Curfeu sound,
 Over some wide- water'd shore,
 Swinging slow with fullen roar;
 Or if the air will not permit,
 Some still removed place will fit,
 Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the belman's drowsy charm,
 To bless the doors from nightly harm:
 Or let my lamp at midnight hour,
 Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,
 Where I may oft out watch the Bear,
 With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold
 What worlds, or what vast regions hold
 The immortal mind that hath forsook
 Her mansion is this fleshly nook:
 And of those Daemons that are found
 In fire, air, flood or under ground,
 Whose power hath a true consent
 With planet, or with element.
 Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
 In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops line,
 Or the tale of Troy divine,
 Or what (through rare) of later age,
 Ennobl'd hath the buskin'd stage.
 But, O sad virgin, that thy power
 Might raise Musaeus from his bower,
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
 Such notes as warbled to the string,
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
 And made hell grant what love did seek.
 Or call up him that left half-told

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The story of Cambuscan bold, 110
 Of Camball, and of Algarife,
 And who had Canace to wife,
 That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
 And of the wondrous horse of brass,
 On which the Tartar king did ride : 115
 And if ought else, great Bards beside,
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
 Of turneys and of trophies hung ;
 Of forests, and enchantments drear,
 Where more is meant than meets the ear. 120
 Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till civil-suited morn appear,
 Not trick't and frounc't as she was wont
 With the Attick boy to hunt,
 But kerchief't in a comely cloud, 125
 While rocking winds are piping loud,
 Or usher'd with a shower still
 When the gulf hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the rustling leaves,
 With minute drops from off the eaves. 130
 And when the sun begins to sting
 His flaming beams, me Goddess bring
 To arched walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown that Sylvan loves
 Of pine and monumental oak, 135
 Where the rude ax with heaved stroke,
 Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
 Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
 There in close covert by some brook,
 Where no profaner eye may look, 140
 Hide me from day's garish eye,
 While the bee with honied thie,
 That at her flowry work doth sing,
 And the waters murmuring
 With such consort as they keep, 145
 Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep ;
 And let some strange mysterious dream,

Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eye lids laid. 150
And as I wake, sweet musick breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail 155
To walk the studious cloysters pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antick pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light. 160
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full voiced quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into extasies, 165
And bring all heav'n before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell 170
Of ev'ry star that heav'n doth shew,
And ev'ry herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give, 175
And I with thee will chuse to live.

ARCADES.

Part of an entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Derby at Harefield by some Noble Persons of her Family, who appear on the Scene in Pastoral Habit, moving toward the Seat of State, with this Song,

I. SONG.

LOOK nymphs, and shepherds look,
 What sudden blaze of majesty
 Is that which we from hence descry,
 Too divine to be mistook;
 This, this is she 5
 To whom our vows and wishes bend,
 Here our solemn search hath end.
 Fame that her high worth to raise,
 Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,
 We may justly now accuse 10
 Of detraction from her praise;
 Less than half we find exprest,
 Envy bid conceal the rest.
 Mark what radiant state she spreads,
 In circle round her shining throne, 15
 Shooting her beams like silver threads:
 This, this is she alone,
 Sitting like a Goddess bright,
 In the center of her light,
 Might she the wise Latona be, 20
 Or the towred Cybele,
 Mother of a hundred Gods;
 Juno dares not give her odds;
 Who had thought this clime had held
 A deity so unparallel'd? 25

As they come forward, the Genius of the Wood appears, and turning toward them, speaks.

[guise

Gen. **S**TAY gentle swains, for though in this dis-
 I see | bright honour sparkle through your
 Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung [eyes,
 Of that renowned flood, so often sung,
 Divine Alpheus, who by secret sluice, 5
 Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse;
 And ye the breathing roses of the wood,
 Fair silver buskin'd nymphs as great and good,
 I know this quest of yours, and free intent
 Was all in honour and devotion meant 10
 To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,
 Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,
 And with all helpful service will comply
 To further this night's glad solemnity;
 And lead ye where ye may more near behold 15
 What shallow searching Fame hath left untold;
 Which I full oft amidst these shades alone
 Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon:
 For know by lot from Jove I am the pow'r
 Of this fair wood, and live in oak'n bow'r, 20
 To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
 With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove.
 And all my plants I save from nightly ill,
 Of noisome winds, and blasting vapours chill.
 And from the boughs brush off the evil dew, 25
 And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,
 Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,
 Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites.
 When ev'ning gray doth rise, I fetch my round
 Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground, 30
 And early ere the odourous breath of morn
 Awakes the slumbring leaves, or tassel'd horn
 Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
 Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
 With puiſſant words, and murmurs made to bleſs:
 But else in deep of night, when drowſineſs 36

Hath lockt up mortal sense, then listen I
 To the celestial Sirens harmony,
 That sit upon the nine enfolded spheres,
 And sing to those that hold the vital shears, 40
 And turn the adamantine spindle round,
 On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
 Such sweet compulsion doth in music ly,
 To lull the daughters of Necessity,
 And keep unsteady nature to her law, 45
 And the low world in measur'd motion draw
 After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
 Of human mould with gross unpurged ear;
 And yet such music worthiest were to blaze
 The peerless height of her immortal praise, 50
 Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,
 If my inferior hand or voice could hit
 Inimitable sounds: yet as we go,
 What-e'er the skill of lesser gods can show,
 I will assay, her worth to celebrate, 55
 And so attend ye toward her glittering state;
 Where ye may all that are of noble stem
 Approach, and kiss her sacred vesture's hem.

II. S O N G.

O'ER the smooth enamel'd green,
 Where no print of step hath been,
 Follow me as I sing,
 And touch the warbled string,
 Under the shadow roof 5
 Of branching elm star-proof.
 Follow me,
 I will bring you where she sits,
 Clad in splendor as befits
 Her deity, 10
 Such a rural queen
 All Arcadia hath not seen.

III. SONG.

NYMPHS and shepherds dance no more
 By sandy Ladon's lillied banks.
 On old Lycaeus or Cyllene hoar,
 Trip no more in twilight ranks,
 Though Erymanth your loss deplore,
 A better foil shall give ye thanks.
 From the stony Moenalus,
 Bring your flocks, and live with us,
 Here ye shall have greater grace,
 To serve the lady of this place.
 Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were
 Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.
 Such a rural queen
 All Arcadia hath not seen.

SONNETS.

I.

To the Nightingale.

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
 Warble'st at eve, when all the woods are still,
 Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
 While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
 Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
 First heard before the shallow Cuckoo's bill
 Portend success in love; O, if Jove's will
 Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,
 Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
 Foretel my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;
 As thou from year to year hast sung too late
 For my relief; yet hadst no reason why,
 Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate,
 Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

II.

Donna leggiadra il cui bel nome honora
 L' herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,
 Bene e colui d'ogni valore scarco
 Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamorò,
 Che dolcemente mostra sì di fuora 5
 De sui atti soavi giamai parco,
 E i don', che son d'amor saette ed arco.
 La onde l' alta tua virtù s' infiora,
 Quando tu vaga parli' o lieta canti
 Che mover possa duro apestre legno, 10
 Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi
 L'entrata, chi di te si truova indegno;
 Gratia sola di fu gli vaglia, inanti
 Che'l disio amoroso al cuor s' invecchi.

III.

Qual in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera
 L'avezza giovinetta pastorella
 Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella
 Che mal si spande a disusata spera
 Fuor di sua natia alma primavera, 5
 Così amor meco infu la lingua snello
 Desta il fior novo di strana favella,
 Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,
 Canto dal mio buon popol non inteso
 E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno. 10
 Amor lo volse, ed io a l' altrui peso
 Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.
 Deh ! foss' il mio cuor lento e'l duro seno
 A chi pianta dal ciel sì buon terreno.

C A N Z O N E.

R Idonfi donne e giovani amorosi
 M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,
 Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana

Verseggiando d' amor, e come t' osi?
 Dinne, se la tua spema sia mai vana, 5
 E de pensieri lo miglior t' arrive;
 Così mi van burlando, altri rivi
 Altri lidi t' aspettan, ed altre onde
 Nelle cui verde sponde
 Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma 10
 L'immortal guiderdon d'eterne frondi
 Perché alle spalle tue soverchia soma?
 Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispondi
 Dice mia Donna, e' l sua dir, e il mio cuore
 Questa e lingua di cui si vanta Amore. 15

IV.

Diodati, e te'l diro con maraviglia,
 Quel ritroso io ch' ampor spreggiar solea
 E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridea
 Già caddi, ov'huom dabbin talhor s'impiglia. 5
 Ne trecie d'ore, ne guancia vermiglia
 M'abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea
 Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,
 Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia
 Quel sereno fulgor d'amabil nero, 10
 Parole adorne di lingua più 'una,
 E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemispero
 Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,
 E degli occhi suoi auventa sì gran fuoco
 Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi sia poco.

V.

Per certo i bei vostri' occhi, Donna mia
 Esser non puo che non fian lo mio sole
 Si mi percuoton forte, come ei suole
 Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia,
 Mentre un caldo vapor (ne senti pria 5
 Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,

Che forse amanti nelle lor parole
 Chiaman sospir; io non so che si fia:
 Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela
 Scoffo mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco 10
 Quivi d' attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'ingiela;
 Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar loco
 Tutti le notti a me suol far piovole
 Finche mia Alba riven colma di rose.

VI.

Giovane piano, e semplicetto amante
 Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,
 Madonna a voi del mio cuor l' humil dono
 Faro divoto; io certo a prove tante
 L' hebbi fedele, intrepido, costante, 5
 De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono;
 Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono
 S' arma di se, e d' intero diamante,
 Tanto del forse, e d' invidia sicuro,
 Di timori, e speranze al popol use 10
 Quanto d' ingegno, e d' alto valor vago,
 E di cetta sonora, e delle muse:
 Sol troverate in tal parte men duro
 Ove amor mise l'infanabil ago.

VII.

On his being arriv'd to his 23d Year.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
 Stolen on his wing my three and twentieth year!
 My hasting days flie on with full career,
 But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth, 5
 That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
 That some more timely happy spirits indu'th.
 Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,

It shall be still in strictest measure ev'n 10
 To that same lot, however mean or high,
 Toward which time leads me, and the will of Heav'n;
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great task-master's eye.

VIII.

To the Soldier, to spare his Dwelling-place.

Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,
 Whose chance on these defenceless doors may
 If deed of honour did thee ever please, (seise,
 Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
 He can requit thee, for he knows the charms 5
 That call fame on such gentle acts as these;
 And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
 Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
 Lift not thy spear against the Muses bower.
 The great Emathian conqueror bid spare 10
 The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
 Went to the ground: and the repeated air
 Of sad Electra's Poet had the power
 To save th' Athenian walls from ruin bare.

IX.

To a Lady.

Lady that in the prime of earliest youth,
 Wisely hast shun'd the broad way and the green,
 And with those few art eminently seen,
 That labour up the hill of heav'nly truth,
 The better part with Mary and with Ruth 5
 Chosen thou hast; and they that overween,
 And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,
 No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.
 Thy care is fixt and zealously attends
 To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light, 10

(sure
And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be
Thou, when the bridegroom with his feastful friends
Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,
Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure.

X.

*To the Lady Margaret Lee, Daughter to the Earl
of Marlborough.*

Daughter to that good Earl once President
Of England's Council, and her treasury,
Who liv'd in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,
And left them both, more in himself content,
Till the sad breaking of that Parliament 5
Broke him; as that dishonest victory
At Chæronea, fatal to liberty,
Kill'd with report that old man eloquent,
Though later born, than to have known the days
Wherein your father flourish'd, yet by you, 10
Madam, methinks I see him living yet;
So well your words his noble virtues praise,
That all both judge you to relate them true,
And to possess them, Honoured Margaret.

XI.

On the Reception his Book of Divorce met with.

A book was writ of late call'd Tetrachordon,
And woven close, both matter, form and stile,
The subject new: it walk'd the town a while,
Numb'ring good intellects; now seldom por'd on.
Cries the stall-reader, Bless us! what a word on 5
A title-page is this! and some in file
Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-
End Green. Why is it harder Sirs than Gordon,
Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp? [sleek
Those rugged names to our like mouths grow

That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp
 Thy age, like ours, O soul of Sir John Cheek,
 Hated not learning worse than toad or asp;
 When thou taught'st Cambridge, and King Edward
 (Greek,

XII.

On the same.

I did but prompt the Age to quit their clogs
 By the known rules of ancient liberty,
 When straight a barbarous noise environs me
 Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes and dogs:
 As when those Hinds that were transform'd to frogs
 Rail'd at Latona's twin-born progenie, 6
 Which after held the sun and moon in fee.
 But this is got by casting pearl to hogs;
 That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
 And still revolt when truth would set them free.
 Licence they mean, when they cry liberty;
 For who loves that, must first be wise and good,
 But from that mark how far they rove we see,
 For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood.

XIII.

To Mr. H. Lawes, on his aires.

Harry, whose tuneful and well measur'd song
 First taught our English musick how to span
 Words with just note and accent, not to scan
 With Midas ears, committing short and long;
 Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng, 5
 With praise enough for envy to lock wan;
 To after-age thou shalt be writ the man, (tongue.
 That with smooth aire could'st humour best our
 Thou honour'st verse; and verse must lend her wing
 To honour thee the priest of Phoebus quire 10

That tun't their happiest lines in hymn, or story.
 Dante shall give fame leave to set thee higher
 Than his Casella, whom he woo'd to sing,
 Met in the milder shades of purgatory.

XIV.

An Elegy.

When Faith and Love, which parted from thee never,
 Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,
 Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load (sever!
 Of death, call'd life, which us from life doth
 Thy works and alms and all thy good endeavour
 Staid not behind, nor in the grave were trod,
 But as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
 Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.
 Love led them on, and Faith who knew them best
 Thy hand-maids, clad them o'er with purple beams
 And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
 And speak the truth of thee on glorious themes
 Before the Judge who thenceforth bid thee rest
 And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

XV.

On General FAIRFAX.

Fairfax, whose name in arms thro' Europe rings,
 And fills all mouths with envy or with praise,
 And all her jealous Monarchs with amaze
 And rumours loud, which daunt remōtest Kings;
 Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings 5
 Victory home, while new rebellions raise
 Their Hydra heads, and the false North displays
 Her broken league to imp their serpent wings.
 O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand.
 For what can war but endless war still breed? 10
 'Till injur'd Truth from violence be freed,

And public faith be rescu'd from the brand
Of publick fraud. In vain does valour bleed,
While avarice and rapine share the land.

XVI.

On Sir Henry Vane the younger.

Vane, young in years, but in sage council old,
Than whom a better senator ne'er held
The helm of Rome (when gowns not arms repell'd
The fierce Epirot, and the African bold).
Whether to settle peace, or to unfold 5
The drift of hollow states, hard to be spell'd.
Then to advise how war may best upheld
Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
In all her equipage : besides to know (have done,
What severs each, thou hast learn'd which few
The bounds of either sword to thee we owe
Therefore on thy right hand religion leans,
In peace and reckons thee her eldest son,

XVII.

To O. CROMWELL.

Cromwell our chief of men, that thro' a cloud
Not of war only, but distractions rude,
(Guided by faith and matchless fortitude)
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd
And fought God's battles, and his works pursu'd, 5
While Darwent streams with blood of Scots embu'd,
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much remains
To conquer still ; peace hath her victories
No less than those of war. New foes arise, 10
Threatning to bind our souls in secular chains ;
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

XVIII.

On the late Massacre in Piemont.

Avenge O Lord thy slaughter'd faints, whose bones
 Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold ;
 Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
 When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and stones,
 Forget not : in thy book record their groans 5
 Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
 Slain by the bloody Piemontese that roll'd
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
 The vales redoubled to the hills ; and they
 To heav'n. 'Their Martyr'd blood and ashes sow
 O'er all th' Italian fields, where still doth sway 10
 The triple tyrant : that from these may grow
 A hundred-fold, who having learnt thy way
 Early may fly the Babylonian wo.

XIX.

On Cyriac Sinner.

Cyriac, this three years day, these eyes, tho' clear
 To outward view of blemish or of spot,
 Bereft of sight, their seeing have forgot.
 Nor to their idle orbs does day appear,
 Or sun, or moon, or stars throughout the year ;
 Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
 Against heav'n's hand, or will ; nor bate one jot
 Of heart or hope ; but still bear up, and steer
 Right onwards. What supports me, dost thou ask?
 The conscience, friend, t' have lost them overply'd
 In liberty's defence, my noble task,
 Whereof all Europe rings from side to side.
 This thought might lead me through this world's vain
 Content though blind, had I no other guide. [mask

XX.

On his Blindness.

When I consider how my life is spent,
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide,
 Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present 5
 My true account, lest he returning chide;
 Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd,
 I fondly ask: but patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
 Either man's work or his own gifts; who best 10
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
 Is kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest,
 They also serve who only stand and wait.

XXI

*To Mr. Lawrence Son to the President of Crom-
 well's Council.*

Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son,
 Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,
 Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
 Help waste a fullen day? what may be won
 From the hard season gaining: time will run
 On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire
 The frozen earth; and cloath in fresh attire
 The lilly, and rose; that neither sew'd nor spun.
 What neat repast shall feast us, light and choise,
 Of Attick taste, with wine, whence we may rise
 To hear the lute well toucht, or artful voice
 Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
 He who of those delights can judge, and spare
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

XXII.

On Cyriack Skinner.

Cyriac, whose Grandfire on the royal bench
 Of British Themis, with no mean applause
 Pronounc'd and in his volumes taught our laws,
 Which others at their bar so often wrench;
 To day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench 5
 In mirth, that after no repenting draws;
 Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,
 And what the Swede intends, and what the French,
 To measure life, learn thou by times, and know
 Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;
 For other things mild heav'n a time ordains,
 And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
 That with superfluous burden loads the day,
 And when God sends a chearful hour refrains.

XXIII.

On his deceased Wife.

Methought I saw my late espoused saint
 Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
 Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
 Rescu'd from death by force though pale and faint.
 Mine as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint, 5
 Purification in the old law did save,
 And such as yet once more I trust to have
 Full sight of her in heav'n without restraint,
 Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
 Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight, 10
 Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd
 So clear, as in no face with more delight.
 But O as to embrace me she inclin'd,
 I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.

TRANSLATIONS.

Brutus taking with him Geryon the Diviner in the inward Shrine of the Temple of the Goddess Diana, utters his Requests thus :

Diva potens nemorum, &c.

GODDESS of shades ; and Huntress, who at will
Walk'st on the rowling spheres, and thro' the
On thy third reign the earth look now, and tell (deep,
What land, what seat of rest thou bidst me seek;
What certain seat, where I may worship thee 5
For aye, with temples vow'd and virgin quires.

To whom sleeping before the Altar, Diana in a Vision that Night thus answered :

Brute, sub occasum solis, &c.

Brutus, far to the west in the ocean wide
Beyond the realm of Gaul, a land their lies,
Sea-girt it lies, where giants dwelt of old,
Now void, it fits thy people ; thither bend 5
Thy course, there shalt thou find a lasting seat,
There to thy sons another Troy shall rise,
And Kings be born of thee, whose dreadful might
Shall awe the world, and conquer nations bold.

Dante in the 19th Canto of Inferno.

Ah Constantine, of how much ill was cause
Not thy conversion, but those rich domains
That the first wealthy Pope received of thee.

In the 20th Canto of Paradise.

Founded in chaste and humble poverty,
'Gainst them that rais'd thee dost thou lift thy horn,
Impudent whore, where hast thou plac'd thy hope?
In thy adulterers, or thy ill-got wealth?
Another Constantine comes not in haste.

5

Ariosto, Cant. 34.

And to be short, at last his guide him brings
Into a goodly galley, where he sees
A mighty mass of things strangely confus'd,
Things that on earth were lost, or were abus'd

Then pass'd he to a flow'ry mountain green,
Which once smelt sweet, now stinks as odiously;
This was the gift (if you the truth will have)
That Constantine to good Silvester gave.

HORACE to Quintius.

Whom do we count a good man? whom but he
Who keeps the laws and statutes of the senate,
Who judges in great suits and controversies,
Whose witness and opinion wins the cause?
But his own house, and the whole neighbourhood
Sees his foul inside through his whited skin.

Four Greek Lines out of Euripides.

This is true liberty, when free born men
Having to advise the publick, may speak free,
Which he who can, and will, deserves high praise;
Who neither can, nor will, may hold his peace:
What can be juster in a state than this?

Euripid.

H O R A C E.

——— Valet ima summis
Mutare, et insignem attenuat Deus,
Obscura promens, &c.

The Power that did create, can change the scene
Of things ; make mean of great, and great of mean:
The brightest glory can eclipse with might ;
And place the most obscure in dazling light.

H O R A C E.

Te Dacus asper, te profugi Scythae,
Regumque matres barbarorum, et
Urbesque, puentesque, et Latium ferox
Purpurei metuunt Tyranni.
Injurioso ne pede proruas
Stantem Columnam ; neu populus frequens
Ad arma cessantes, ad arma
Concitet, imperiumque frangat.

All barbarous people, and their princes too,
All purple tyrants honour you ;
The very wandring Scythians do,
Support the pillar of the Roman State,
Lest all men be involv'd in one man's fate.
Continue us in wealth and peace ;
Let wars and tumults ever cease.

C A T U L L U S.

Tanto pessimus omnium Poetarum
Quanto tu optimus omnium Patronus.

The worst of poets I myself declare,
By how much you the best of patrons are.

O n S A L M A S I U S.

Quis expedit Salmasio suam Hundredam,
Picamque docuit verba nostra conari ?
Magister artis venter, et Jacobei

Centum, exulantis viscera marsupii regis.
 Quod si dolosi spes refulseret nummi,
 Ipse, Antichristi modo qui primatum Papae
 Minatus uno est dissipare sufflatu,
 Cantabit ultro Cardinalitium Melos.

English'd

Who taught Salmasius, that French chattering pye,
 To aim at English, and Hundreda cry ?
 The starving rascal, flush'd with just a hundred
 English Jacobusses, Hundreda blundred.
 An outlaw'd king's last stock—A hundred more
 Wou'd make him pimp for th' antichristian Whore;
 And in Rome's praise employ his poison'd breath,
 Who threatned once to stink the Pope to death.

Ad PYRRHAM. ODE V.

Horatius ex Pyrrhae illecebris tanquam e naufragio
 enataverat, cujus amore irretitos, affirmat esse
 miseros.

QUIS multa gracilis te puer in rosa
 Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus,
 Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro ?
 Cui flavam religas comam,

Simplex munditiis ? heu, quoties fidem !
 Mutatosque deos flebit, et aspera
 Nigris aequora ventis
 Emirabitur insolem,

Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea :
 Qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem
 Sperat, nescius aurae
 Fallacis ! Miseri, quibus
 Intentata nites. me tabula facer

Votiva paries indicat uvida
 Suspendisse potenti
 Vestimenta maris Deo.

The Fifth ODE of Horace Lib. I.

Rendered almost word for word without Rhyme, according to the Latin Measure, as near as the Language will permit.

WHAT slender youth bedew'd with liquid [odours
 Courts thee on roses in some pleasant
 Pyrrha, for whom bind'st thou [cave,
 In wreaths thy golden hair,

Plain in thy neatness? O how oft shall he
 Of faith and changed Gods complain; and seas
 Rough with black winds and storms
 Unwonted shall admire:

Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
 Who always vacant, always amiable
 Hopes thee; of flattering gales
 Unmindful. Hapless they
 To whom thou untry'd seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd
 Picture the sacred wall declares t' have hung
 My dank and dropping weeds
 To the stern God of Sea.

P S A L M - I.

Done into V E R S E, 1653.

BLESS'D is the man who hath not walk'd astray
 In counsel of the wicked, and i' th' way
 Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat
 Of scorers hath not fate. But in the great
 Jehovah's law is ever his delight,
 And in his law he studies day and night.
 He shall be as a tree which planted grows
 By watry streams, and in his season knows
 To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall,
 And what he takes in hand shall prosper all.
 Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd
 The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand
 In judgment, or abide their trial then,
 Nor sinners in th' assembly of just men.
 For the Lord knows th' upright way of the just,
 And the way of bad men to ruin must.

PSAL. II. done Aug. 8, 1653. Terzette.

WHY do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations
 Muse a vain thing, the kings of th' earth
 With pow'r, and princes in their congregations (upstand
 Lay deep their plots together through each land
 Against the Lord and his Messiah dear?
 Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand
 Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,
 Their twisted cords: he who in heav'n doth dwell
 Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then severe
 Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell
 And fierce ire trouble them; but I, faith he,
 Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)
 On Sion my holy hill. A firm decree
 I will declare; The Lord to me hath said
 Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee
 This day; ask of me, and the grant is made;
 As thy possession I on thee bestow

VOL. II. U

Th' Heathen, and as thy conquest to be sway'd
 Earth's utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring full low
 With iron sceptre bruif'd, and them disperse
 Like to a potter's vessel shiver'd so
 And now be wise at length ye kings averse,
 Be taught ye judges of the earth: with fear
 Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse
 With trembling; kiss the Son lest he appear
 In anger and ye perish in the way,
 If once his wrath take fire like fuel fere,
 Happy all those who have in him their stay.

P S A L. III. Aug. 9, 1653.

When he fled from Absalom.

LORD, how many are my foes;
 How many those
 That in arms against me rise!
 Many are they
 That of my life distrustfully thus say,
 No help for him in God there lies. 5
 But thou Lord art my shield, my glory,
 Thee through my story
 Th' exalter of my head I count;
 Aloud I cry'd 10
 Unto Jehovah, he full soon reply'd,
 And heard me from his holy mount.
 I lay and slept, I wak'd again,
 For my sustain
 Was the Lord. Of many millions 15
 The populous rout
 I fear not, though incamping round about
 They pitch against me their pavillions.
 Rise, Lord, save me my God, for thou
 Hast smote ere now 20
 On the cheek-bone all my foes,
 Of men abhor'd

Hast broke the teeth. 'This help was from the Lord;
Thy blessing on thy people flows.

P S A L. IV. *Aug. 10, 1653.*

A N S W E R me when I call,
God of my righteoufness,
In traits and in distress
Thou didst me disenthral
And set at large now spare, 5
Now pity me, and hear my earnest pray'r.
Great ones how long will ye
My glory have in scorn,
How long be thus forborn
Still to love vanity, 10
To love, to seek, to prize
'Things false and vain, and nothing else but lies ?
Yet know the Lord hath chose,
Chose to himself apart,
The good and meek of heart 15
(For whom to choose he knows)
Jehovah from on high
Will hear my voice what time to him I cry,
Be aw'd, and do not sin,
Speak to your hearts alone, 20
Upon your beds, each one,
And be at peace within.
Offer the offerings just
Of righteoufness, and in Jehovah trust.
Many there be that say, 25
Who yet will shew us good ?
Talking like this world's brood ;
But, Lord, thus let me pray,
On us lift up the light,
Lift up the favour of thy count'nance bright ; 30
Into my heart more joy
And gladness thou hast put,
'Than when a year of glut
Their stores doth over-cloy,

And from their plenteous grounds 35
 With vast increase their corn and wine abounds.
 In peace at once will I
 Both lay me down and sleep,
 For thou alone dost keep
 Me safe where-e'er I lie ; 40
 As in a rocky cell
 Thou Lord alone in safety mak'st me dwell.

P S A L. V. *Aug. 12, 1653.*

JEHOVAH to my words give ear,
 My meditations weigh,
 The voice of my complaining hear,
 My King and God ; for unto thee I pray.
 Jehovah thou my early voice 5
 Shalt in the morning hear,
 I' th' morning I to thee with choice
 Will rank my prayers, and watch till thou appear.
 For thou art not a God that takes
 In wickedness delight, 10
 Evil with thee no biding makes,
 Fools or mad-men stand not within thy sight.
 All workers of iniquity
 Thou hat'st ; and them unbiest
 Thou wilt destroy that speak a lye ; 15
 The bloody' and guiltful man God doth detest.
 But I will in thy mercies dear,
 Thy numerous mercies, go
 Into thy house ; I in thy fear
 Will towards thy holy temple worship low. 20
 Lord lead me in thy righteousness,
 Lead me because of those
 That do observe if I transgress ;
 Set thy ways right before, where my step goes.
 For in his faltering mouth unstable 25
 No word is firm or sooth ;
 Their inside, troubles miserable ;
 An open grave their throat, their tongue they smooth.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 233

God, find them guilty, let them fall
 By their own counsels quell'd ; 30
 Push them in their rebellions all
 Still on ; for against thee they have rebell'd.
 Then all who trust in thee shall bring
 Their joy, while thou from blame 35
 Defend'st them, they shall ever sing
 And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.
 For thou Jehovah wilt be found
 To bliss the just man still,
 As with a shield thou wilt surround 40
 Him with thy lasting favour and good-will.

P S A L. VI. *Aug.* 13, 1653.

LORD in thine anger do not reprehend me,
 Nor in thine hot displeasure me correct ;
 Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,
 Am very weak and faint ; heal and amend me :
 For all my bones, that even with anguish ake, 5
 Are troubled, yea my soul is troubled fore,
 And thou, O Lord, how long ? turn Lord, restore
 My soul, O save me for thy goodness sake :
 For in death no remembrance is of thee ;
 Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise ? 10
 Wearied I am with sighing out my days,
 Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea ;
 My bed I water with my tears ; mine eye
 Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark
 I'th' midst of all mine enemies that mark. 15
 Depart all ye that work iniquity,
 Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping
 The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my pray'r,
 My supplication with acceptance fair
 The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping. 20
 Mine enemies shall be all blank and dash'd
 With much confusion ; then grown red with shame,
 They shall return in haste the way they came,
 And in a moment shall be quite abash'd.

P S A L. VII. *Ang. 11, 1653.**Upon the words of Cushi the Benjamite against him.*

LORD my God to thee I fly,
 Save me and secure me under
 Thy protection while I cry,
 Lest as a lion (and no wonder)
 He haste to tear my soul afunder,
 Tearing and no rescue nigh.

5

Lord my God, if I have thought
 Or done this, if wickedness
 Be in my hands, if I have wrought
 Ill to him that meant me peace,
 Or to him have render'd less,
 And not free'd my foe for naught ;

10

Let th' enemy pursue my soul
 And overtake it, let him tread
 My life down to the earth, and roul
 In the dust my glory dead,
 In the dust, and there out-spread
 Lodge it with dishonour foul.

15

Rise Jehovah in thine ire.
 Rouze theyself amidst the rage
 Of my foes that urge like fire ;
 And wake for me, their fury 'asswage :
 Judgment here thou didst engage
 And command which I desire.

20

So th' assemblies of each nation
 Will surround thee, seeking right,
 Thence to thy glorious habitation

25

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

235

Return on high, and in their fight.
Jehovah judgeth most upright
All people from the world's foundation.

30

Judge me Lord, be judge in this
According to my righteousness,
And the innocence which is
Upon me: cause at length to cease
Of evil men the wickedness,
And their power that do amiss.

35

But the just establish fast,
Since thou art the just God that tries
Hearts and reins. On God is cast
My defence, and in him lies,
In him who both just and wise
Saves th' upright of heart at last.

40

God is a just Judge and severe;
And God is every day offended;
If th' unjust will not forbear,
His sword he whets, his bow hath bended
Already, and for him intended
The tools of death, that waits him near.

45

(His arrows purposely made he
For them that persecute.) Behold:
He travels big with vanity,
Trouble he hath conceiv'd of old
As in a womb, and from that mould
Hath at length brought forth a lie.

50

55

He dig'd a pit, and delv'd it deep,
And fell into the pit he made;
His mischief that due course doth keep,
Turns on his head, and his ill trade
Of violence will undelay'd
Fall on his crown with ruin steep.

60

Then will I Jehovah's praise
According to his justice raise,
And sing the name and Deity
Of Jehovah the most high.

65

P S A L. VIII. *Aug. 14, 1653,*

O Jehovah our Lord! how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth?
So as above the heav'ns thy praise to set
Out of the tender mouths of latest birth.

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou 5
Hast founded strength because of all thy foes,
To stint th' enemy, and slack th' avengers brow,
That bends his rage thy providence t' oppose.

When I behold thy heav'ns, thy fingers art, 10
The moon and stars which thou so bright hast set,
In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,
O what is man that thou remembrest yet,

And think'st upon him; or of man begot,
That him thou visit'st, and of him art found! 15
Scarce to be less than gods, thou mad'st his lot,
With honour and with state thou hast him crown'd

O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'st him Lord;
Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,
All flocks, and herds by thy commanding word, 20
All beasts that in the field or forest meet;

Fowl of the heav'ns, and fish that through the wet
Sea paths in shoals do slide, and know no dearth.
O Jehovah our Lord, how wond'rous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth! 25

April 1648. J. M.

Nine of the Psalms done into Metre, wherein all, but what is in a different Character, are the very words of the Text, translated from the Original.

P S A L. LXXX.

- 1 **T**HOU Shepherd that dost Israel keep
 Give ear *in time of need,*
 Who leadeſt like a flock of ſheep
 Thy loved Joſeph's feed,
 That ſit'ſt between the cherubs *bright*
 Between their wings out-ſpread,
 Shine forth, and from thy cloud give light,
 And on our foes thy dread.
- 2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,
 And in Manaſſe's fight,
 Awake thy ſtrength, come, and *be ſeen*
 To ſave us by thy might.
- 3 Turn us again, *thy grace divine*
 To us O God vouchſafe;
 Cauſe thou thy face on us to ſhine,
 And then we ſhall be ſafe.
- 4 Lord God of Hoſts, how long wilt thou,
 How long wilt thou declare
 Thy ſmoaking wrath, *and angry brow*
 Againſt thy peoples prayer!
- 5 Thou feed'ſt them with the bread of tears,
 Their bread with tears they eat,
 And mak'ſt them largely drink the tears
 Wherewith their cheeks are wet.
- 6 A ſtrife thou mak'ſt us, *and a prey*
 To every neighbour foe,
 Among themſelves they laugh, they play,
 And flouts at us they throw,

- 7 Return us, *and thy grace divine*
 O God of Hosts *vouchsafe,*
 Cause thou on us thy face to shine,
 And then we shall be safe.
- 8 A vine from *Ægypt* thou hast brought,
Thy free love made it thine,
 And drov'st out nations, *proud and haut,*
 To plant this *lovely* vine.
- 9 Thou didst prepare for it a place,
 And root it deep and fast,
 That it *began to grow apace,*
And fill'd the land at last.
- 10 With her *green* shade that cover'd all,
 The hills were *over spread,*
 Her boughs as high as cedars tall
Advanc'd their lofty head.
- 11 Her branches *on the western side*
 Down to the sea she sent,
 And *upward* to that river *wide*
 Her other branches *went.*
- 12 Why hast thou laid her hedges low,
 And broken down her fence,
 That all may pluck her as they go,
With rudest violence?
- 13 The *tusked* boar out of the wood
 Up turns it by the roots,
 Wild beasts there brouze and make their food
Her grapes and tender shoots.
- 14 Return now, God of Hosts, look down
 From heav'n, thy seat divine;
 Behold us, *but without a frown,*
 And visit this thy vine.
- 15 Visit this vine, which thy right hand
 Hath set and planted *long,*
 And the young branch, that for thyself
 Thou hast made firm and strong.
- 16 But now it is consum'd with fire,
 And cut *with axes* down,
 They perish at thy dreadful ire,

At thy rebuke and frown.

17 Upon the man of thy right hand

Let thy *good* hand be *laid*,

Upon the son of man, whom thou

Strong for thyself hast made.

18 So shall we not go back from thee

To *ways of sin and shame*.

Quicken us thou, then *gladly* we

Shall call upon thy name.

19 Return us, and thy *grace divine*

Lord God of Hosts *vouchsafe*,

Cause thou thy face on us to shine,

And then we shall be safe.

P S A L. LXXXI.

TO God our strength sing loud *and clear*,

Sing loud to God *our King*,

To Jacob's God, *that all may hear*

Loud acclamations ring.

2 Prepare a hymn, prepare a song,

The timbrel hither bring,

The *cheerful* psaltry bring along,

And harp *with pleasant string*.

3 Blow, *as is wont*, in the new moon

With trumpets *lofty sound*,

Th' appointed time, the day whereon

Our solemn feast *comes round*.

4 This was a statute *giv'n of old*

For Israel *to observe*,

A law of Jacob's God *to hold*,

From whence they might not *swerve*.

5 This he a testimony ordain'd

In Joseph, *not to change*,

When as he pass'd through *Ægypt land*,

The tongue I heard was *strange*.

6 From burden, and from *slavish toil*

I set his shoulder free:

His hands from pots, and *mirie soil*,

Deliver'd were *by me*.

7 When trouble did thee sore assail;

On me then didst thou call,

And I to free thee *did not fail*,

And led thee out of thrall.

I answer'd thee in thunder deep

With clouds encompass'd round ;

I try'd thee at the water *steep*

Of Meriba *renown'd*.

8 Hear O my people, *hearken well*,

I testify to thee,

Thou ancient flock of Israel,

If thou wilt list to me,

9 Throughout the land of thy abode

No alien god shall be,

Nor shalt thou to a foreign god

In honour bend thy knee.

10 I am the Lord thy God which brought

Thee out of *Ægypt* land,

Ask large enough, and I, *besought*,

Will grant thy full demand.

11 And yet my people would not *hear*,

Nor hearken to my voice ;

And Israel *whom I lov'd so dear*.

Mislik'd me for his choice.

12 Then did I leave them to their will,

And to their wandering mind ;

Their own conceits they follow'd still,

Their own devices blind.

13 O that my people would *be wise*,

To serve me *all their days*,

And O that Israel would *advise*

To walk my righteous ways.

14 Then would I soon bring down their foes,

That now so proudly rise,

And turn my hand against *all those*

That are their enemies.

15 Who hate the Lord should then *be fain*

To bow to him and bend,

But *they, his people, should remain,*
 Their time should have no end,
 16 And he would feed them *from the shock*
 With flow'r of finest wheat,
 And satisfy them from the rock
 With honey *for their meat.*

P S A L. LXXXII.

- 1 **G**OD in the great assembly stands
Of kings and lordly states,
 Among the gods on both his hands
 He judges and debates.
 2 How long will ye pervert the right
 With judgement false and wrong,
 Favouring the wicked *by your might,*
Who thence grow bold and strong?
 3 Regard the weak and fatherless,
 Dispatch the poor man's cause,
 And raise the man in deep distress
 By just and equal laws.
 4 Defend the poor and desolate,
 And rescue from the hands
 Of wicked men the low estate
 Of him *that help demands.*
 5 They know not, nor will understand,
 In darkness they walk on,
 The earth's foundations all are mov'd,
 And out of order gone.
 6 I said that ye were gods, yea all
 The sons of God most high,
 7 But ye shall die like men, and fall
 As other princes *die.*
 8 Rise God, judge thou the earth *in might,*
 This *wicked* earth redress,
 For thou art he who shalt by right
 The nations all possess.

P S A L. LXXXIII.

- 1 **B**E not thou silent *now at length*,
 O God hold not thy peace,
 Sit thou not still O God of *strength*,
We cry, and do not cease.
- 2 For lo thy *furious* foes *now* swell,
 And storm outrageously,
 And they that hate thee *proud and fell*
 Exalt their heads full high.
- 3 Against thy people they contrive
 Their plots and counsels deep,
 Them to ensnare they chiefly strive,
 Whom thou dost hide and keep.
- 4 Come let us cut them off, say they,
 Till they no nation be,
 That Israel's name for ever may
 Be lost in memory.
- 5 For they consult with all their might,
 And all as one in mind
 Themselves against thee they unite,
 And in firm union bind.
- 6 The tents of Edom, and the brood
 Of *scornful* Ishmael,
 Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,
That in the desert dwell,
- 7 Gabel and Ammon *there conspire*,
 And *hateful* Amalec,
 The Philistins, and they of Tyre,
Whose bounds the sea doth check.
- 8 With them great Assur also bands,
And doth confirm the knot :
All these have lent their armed hands
 To aid the sons of Lot ;
- 9 Do to them as to Midian bold,
That wasted all the coast,
 To Sisera, and as is told
Thou didst to Jaban's host,

- When at the brook of Kishon *old*
They were repuls'd and slain,
 10 At Endor quite cut off, and rowl'd
 As dung upon the plain.
 11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped;
 So let their princes speed;
 As Zeba and Zalmunna *bled,*
 So let their princes *bleed.*
 12 *For they amidst their pride have said,*
 By right now shall we seize
 God's houses, and *will now invade*
 Their stately palaces.
 13 My God, oh make them as a wheel,
No quiet let them find;
 Giddy and *restless* let them reel
 Like stubble from the wind.
 14 As *when an aged* wood takes fire,
Which on a sudden strays,
 The *greedy* flame runs higher and higher
 'Till all the mountains blaze,
 15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,
 And with thy tempest chase;
 16 And till they yield thee honour due,
 Lord fill with shame their face.
 17 Asham'd, and troubl'd, let them be,
 'Troubl'd, and sham'd for ever,
 Ever confounded, and so die
 With shame, *and scape it never.*
 18 Then shall they know that thou whose name
 Jehovah is alone,
 Art the most high, *and thou the same*
 O'er all the earth *art one.*

P S A L. LXXXIV.

1 **H**OW lovely are thy dwellings fair!
 O Lord of Hosts, how dear
 The *pleasant* tabernacles are,
Where thou dost dwell so near!

- 2 My soul doth long and almost die
Thy courts O Lord to see,
My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
O living God, for thee.
- 3 There ev'n the sparrow *freed from wrong,*
Hath found a house *of rest,*
The swallow there, to lay her young,
Hath built her *brooding nest;*
Ev'n by thy altars, Lord of Hosts,
They find their safe abode,
And home they fly from round the coasts
Tow'rs thee, my King, my God.
- 4 Happy, who in thy house reside,
Where thee they ever praise;
- 5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,
And in their hearts thy ways.
- 6 They pass through Baca's *thirsty vale,*
That dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful watry dale
Where springs and show'rs abound.
- 7 They journey on from strength to strength
With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till all before our God at length
In Zion do appear.
- 8 Lord God of Hosts hear *now* my prayer,
O Jacob's God give ear;
- 9 Thou God our shield look on the face
Of thy anointed *dear.*
- 10 For one day in thy courts *to be*
Is better and more blest,
Than *in the joys of vanity*
A thousand days at best.
- I in the temple of my God
Had rather keep a door,
Than dwell in tents; *and rich abode,*
With sin for evermore.
- 11 For God the Lord both sun and shield
Gives grace and glory *bright,*

No good from them shall be withhold
Whose ways are just and right.

12 Lord God of Hosts *that reign'st on high,*
That man is *truly* blest,
Who *only* on thee doth rely,
And in thee only rest.

P S A L. LXXXV.

1 **T**HY land to favour graciously
Thou hast not Lord been slack,
Thou hast from *hard* captivity
Returned Jacob back.

2 Th' iniquity thou didst forgive
That wrought thy people woe,
And all their sin, *that did thee grieve,*
Hast hid *where none shall know.*

3 Thine anger all thou ha'st remov'd,
And *calmly* didst return
From thy fierce wrath which we had prov'd,
Far worse than fire to burn.

4 God of our saving health and peace,
Turn us, and us restore,
Thine indignation cause to cease
Tow'rd us, *and chide no more.*

5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
For ever angry thus?
Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
From age to age on us?

6 Wilt thou not turn, and *hear our voice,*
And us again revive,
That so thy people may rejoice
By thee preserv'd alive?

7 Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord,
To us thy mercy shew,
Thy saving health to us afford,
And life in us renew.

8 *And now* what God the Lord will speak,
I will go *straight* and hear;

- For to his people he speaks peace,
 And to his saints *full dear*.
 To his dear saints he will speak peace,
 But let them never more
 Return to folly, *but surcease*
To trespass as before.
- 9 Surely to such as do him fear
 Salvation is at hand,
 And glory shall *ere long appear*
To dwell within our land.
- 10 Mercy and truth *that long were mis'd*
 Now *joyfully* are met,
 Sweet peace and righteousness have kiss'd,
And hand in hand are set,
- 11 Truth from the earth, *like to a flow'r,*
 Shall bud and blossom *then,*
 And justice from her heav'nly bow'r
 Look down *on mortal men.*
- 12 The Lord will also then bestow
 Whatever thing is good,
 Our land shall forth in plenty throw
 Her fruits *to be our food.*
- 13 Before him righteousness shall go
His royal harbinger,
 Then he will come, and not be slow,
 His footsteps cannot err.

P S A L. LXXXVI.

- 1 **T**HY *gracious* ear, O Lord incline,
 O hear me *I thee pray,*
 For I am poor, and almost pine
 With need, *and sad decay.*
- 2 Preserve my soul, for I have trod
 Thy ways, and love the just;
 Save thou thy servant, O my God,
 Who *still* in thee doth trust.
- 3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee
 I call: 4 O make rejoice

- Thy servant's soul ; for Lord to thee
 I lift my soul *and voice,*
 5 For thou art good, thou Lord art prone
 To pardon, thou to all
 Art full of mercy, thou *alone,*
 To them that on thee call.
 6 Unto my supplication, Lord,
 Give ear, and to the cry
 Of my *incessant* prayers afford
 Thy hearing graciously.
 7 I in the day of my distress
 Will call on thee *for aid;*
 For thou wilt *grant me free access,*
And answer what I pray'd.
 8 Like thee among the gods is none,
 O Lord, nor any works
Of all that other gods have done
 Like to thy *glorious* works.
 9 'The nations all whom thou hast made
 Shall come, *and all shall frame*
 To bow them low before thee, Lord,
 And glorify thy name.
 10 For great thou art, and wonders great
 By thy strong hand are done ;
 Thou *in thy everlasting seat*
 Remainest God alone.
 11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way *most right,*
 I in thy truth will bide,
 To fear thy name my heart unite,
So shall it never slide.
 12 'Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
Thee honour, and adore
 With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
 Thy name for evermore.
 13 For great thy mercy is tow'rd me,
 And thou hast free'd my soul,
 Ev'n from the lowest hell set free
From deepest darkness foul.
 14 O God, the proud against me rise,

- And violent men are met
 To seek my life, and in their eyes
 No fear of thee have set.
- 15 But thou, Lord, art the God most mild,
 Readiest thy grace to shew,
 Slow to be angry, and *art still'd*
 Most merciful, most true.
- 16 O turn to me *thy face at length*,
 And me have mercy on,
 Unto thy servant give thy strength,
 And save thy hand-maid's son.
- 17 Some sign of good to me afford,
 And let my foes *then* see,
 And be ashamed, because thou Lord,
 Dost help and comfort me.

P S A L. LXXXVII.

- 1 **A**MONG the holy mountains *high*
 Is his foundation fast,
There seated in his sanctuary,
His temple there is plac'd.
- 2 Sion's *fair* gates the Lord loves more
 Than all the dwellings *fair*
 Of Jacob's *land*, though there be *store*,
 And all within his care.
- 3 City of God, most glorious things
 Of thee *abroad* are spoke ;
- 4 I mention *Ægypt*, where proud kings
 Did our forefathers yoke.
- I mention Babel to my friends,
 Philistia full of scorn,
 And Tyre with Ethiop's *utmost ends*,
 Lo this man there was born.
- 5 But *twice* that praise shall in our ear
 Be said of Sion *last*,
 This and this man was born in her,
 High God shall fix her fast.

- 6 The Lord shall write it in a scroll
That ne'er shall be out-worn,
When he the nations doth enroll,
That this man there was born,
7 Both they who sing, and they who dance,
With sacred songs are there ;
In thee *fresh brooks, and soft streams glance,*
And all my fountains clear.

P S A L. LXXXVIII.

- 1 **L**ORD God that dost me save and keep,
All day to thee I cry :
And all night long before thee *weep,*
Before thee *prostrate lie.*
2 Into thy presence let my pray'r
With sighs devout ascend,
And to my cries, that *ceaseless are,*
Thine ear with favour bend.
3 For cloy'd with woes and trouble sore
Surcharg'd my soul doth lie,
My life *at death's uncheerful door*
Unto the grave draws nigh.
4 Reckon'd I am with them that pass
Down to the *dismal pit ;*
I am a man, but weak alas,
And for that name unfit :
4 From life discharg'd and parted quite
Among the dead to *sleep,*
And like the slain *in bloody fight*
That in the grave lie *deep.*
Whom thou rememberest no more,
Dost never more regard,
Them from thy hand deliver'd o'er
Death's hideous house hath barr'd.
6 Thou in the lowest pit *profound*
Hast set me *all forlorn,*
Where thickest darkness *hovers round,*
In horrid deeps to *mourn.*
7 Thy wrath, *from which no shelter saves,*
Full sore doth press on me ;

- Thou break'st upon me all thy waves,
 And all thy waves break me.
- 8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,
 And mak'st me odious,
 Me to them odious, *for they change,*
 And I here pent up thus.
- 9 Through sorrow, and affliction great,
 Mine eye grows dim and dead,
 Lord, all the day I thee intreat,
 My hands to thee I spread.
- 11 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead?
 Shall the deceas'd arise,
 And praise thee *from their loathsome bed,*
With pale and hollow eyes?
- 11 Shall they thy loving kindness tell,
 On whom the grave *hath hold;*
 Or they *who* in perdition dwell,
 Thy faithfulness *unfold?*
- 12 In darkness can thy mighty hand
 Or wondrous acts be known,
 Thy justice in the *gloomy land*
 Of *dark oblivion?*
- 13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,
Ere yet my life be spent,
 And *up to thee* my prayer doth hie
 Each morn, and thee prevent.
- 14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my soul forsake,
 And hide thy face from me,
- 15 That am already bruis'd, and shake
 With terror sent from thee?
 Bruis'd, and afflicted, and *so low.*
 As ready to expire,
 While I thy terrors undergo
 Astonish'd with thine ire.
- 16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow,
 Thy threatnings cut me through:
- 17 All day they round about me go,
 Like waves they me pursue.
- 18 Lover and friend thou hast remov'd,

And sever'd from me far.
 They fly me now whom I have lov'd,
 And as in darkness are.

A Paraphrase on Psalm 114.

*This and the following Psalm were done by the
 Author at fifteen years old.*

WHEN the blest seed of Terah's faithful son,
 After long toil their liberty had won,
 And past from Pharian fields to Canaan land,
 Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,
 Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown,
 His praise and glory was in Israel known.
 That saw the troubled sea, and shivering fled,
 And sought to hide his froth-becurled head
 Low in the earth; Jordan's clear streams recoil,
 As a faint host that hath receiv'd the foil.
 The high, huge-bellied mountains skip like rams
 Amongst their ewes, and little hills like lambs.
 Why fled the ocean? and why skipt the mountains?
 Why turned Jordan toward his chrystal fountains?
 Shake earth, and at the presence be aghast
 Of him that ever was, and ay shall last,
 That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,
 And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

P S A L M 136.

LET us with a gladsome mind
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind:
 For his mercies ay endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.
 Let us blaze his name abroad,
 For of Gods he is the God;
 For his, &c.

O let us his praises tell,
 Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell,
 For his, &c.
 Who with his miracles doth make
 Amazed heav'n and earth to shake.
 For his, &c.
 Who by his wisdom did create
 The painted heav'ns so full of state.
 For his, &c.
 Who did the solid earth ordain
 To rise above the watry plain.
 For his, &c.
 Who by his all commanding might,
 Did fill the new made world with light.
 For his, &c.
 And caus'd the golden tress'd sun,
 All the day long his course to run.
 For his, &c.
 The horned moon to shine by night,
 Amongst her spangled sisters bright.
 For his, &c.
 He with his thunder-clasping hand,
 Smote the first born of Ægypt-land.
 For his, &c.
 And in despight of Pharoah fell,
 He brought from thence his Israel.
 For his, &c.
 The ruddy waves he cleft in twain
 Of the Erythraean main.
 For his, &c.
 The floods stood still like walls of glass,
 While the Hebrew bands did pass.
 For his, &c.
 But full soon they did devour
 The tawny king with all his power.
 For his, &c.
 His chosen people he did bless
 In the wastful wilderness.
 For his, &c.

In bloody battle he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown.

For his, &c.

He foil'd bold Seon and his host,
That rul'd the Amorean coast.

For his, &c.

And large-limb'd Og he did subdue,
With all his over-hardy crew.

For his, &c.

And to his servant Israel
He gave their land therein to dwell.

For his, &c.

He hath with a piteous eye
Beheld us in our misery.

For his, &c.

And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy.

For his, &c.

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need.

For his, &c.

Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth.

For his, &c.

That his mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye.

For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

JOANNIS MILTONI

LONDINENSIS

P O E M A T A,

Quorum pleraque intra Annum *Ætatis* Vigefimum
conferipfit.

HÆC quae sequuntur de Authore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebat non tam de se quam supra se esse dicta, eo quod praeclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici ita fere solent laudare, ut omnia suis potius virtutibus, quam veritati congruentia nimis cupide affingant; noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam; cum alii praesertim ut id faceret magnopere suaderent. Dum enim nimiae laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibi quod plus aequo est non attributum esse mavult, iudicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori ducat, negare non potest.

Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marcio Villensis, Neapolitanus, ad Joannem Miltonum Anglum.

UT mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,
Non Anglus, verum hercle Angelus ipse
fores.

Ad Joannem Miltonum Anglum, triplici Poeseos laurea coronandum. Graeca nimirum, Latina, atque Hebraeus, Epigramma Joannis Salsilli Romani.

CE D E Meles, cedat depressa Mincius urna
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui;
At Ithamensis victor cunctis ferat altior undas,
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

Ad Joannem Miltonum.

GRÆCIA Maeonidem, jactet sibi Roma Ma-
ronem,
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

Al Signior Gio. Miltoni Nobile Inglese.

O D E.

ERGIMI all' Etra o Clio
 Perche di stelle intrecciero corona
 Non piu del Biondo Dio
 La fronde eterno in Pindo, e in Elicona,
 Dienfi a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi,
 A' celeste virtu celesti pregi.

Non puo del tempo edace
 Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore
 Non puo l' oblio rapace
 Furar dalle memorie eccelfo onore,
 Su l' arco di mia cetra un dardo forte
 Virtu m' adatti, e feriro la morte.

Del Ocean profondo
 Cinta dagli ampi gorgi Anglia refiede
 Separata dal mondo,
 Pero che il suo valor l' umana eccede :
 Questa feconda fa produrre Eroi,
 Ch' hanno a ragion del sovrumano tra noi.

Alla virtu sbandita
 Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetto,
 Quella gli e sol gradita,
 Perche in lei san trovar gioia, e diletto ;
 Ridillo, tu Giovanni, e mostra in tanto
 Con tua vera virtu, vero il mio Canto.

Lungi dal Patrio lido
 Spinse Zeusi l' indultre ardente brama ;
 Ch' udio d' Helena il grido
 Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,
 E per poterla effigiare al paro
 Dalle piu belle Idee trasse il piu raro.

Così l' Ape Ingegnosa
Trae con industria il sua liquor pregiato,
Dal giglia e dalla rosa,
E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato;
Formano un dolce suon diverse Chorde,
Fan varie voci melodia concorde.

Di bella gloria amenta
Milton dal ciel natio per varie parti
Le peregrine piante
Volgesti a ricerar scienze, ed arti;
Del gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,
E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi più degni.

Fabro quasi divino
Sol virtù rintracciando il tuo pensiero
Vide in ogni confino
Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero;
L' ottimo dal miglior dopo scegliea
Per fabbricar d'ogni virtù l' Idea.

Quanti nacquero in Flora
O in lei del parlar Tosco appreser l' arte,
La cui memoria onora
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,
Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,
E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro.

Nell' altera Babelle
Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,
Che per varie favelle
Di se stessa trofeo cadde su'l piano:
Ch' Ode oltr' all' Anglia il suo più degno Idioma
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia, e Roma.

I più profondi arcani
Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra
Ch' a Ingegni sovrumani
Tropo avara tal' hor gli chinde, e ferra,

Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine
Della moral virtude al gran confine.

Non batta il Tempo l' ale,
Fermisi immoto, e in un fermin si gli' anni,
Che di virtu immortale
Scorron di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni;
Che s'opre degne di poema o storia
Furon gia, l'hai presenti alla memoria.

Dammi tua dolce cetra
Se vuoi ch' io dica del tuo dolce canto,
Ch' inalzandoti all' etra
Di farti huomo celeste ottiene il vanto,
Il Tamigi il dira che gl' e concesso
Per te suo cigno pareggiar permesso.

Io che in riva del Arno
Tento spiegar tuo merto, alto, e preclaro
So che fatico indarno,
E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo;
Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core
Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore.

*Del Sig. Antonio Francini, gentilhuomo
Florentino.*

JOANNI MILTONO

LONDINENSIS,

Juveni Patria, virtutibus eximio,

VIRO qui multa perigrinatione, studio cuncta
orbis terrarum loca perspexit, ut novus Ulysses
omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet :

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguae jam deperditæ sic
reviviscunt, ut idiomata omnia sint in ejus laudibus

infacunda ; et jure ea percallet, ut admirationes et plausus populorum ab propria sapientia excitatos intelligat :

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque sensus ad admirationem commovent, et per ipsam motum cuique auferunt ; cujus opera ad plausus hortantur, sed venustate vocem laudatoribus adimunt :

Cui in memoria totus orbis ; in intellectu sapientia ; in voluntate ardor gloriae ; in ore eloquentia ; harmonicos coelestium saphaerarum sonitus Astronomia duce audienti : characteres mirabilium naturæ per quos dei magnitudo describitur, magistra philosophia legenti ; antiquitatum latebras, vetustatis excidia, eruditionis ambages comite assidua auctorum lectione :

Exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti.
At cur nitor in arduum ?

Illi in cujus virtutibus avulgandis ora famae non sufficiant nec, hominum stupor in laudandis satis est : reverentiae at amoris ergo hoc ejus meritis debitam admirationis tributum offert *Carolus Datus Patricius Florentinus.*

Tanto homini servus, tantæ virtutis amator.

ELEGIARUM

LIBER

ELEGIA PRIMA

Ad CAROLUM DIODATUM.

TANDEM, chare, tuae mihi pervenere tabellae,
 Pertulit et voces nuncia charta tuas,
 Pertulit occidua Devae Cestrensis ab ora
 Vergivium prono qua petit amne salum.
 Multum, crede, juvat terras aluisse remotas
 Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidele caput :
 Quodque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua fodalem
 Debet, at unde brevi reddere iussa velit.
 Me tenet urbs reflua quam Thamesis alluit unda,
 Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.
 Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revifere Camum,
 Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.
 Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles,
 Quam male Phoebicolis convenit ille locus !
 Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri,
 Caeteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.
 Si sit hoc exilium patrios adiisse penates,
 Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,
 Non ego vel profugi nomen, fortemve recuso,
 Laetus et exilii conditione fruor.
 O utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset
 Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro ;
 Non tunc Ionio quicquam cecidisset Homero,
 Neve foret victo laus tibi, prima Maro.
 Tempora nam licet hic placidis dare libera Musis,
 Et totum rapiunt me mea vita libri.
 Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,
 Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.

Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus haeres,
 Seu procus, aut posita cassida miles adest,
 Sive decennali foecundus lite patronus
 Detonat inculto barbara verba foro.
 Saepe vaser gnato succurrit servus amanti,
 Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique patris ;
 Saepe novos illic virgo mirata calores,
 Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat.
 Sive cruentatum furiosa tragoedia sceptrum
 Quassat, et affusis crinibus ora rotat.
 Et dolet, et specto, juvat et spectasse dolendo,
 Interdum et lachrymis dulcis amator inest :
 Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit
 Gaudia, et abrupto flendus amor cadit :
 Seu ferus e tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor,
 Conscia funereo pectora torre movens :
 Seu moeret Pelopeia domus seu nobilis Ili,
 Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.
 Sed neque sub tecto semper nec in urbe latemus,
 Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.
 Nos quoque lucus habet vicina consitus ulmo,
 Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci.
 Saepius hic blandas spirantia sidera flammæ,
 Virgineos videas praeteriisse choras.
 Ah quoties dignae stupui miracula formæ,
 Quæ posset senium vel reparare jovis !
 Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas,
 Atque faces quotquot volvit uterque polus !
 Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,
 Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via !
 Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,
 Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit amor !
 Pellacesque genas, ad quas hyacinthina fordet
 Purpura, et ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor.
 Cedite laudatae toties Heroides olim,
 Et quaecunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.
 Cedite Achaemeniae turrita fronte puellæ,
 Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon.
 Vos etiam Danae fasces submitтите Nymphae,
 Et vos Illiacæ, Romuleæque nurus.

Nec Pompeianas Tarpeia musa columnas
 Jactet, et Aufoniis plena theatra stolis.
 Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis,
 Extera sat tibi sit foemina, posse sequi.
 Tuque urbs Dardaniis Londinum structa colonis
 Turrigerum late conspicienda caput,
 Tu nimium felix intra tua moenia claudis
 Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.
 Non tibi tot coelo scintillant astra sereno
 Endymioneae turba ministra, deae,
 Quot tibi conspicuae formaque, auroque puellae
 Per medias radiant turba videnda vias.
 Creditur huc geminis venisse inuenta columbis
 Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus;
 Huic Cnidon, et riguas Simoentis flumine valles,
 Huic Paphon, et roseam posthâbitura Cypron.
 Ast ego, dum pueri finit indulgentia caeci,
 Moenia quam subito relinquere fausta paro;
 Et vitare procul malefidae infamia Circes
 Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.
 Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes,
 Atque iterum raucae murmur adire Scholae.
 Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
 Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

ELEGIA SECUNDA Anno Ætat. 17.

In obitum Præconis Academici Cantabrigiensis.

TE, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas
 Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,
 Ultima præconum præconem te quoque sæva
 Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo.
 Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis,
 Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem,
 O dignus tamem Haemonio juvenescere succo,
 Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies,

Dignus quem Stygiis medica revocaret ab undis
 Arte Coronides, saepe rogante dea.
 Tu si jussus eras acies accire togatas,
 Et celer a Pheobo nuncius ire tuo,
 Talis in Iliaca stabat Cyllenius aula
 Alipes, aetherea missus ab arce Patris.
 Talis et Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei
 Rettulit Atridae jussa severa ducis.
 Magna sepulchrorum regina, fatelles Averni
 Saeva nimis Musis, Palladi saeva nimis,
 Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terrae!
 Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis.
 Vestibus hunc igitur pullis Academia luge,
 Et madeant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis.
 Fundat et ipsa modos querebunda Elegeia tristes,
 Personet et totis naenia moesta Scholis.

ELEGIA TERTIA, Anno Ætatis 17.

In obitum Praefulis Wintoniensis.

MOESTUS eram, et tacitus nullo comitante
 sedebam,
 Haerebantque animo tristitia plura meo:
 Protinus en subiit funestae cladis imago
 Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo;
 Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes marmore
 turres,
 Dira sepulchrali mors metuenda face;
 Pulsavitque auro gravidos et jaspide muros,
 Nec metuat satrapum sternere falce greges.
 Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi
 Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis.
 Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad aethera raptos,
 Flevit et amissos Belgia tota duces.
 At te praecipue luxi dignissime Praeful,
 Wintoniaeque olim gloria magna tua;
 Delicui fletu: et tristi sic ore quærebar:
 Mors fera Tartareo diva secunda Jovi:

Nonne satis quod sylva tuas persentiat iras,
Et quod in herbosos jus tibi detur agros;
Quodque afflata tua marcescant lilia tabo,
Et crocus, et pulchrae Cypridi sacra rosa:
Nec finis ut semper fluvio contermina quercus
Miretur lapsus praetereuntis aquae?
Et tibi succumbit liquido quae plurima coelo
Evehitur pennis quamlibet augur avis,
Et quae mille nigris errant animalia sylvis,
Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus?
Invida, tanta tibi cum sit concessa potestas;
Quid juvat humana tingere caede manus!
Nobileque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,
Semideamque animam caede fugasse sua!
Talia cum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,
Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,
Et Tartessiaci submerferat aequore currum
Phoebus ab Eoo littore mensus iter.
Nec mora, membra cavo posui refovenda cubili,
Condiderant oculos noxque soporque meos.
Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro,
Heu nequit ingenium visa referre meum.
Illic punicea radiabant omnia luce,
Ut matutino cum juga sole rubent.
Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles,
Vestitu nituit multicolore solum.
Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.
Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,
Ditior Hesperio flavet arena Tago.
Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,
Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis.
Talis in extremis terrae Gangetidis oris
Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus.
Ipse racemiferis dum densas vitibus umbras
Et pelluentes miror ubique locos,
Ecce mihi subito praesul Wintonius astat,
Sidereum nitido fulsit in ore jubar;
Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,
Insula divinum cinxerat alba caput.

Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,
 Intremuit laeto florea terra sono.
 Agmina gemmatis plaudunt coelestia pennis,
 Pura triumphali personat aethra tuba.
 Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutat,
 Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos:
 Nate veni, et patrii felix cape gaudia regni,
 Semper abhinc duro, nate, labore vaca.
 Dixit, et aligeræ tetigerunt nabilia turmac,
 At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies.
 Flebam turbatos Cephaleia pellice somnos,
 Talia contingant somnia saepe mihi!

ELEGIA QUARTA, Anno Ætatis 18.

*Ad Thomam Junium Praeceptorem suum, apud
 Mercatores Anglicos Hamburgae agentes,
 Pastoris munere fugentem.*

CURRE per immensum subito mea litera per-
 tum,
 I, pete Teutonicos laeve per aequor agros.
 Segnes rumpe moras, et nil, precor, obstat eunti
 Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.
 Ipse ego Sicanio fraenantem carcere ventos
 Æolon, et virides sollicitabo Dcos;
 Caeruleamque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,
 Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.
 At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi fume jugales,
 Vesta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri.
 At queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras,
 Gratus Eleusina missus ab urbe puer.
 Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas,
 Ditis ad Hamburgae moenia flecte gradum,
 Dicitur occiso quae ducere nomen ab Hama,
 Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.
 Vivit ibi antiquae clarus pietatis honore

Nonne satis quod sylva tuas persentiat iras,
Et quod in herbosos jus tibi detur agros;
Quodque afflata tua marcescant lilia tabo,
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Ipse racemiferis dum densas vitibus umbras
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Ecce mihi subito praeful Wintonius astat,
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 At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies.
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 Dicitur occiso quae ducere nomen ab Hama,
 Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.
 Vivit ibi antiquae clarus pietatis honore

Praeful, Christicolas pascere doctus oves;
 Ille quidem est animae plusquam pars altera nos-
 trae,

Dimidio vitae vivere cogor ego.

Hei mihi quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti
 Me faciunt alia parte carere mei !

Charior ille mihi, quam tu doctissime Graium
 Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat.

Quamque Stagyrites generoso magnus alumno,
 Quem perperit Libyco Chaonis alma Jovi.

Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyreius Heros
 Myrmidonum regi, talis et ille mihi.

Primus ego Aonius illo pæeunte recessus

Lustrabam, et bifidi sacra vireta jugi,
 Pieriosque hausi latices, Clioque favente,
 Castalio sparsi laeta ter ora mero.

Flammeus ac signum ter vidit arietis Æthon,
 Induxitque auro lanea terga novo,

Bisque novo terram sparsisti, Chlorig senilem
 Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes :

Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,
 Aut linguae dulces aure bibisse sonos.

Vade igitur, cursuque Earum praevertite sonorum,
 Quam sit opus monitis res docet, ipsa vides.

Invenies dulci cum conjuge forte sedentem,
 Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo,

Forsthan aut veterum praelarga volumina patrum
 Versantem, aut veri biblia sacra Dei,

Coelestive animas saturantem rore tenellas,
 Grande salutiferae religiones opus.

Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salutem,
 Dicere quam decuit, si modo adesset, herum.

Haec quoque paulum oculos in humum defixa mo-
 destos,

Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui :

Haec tibi, si teneris vacat inter praelia Musis,
 Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.

Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit sera, salutem,
 Fiat et hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.

Sera
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 Ipi
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 Illud
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 Fugit
 Crec
 Te tam
 Viv
 Et tibi
 Sede
 Patria
 Spu
 Siccine
 Sicc
 Et finis
 Quo
 Et qui

Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recepit
 Icaris a lento Penelopeia viro.
 Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen
 Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit?
 Arguitur tardus merito, noxamque fatetur,
 Et pudet officium deseruisse suum.
 Tu modo da veniam fasso, veniamque roganti,
 Crimina diminui, quae patuere, solent.
 Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes,
 Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue Leo.
 Saepe sarissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis
 Supplicis ad moestas deliquere preces.
 Extensaeque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,
 Placat et iratos hostia parva Deos.
 Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,
 Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor.
 Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuncia vera malorum
 In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis,
 Teque tamque urbem truculento milite cingi,
 Et jam Saxonicos arma parasse duces.
 Te circum late campos populatur Enyo,
 Et fata carne virum jam cruor arva rigat.
 Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem,
 Illuc Odryfios Mars pater egit equos.
 Perpetuoque comans jam deflorescit oliva,
 Fugit et aerisonam riva perosa tubam,
 Fugit Io terris, et jam non ultima virgo
 Creditur ad supera's justa volasse domos.
 Te tamen interea belli circumsonat horror,
 Vivis et ignoto solus inopsque solo;
 Et tibi, quam patrii non exhibuere penates,
 Sede peregrina quaeris egenus opem.
 Patria dura parens, et saxis saevior albis
 Spumea quae pulsat litoris unda tui.
 Siccine te decet innocuos exponere foetus,
 Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum,
 Et finis ut terris quaerant alimenta remotis
 Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,
 Et qui laeta ferunt de coelo nuncia, quique

Quae via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent?
 Digna quidem Stygiis quae vivas clausa tenebris,
 Aeternaue animae digna perire fame!
 Haud aliter vates terrae Thesbitidis olim
 Pressit inassueto devia tesqua pede,
 Desertasque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi
 Effugit, atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus.
 Talis et horifono laceratus membra flagello,
 Paulus ab Æmathia pellitur urbe Cilix.
 Piscosaeque ipsum Gergessae civis Iesum
 Finibus ingratus iussit abire suis.
 At tu fume animos, nec spes cadat anxia curis,
 Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.
 Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus armis,
 Intententque tibi millia tela necem,
 At nullus vel inermis latus violabitur armis,
 Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet.
 Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub aegide tutus,
 Ille tibi custos, et pugil ille tibi;
 Ille Sionaeae qui tot sub moenibus arcis
 Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros;
 Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras.
 Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris,
 Terruit et densas pavido cum rege cohortes,
 Aere dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,
 Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,
 Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum,
 Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentum,
 Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virum.
 Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento,
 Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala.
 Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,
 Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares.

ELEGIA QUINTA, ANNO ÆTATIS 20.

In adventum Veris

IN se perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro,
 Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos.
 Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,
 Jamque soluta gelu dulce virescit humus.
 Fallor? an et nobis redeunt in carmina vires,
 Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?
 Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illo,
 (Quis putet?) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.
 Castalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat,
 Et mihi Pyrenen fomnina nocte ferunt.
 Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
 Et furor, et sonitus me facer intus agit.
 Delius ipse venit, video Peneide lauro
 Implicitos crines, Delius ipse venit.
 Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua coeli,
 Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo.
 Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia vatū
 Et mihi fana patent interiora Deum.
 Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,
 Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara caeca meos.
 Quid tam grande sonat dislento spiritus ore?
 Quid parit haec rabies, quid facer iste furor?
 Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;
 Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.
 Jam, Philomela, tuos foliis adoperta novellis,
 Instituis modulos dum silet omne nemus!
 Urbe ego, tu sylva, simul incipiamus utrique,
 Et simul adventum veris uterque, canat.
 Veris Io rediere vices, celebremus honores
 Veris, et hoc subeat Musa quotannis opus.
 Jam sol Æthiopas fugiens Tithonaque arva,
 Fleclit ad Arctoas aurea lora plagas.
 Est brevis noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacæ.
 Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.

Jamque Lycaonius plaustrum coeleste Bootes
Non longa sequitur fessus ut ante via;
Nunc etiam soltas circum Jovis atria toto
Excubias agitant sydera rara polo.
Nam dolus, et caedes, et vis cum nocte recessit,
Neve Giganteum Dii timuere scelus.
Forte aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,
Rosida cum primo sole rubescit humus,
Hac, ait, hac certe caruisti nocte puella,
Phoebe, tua, celeris qua retineret equos.
Laeta uas repetit sylvas, pharetramque refumit:
Cynthia, Luciferas ut videt alta rotas,
Et tennes ponens radios, gaudere videtur
Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.
Desere, Phoebus ait, thalamos Aurora, seniles,
Quid juvat effoeto procubuisse toro?
Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herba,
Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.
Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,
Et matutinos ocius urget equos.
Exuit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam,
Et cupit amplexus, Phoebe, subire tuos;
Et cupit, et digna est, quid enim formosius illa?
Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus,
Atque Arabum spirat messes, et ab ore venusto
Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosis!
Ecce coronatur sacro frons ardua luco,
Cingit ut Idaeam pinea turris Opim;
Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,
Floribus et visa est posse placere suis.
Floribus effusos ut erat redimita capillos,
Taenario placuit diva Sicana Deo.
Aspice Phoebe, tibi faciles hortantur amores,
Mellitaeque movent flamina verna preces.
Cinnamea Zephyrus leve plaudet odorifer ala,
Blanditiasque tibi ferre videntur aves,
Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quaerit amores
Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros,
Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in usus

Praebet, et hinc titulos adjuvat ipsa tuos.
Quod si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt
Munera, (muneribus saepe coemptus Amor)
Illa tibi ostentat quascunque sub aequare vasto,
Et superinjectis montibus abdit opes.
Ah quoties, cum tu clivoso fessus Olympo
In vespertinas praecipitaris aquas,
Cur te, inquit, cursu languentem, Phoebe, diurno
Hesperiiis recipit, Caerula mater aquas?
Quid tibi cum Tethy? quid cum Tartesside lympa,
Dia quid immundo perluis ora salo?
Frigora, Phoebe, mea melius captabis in umbra,
Huc ades, ardentes imbue rore comas,
Mollior egelida veniet tibi somnus in herba,
Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.
Quaque jaces, circum mulcebit lene susurrans
Aura, per humentes corpora fusa rosas.
Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelia fata,
Nec Phaetonteo fumidus axis equo;
Cum tu Phoebe tuo sapientius uteris igni,
Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.
Sic tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores;
Matris in exemplum caetera turba ruunt.
Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
Languentesque fovet solis ab igne faces.
Insouere novis lethalia cornua nervis,
Triste micant ferro tela corusca novo.
Jamque vel invictam tentat superasse Dianam,
Quaeque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.
Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,
Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.
Marmoreas juvenus clamant, Hymenæe, per urbes,
Littus, Io Hymen, et cava saxa sonant.
Cultior ille venit tunicaque decentior apta,
Puniceum redolet vestis odora crocum.
Egrediturque frequens ad amoeni gaudia veris
Virgineos auro cincta puella sinus.
Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus
Ut sibi quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum. (unum

Nunc quoque septena modulatur arundine pastor,
Et sua que jungat carmina Phyllis habet.
Navita nocturno placat sua sydera cantu,
Delphinasque leves ad vada summa vocat.
Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,
Convocat et famulos ad sua festa Deos.
Nunc etiam Satyri, cum sera crepuscula surgunt,
Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro,
Sylvanusque sua Cyparissi fronde revinctus,
Semicaperque Deus, semideusque caper.
Queaque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis,
Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros.
Per sata luxuriat fruticetaque Maenalius Pan,
Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres,
Atque aliquam cupidus praedatur Oreada Faunus,
Consultit in trepidos dum sibi Nympha pedes,
Jamque latet, latitanisque cupit male tecta videri,
Et fugit, et fugiens pervelit ipsa capi.
Dii quoque non dubitant coelo praeponere sylvas,
Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet
Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,
Nec vos arborea dii precor ite domo.
Te referant miseris te, Jupiter, aurea terris
Saecla, quid ad nimbos aspera tela redis?
Tu saltem lente rapidos age, Phoebe, jugales
Qua potes, et sensim tempora veris eant.
Brumaque productas tarde ferat hispida noctes,
Ingruat et nostro serior umbra polo.

ELEGIA SEXTA.

Ad Carolum Deodatum ruri commorantem.

Qui cum Idibus Decemb. scripisset, et sua carmina excusari postulasset, si solito minus essent bona, quod inter lautitias quibus erat ab amicis exceptus, haud satis felicem operam Musis dare se posse affirmabat, hoc habuit responsum.

MITTO tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,
Qua tu distento forte carere potes.
At tua quid nostram proleſtet Musa camoenam,
Nec finit optatas posse sequi tenebras?
Carmine scire velis quam te redamemque colamque,
Crede mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas.
Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur arctis,
Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.
Quam bene solennes equulas, hilaremque Decembrem,
Festaque coelifugam quae coluere Deum,
Deliciasque refers, hyberni gaudia ruris,
Haustaque per lepidos Gallica musta focos!
Quid quereris refugam vino dapibusque poesin?
Carmen amat Bacchum, Carmina Bacchus amat.
Nec puduit Phoebum virides gestasse corymbos,
Atque hederam lauro praeposuisse suae.
Saepius Aoniis clamavit collibus Euoe
Mista Thyoneo turba novena choro.
Naso Corallaeis mala carmina misit ab agris:
Non illic epulae, non fata vitis erat.
Quid nisi vina, rosasque racemiferumque Lyaeum,
Cantavit brevibus Teia Musa modis?
Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumesius Euan,
Et redolet sumptum pagina quaeque merum.
Dum gravis everſo currus crepat axe supinus,
Ft volat Eleo pulvere fuscus eques.
Quadrismoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho,

Dulce canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen.
Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu,
Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet.
Massica foecundam despumant pocula venam,
Fundis et ex ipso condita metra cado.
Addimus his artes, fufumque per intima Phoebum
Corda : favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.
Scilicet haud mirum, tam dulcia carmina per te,
Numine composito, tres peperisse Deos.
Nunc quoque Thressa tibi caelato barbitos auro
Insonat arguta molliter icta manu ;
Auditurque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,
Virgineos tremula quae regat arte pedes.
Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Musas,
Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.
Crede mihi dum psallit ebur, comitatque plectrum
Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,
Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phoebum,
Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor,
Perque puellares oculos digitumque sonantem
Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia sinus.
Namque Elegia levis multorum cura deorum est,
Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos ;
Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque, Venusque,
Et cum purpurea matre tenellus Amor.
Talibus inde licent convivia larga poetis,
Saepius et veteri commaduisse mero.
At qui bella refert, et adulto sub Jove coelum,
Heroasque pios, semideosque duces,
Et nunc sancta canit superum consulta deorum,
Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,
Ille quidem parce Samii, pro more magistri,
Vivat, et innocuos praebeat herba cibos ;
Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,
Sobriaque e puro pocula fonte bibat.
Additur huic scelerisque vacans, et casta juvenus,
Et rigidi mores, et sine labe manus.
Qualis veste nitens, sacra, lustralibus undis

Surgis ad infensos augur iture Deos.
 Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta sagacem
 Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon,
 Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque
 Orpheon, edomitis sola per antra feris;
 Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi potor Homerus
 Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,
 Et per monstrificam Perseiae Phaebados aulam,
 Et vada foemineis insidiosa sonis,
 Perque tuas, rex ime, domos, ubi sanguine nigro
 Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges.
 Diis etenim sacer est vates, divumque sacerdos,
 Spirat et occultum pectus et ora Jovem.
 At tu siquid agam, scitabere (si modo saltem
 Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam)
 Paciferum canimus coelesti semine regem,
 Fausta que sacratissae saecula pacta libris;
 Vagiturque Dei, et stabulantem paupere tecto
 Qui suprema suo cum patre regna colit.
 Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque aethere tur-
 mas.

Et subito elisos ad sua fana Deos.
 Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa,
 Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
 Te quoque pressa manent patriis meditata cicutis,
 Tu mihi, cui recitem, iudicis instar eris

ELGIA SEPTIMA,

Anno *Ætatis* Undevigesimo.

NONDUM blanda tuas leges, Amathusia no-
 ram,
 Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.
 Saepe cupidineas, puerilia tela, sagittas,
 Atque tuum sprevi maxime, numen, Amor.
 Tu puer imbelles, dixi, transfige columbas,

Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci.
Aut de passeribus timidos age, parve, triumphos,
Haec sunt militiae digna trophaea tuae.
In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma ?
Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros.
Non tulit hoc Cyprius, neque enim Deus ullus ad
 iras
 Promptior et duplici jam ferus igne calet.
Ver erat, et summae radians per culmina villae
 Attulerat primam lux tibi, Maie, diem :
At mihi adhuc refugam quaerebant lumina noctem,
 Nec matutinum sustinuere jubar.
Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis,
 Prodidit astantem mota pharetra Deum :
Prodidit et facies, et dulce minantis ocelli,
 Et quicquid puero dignum et Amore fuit.
Talis in aeterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo
 Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi ;
Aut qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas
 Thiodamantaeus Naiade raptus Hylas ;
Addideratque iras, sed et has decuisse putares,
 Addideratque truces, nec sine felle, minas.
Et, miser exemplo sapuisse tutius, inquit,
 Nunc mea quid possit dexteris testis eris.
Inter et expertos vires numerabere nostras,
 Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem.
Ipse ego, si nescis, strato Pythone superbum
 Edomui Phoebum, cessit et ille mihi ;
Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipse fatetur
 Certius et gravius tela nocere mea.
Me nequit adductum curvare peritius arcum,
 Qui post terga solet vincere, Parthus eques :
Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, et ille
 Inscius uxori qui necis author erat.
Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
 Herculeaeque manus, Herculeusque comes.
Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,
 Haerebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.

Caetera quae dubitas melius mea tela docebunt,
 Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.
 Nec te, stulte, tua poterunt defendere Musae,
 Nec tibi Phoebaeus porriget anguis opem.
 Dixit, et aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,
 Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.
 At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,
 Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat.
 Et modo qua nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites;
 Et modo villarum proxima rura placent.
 Turba frequens, facieque simillima turba dearum,
 Splendida per medias itque reditque vias.
 Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat,
 Fallor? an et radios hinc quoque Phoebus habet,
 Haec ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,
 Impetus et quo me fert juvenilis, agor.
 Lumina luminibus male providus obvia misi,
 Neve oculos potui continuasse meos.
 Unam forte aliis supereminuisse notabam,
 Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.
 Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,
 Sic regina Deum conspicienda fuit.
 Hanc memor objecit, nobis malus ille Cupido,
 Solus et hos nobis texuit ante dolos.
 Nec procul ipse vaser latuit, multaeque sagittae,
 Et facis a tergo grande pependit onus.
 Nec mora, nunc ciliis haesit, nunc virginis ori,
 Infilat hinc labiis, infidet inde genis:
 Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
 Hèi mihi, mille locis pectus inerme ferit.
 Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores,
 Uror amans intus, flammaque totus eram.
 Interea misero quae jam mihi sola placebat,
 Ablata est oculis non reditura meis.
 Ast ego progredior tacite querebundus, et excors,
 Et dubius volui saepe referre pedem.
 Findor, et haec remanet: sequitur pars altera vo-
 tum,
 Raptaque tam subito gaudia flere juvat.

Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia coelum,
 Inter Lemniacos praecipitata focos.
 Talis et abreptum solem respexit, ad Orcum
 Vectus ab attonitis Amphiaras equis.
 Quid faciam infelix, et luctu victus? amores
 Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.
 O utinam spectare semel mihi detur amatos
 Vultus, et coram tristitia verba loqui!
 Forsitan et duro non est adamante creata,
 Forte nec ad nostras surdeat illa preces.
 Crede mihi nullus sic infelicitate arsit,
 Ponar in exemplo primus et unus ego.
 Parce precor, teneri cum sis Deus ales amoris,
 Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.
 Jam tuus O certe est mihi formidabilis arcus,
 Nate dea, jaculis nec minus igne potens:
 Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,
 Solus et in superis tu mihi summus eris.
 Deme meos tandem, verum nec deme furores,
 Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans:
 Tu modo da facilis, posthaec mea siqua futura est,
 Cuspis amatuos figat ut una duos.

HÆC ego mente olim laeva, studioque supino
 Nequitiae posui vana trophaea meae.
 Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error,
 Indocilisque aetas prava magistra fuit.
 Donec Socraticos umbrosa Academia rivos
 Praebuit, admissam dedocuitque jugum.
 Protinus extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,
 Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu.
 Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse Sagittis,
 Et Diomedeam vim timet ipsa Venus,

In prodicionem Bombardicam.

CUM simul in regem nuper satrapasque Britannos
 Ansus es infandum preside Fauxe nefas,

Fallor? an et mitis voluisti ex parte videri,
 Et pensare mala cum pietate scelus?
 Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atria coeli,
 Sulphureo curru flammivolisque rotis.
 Qualiter ille feris caput inviolabile Parcis
 Liquit Iordanios turbine raptus agros.

In eandem.

SICCINE tentasti coelo donasse Jacobum,
 Quae septemgeminò Bellua monte late s?
 Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,
 Parce precor, donis insidiosa tuis.
 Ille quidem sine te consortia ferus adivit
 Astra, nec inferni pulveris usus ope.
 Sic potius foedos in coelum pelle cucullos.
 Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos.
 Namque hac aut alia nisi quemque adjuveris arte,
 Crede mihi, coeli vix bene scandet iter.

In eandem.

PURGATOREM animae derisit Iacobus ignem,
 Et sine quo Superum non adeunda domus.
 Frenduit hoc trina monstrum Latiale corona,
 Movit et horrificum cornua dena minax.
 Et nec inultus ait temnes mea sacra Britanne.
 Supplicium spreta religione dabis.
 Ei si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,
 Non nisi per flammās triste patebit iter.
 O quam funesto cecinisti proxima vero,
 Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis!
 Nam prope Tartareo sublime rotatus ab igni,
 Ibat ad aethereas, umbra perusta, plagas.

In eandem.

QUEM modo Roma suis devoverat impia diris,
 Et Styge damnarat Taenarioque sinu,
 Hunc, vice mutata, jam tollere gestit ad astra,
 Et cupit ad superos evehere usque Deos.

In inventorem Bombardae.

IApetionidem laudavit caeca vetustas,
 Qui tulit aetheream solis ab axe facem ;
 At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,
 Et trifidum fulmen furripuisse Jovi.

Ad Leonoram Romae canentem.

ANGELUS unicuique suus, (sic credite gentes)
 Obtigit aethereis ales ab ordinibus.
 Quid mirum, Leonora, tibi si gloria major ?
 Nam tua praesentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.
 Aut Deus, aut vacui certe mens tertia coeli
 Per tua secrete guttura serpit agens ;
 Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda
 Sensum immortalis assuescere posse sono.
 Quod si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque fusus,
 In te una loquitur, caetera mutus habet.

Ad eandem.

ALTERA Torquatum cepit Leonora Poetam,
 Cujus ab infano cessit amore furens.
 Ah miser ille tuo quanto felicius aevo.
 Perditus, et propter te, Leonora foret !
 Et te Pieria sensisset voce canentem
 Aurea maternae fila movere lyrae,

Quamvis Dircaeo torfisset lumina Pentheo
 Saevior, aut totus desipuisset iners,
 Tu tamen errantes caeca vertigine sensus
 Voce eadem poteras composuisse tua;
 Et poteras, aegro spirans sub corde, quietem
 Flexanimo cantu restituiffe sibi.

Ad eandem.

CREDULA quid liquidam Sirena Neapoli jactas,
 Claraque Parthenopes fana Acheloiados,
 Littoreamque tua defunctam Naiada ripa,
 Corpora Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?
 Illa quidem vivitque, et amoena Tibridis unda
 Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi.
 Illic Romulidum studiis ornata secundis,
 Atque homines cantu detinet atque Does,

Apologus de Rustico et Hero.

RUSTICUS ex Malo sapidissima poma quotannis
 Legit, et urbano lecta dedit Domino:
 Hinc incredibili fructus dulcedine captus,
 Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas.
 Haecenus illa ferax, sed longo debilis aevo,
 Mota solo assueto, protenus aet iners.
 Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe lusus inani,
 Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus.
 Atque ait, heu quanto fatius fuit illa Coloni
 (Parva licet) grato dona tulisse animo!
 Possem ego avaritiam fraenare, gulamque voracem:
 Nunc perire mihi et foetus, et ipse parens.

SYLVARUM LIBER.

Anno Ætatis 17.

In Obitum Procancellarii medici.

PARERE fati discite legibus,
 Manusque Parcae jam date supplices,
 Qui pendulum telluris orbem
 Iapeti colitis nepotes.
 Vos si relicto mors vaga Taenaro
 Semel vocarit flebilis, heu morae
 Tentantur incassum, dolique;
 Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.
 Si destinatam pellere dextera
 Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules,
 Nisi venenatus cruore,
 Æmathia jacuisset Oeta.
 Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidae
 Vidisset occisum Ilium Hectora, aut
 Quem larva Pelidis peremit
 Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.
 Si triste fatum verba Hecateia
 Fugare possint, Telegoni parens
 Vixisset infamis, potentique
 Ægiali soror usa virga.
 Numenque trinum fallere si queant
 Artes medentum, ignotaque gramina,
 Non gnarus herbarum Machaon
 Eurypyli cecidisset hasta.
 Laessisset et nec te Philyreie,
 Sagitta Echidnae perlita sanguine;
 Nec tela te fulmenque avitum,
 Caese puer genitricis alvo.
 Tuque O alumno major Apolline,
 Gentis togata cui regimen datum,

Frondosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,
 Et mediis Helicon in undis,
 Jam praefuisses Palladio gregi
 Laetus, superstes; nec sine gloria:
 Nec puppe lustrasses Charontis
 Horribiles barathri recessus.
 At fila rupit Persephone tua
 Irata, cum te viderit artibus
 Succoque pollenti tot atris
 Faucibus eripuisse mortis.
 Colende Praeses, membra precor tua
 Molli quiescant cespite, ex et tuo
 Crescant rosae, calthaeque busto,
 Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.
 Sit mite de te iudicium Aëci,
 Subrideatque Aëtnaea Proserpina;
 Interque felices perennis
 Elysio spatiere campo.

IN QUINTUM NOVEMBRIS,

Anno Aëtatis 17.

JAM pius extrema veniens Jacobus ab arcto,
 Teucrigenas populos, lateque patentia regna
 Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile foedus
 Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis:
 Pacificusque novo, felix divesque sedebat
 In folio, occultique doli securus et hostis:
 Cum ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
 Euemenidum pater, aethereo vagus exul Olympo,
 Forte per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,
 Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernasque fideles,
 Participes regni post funera moesta futuros;
 Hic tempestates medio ciet aera diras,
 Illic unanimes odium struit inter amicos.
 Armata et invictas in mutua viscera gentes;

Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace,
 Et quosunque videt purae virtutis amantes,
 Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister
 Tentat inaccessum scelere corrumpere pectus,
 Insidiasque locat tacitas, cassesque latentes
 Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, ceu Caspia Tigris
 Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia praedam
 Nocte sub illuni, et somno nictantibus astris.
 Tallibus infestat populos Summanus et urbes
 Cinctus caeruleae fumanti turbine flammae.
 Jamque fluentifonis albertia rupibus arva
 Apparent, et terra Deo dilecta marino,
 Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles,
 Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem,
 Æquore tranato, furiali poscere bello,
 Ante expugnatae crudelia saecula Trojae.

At simul hanc, opibusque et festa pace beatam
 Aspicit, et pingues donis Cerealibus agros,
 Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri
 Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit
 Tartareos ignes et luridum olenti sulphur;
 Qualia Trinacria trux ab Jove clausus in Ætna
 Efflat tabifico monstrosus ab ore Typhoeus.
 Ignescunt oculi, stridetque adamantinus ordo
 Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictaque cuspide cuspis.
 Atque pererrato solum hoc lachrymabile mundo
 Inveni, dixit, gens haec mihi sola rebellis,
 Contemtrixque jugi, nostraque potentior arte.
 Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt,
 Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta.
 Haecenus; et piceis liquido natat aere pennis;
 Qua volat, adversi praecursant agmine venti,
 Denfantur nubes, et crebra tonitrua fulgent.

Jamque pruinosas velox superaverat alpes,
 Et tenet Aufoniae fines, a parte sinistra
 Nimbifer Appenninus erat, prisciue Sabini,
 Dextra venelicis infamis Hetruria, nec non
 Te furtiva, Tiberis Thetidi videt oscula dantem

Hinc Mavortigenae consistit in arce Quirini.
Reddirant dubiam jam sera crepuscula lucem,
Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronefer urbem
Panificosque Deos portat, scapulisque virorum
Evehitur, præunt submisso poplite reges,
Et mendicantium series longissima fratrum;
Cereaque in manibus gestant funalia caeci,
Cimmeriis nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes:
Templa dein multis subeunt lucentia taedis,
(Vesper erat sacer iste Petro) fremitusque canentum
Saepe tholos implet vacuos et inane locorum.
Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,
Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,
Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Asopus in undis,
Et procul ipse cava responsat rupe Cithaeron.

His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,
Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,
Praecipitesque impellit equos stimulante flagello,
Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchaetemque
ferocem,

Atque Acherontaeo prognatam patre Siopen
Torpida, et hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.
Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius haeres
Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim secretus adulter
Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes)
At vix compositos somnus clauderat ocellos,
Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentum,
Praedatorque hominum, falsa sub imagine tectus
Astitit; assumptis micuerunt tempora canis,
Barba sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo
Syrmate verit humum vestis, pendetque cucullus
Vertice de raso, et, ne quicquam desit ad artes,
Cannabeo lumbos constrinxit fune salaces.
Tarda fenestris figens vestigia calceis.
Talis, uti fama est, vasta Franciscus eremo
Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,
Sylvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis
Impius, atque lupos domuit, Libycosque leones.

Subdolus at tali Serpens velatus amictu
Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces;
Dormis nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus?
Immemor, O, fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!
Dum cathedram venerande tuam, diademaque triplex
Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe,
Dumque pharetrati sepernunt tua jura Britanni;
Surge, age, surge piger, Latius quem Caesar adorat
Cui reſerata patet convexi janua coeli;
Turgentes animos, et faſtus frange procaces,
Sacrilegique ſciant, tua quid maledictio poſſit.
Et quid Apoſtolicæ poſſit cuſtodia clavis;
Et memor Hesperiae diſiectam ulciſcere claſſem,
Merſaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,
Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probroſae,
Thermodoontea nuper regnante puella.
At tu ſi tenero mavis torpeſcere lecto,
Crefeſtesque negas hoſti contundere vires,
Tyrrhenum implebit numeroſo milite Pontum,
Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle;
Reliquias veterum franget, flammiſque cremabit,
Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,
Cujus gaudebant ſoleis dare baſia reges.
Nec tamen hunc bellis et aperto Marte laceſſes,
Irritus ille labor, tn callidus utere fraude:
Quaelibet haereticis diſponere retia faſ eſt;
Jamque ad concilium extremis rex magnus ab oris
Patricios vocat, et procerum de ſtirpe creatos,
Grandaevosque patres trabea, caniſque verendos;
Hos tu membratim poteris conſpergere in auras
Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne
Ædibus injecto, qua convenere, ſub imis.
Protinis ipſe igitur quoscumque habet Anglia fidos
Propoſiti, factique mone, quiſquamne tuorum
Audebit ſummi non juſſa faceſſere Papae.
Percuſſoſque metn ſubito, caſuque ſtupentes
Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel ſævus Iberus.
Saecula ſic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
Tnque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.

Et nequid timeas, divos divasque secundas
 Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina fastis.
 Dixit, et adscitos ponens malefidus amictus,
 Fugit ad infandam, regnum illaetabile, Lethen.

Jam rosea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas,
 Vestit inauratas redeunti lumine terras;
 Moestaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati,
 Irrigat ambrosiis montana cacumina guttis;
 Cum somnos pepulit stellatae janitor aulae
 Nocturnos visus, et somnia grata revolvens.

Est locus aeterna septus caligine noctis,
 Vasta rinosi quondam fundamina tecti,
 Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni, Prodotaque bilinguis,
 Effera quos uno peperit Discordia partu.
 Hic inter caementa jacent praeruptaque saxa,
 Ossa inhumata et virum, et trajecta cadavera ferro;
 Hic Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis,
 Jurgiaque, et stimulis armata Calumnia fauces,
 Et Furor, atque viae moriendi mille videntur,
 Et Timor, exanguis que locum circumvolat Horror;
 Perpetuoque leves per muta silentia Manes
 Exululant, tellus et sanguine conscia stagnat.
 Ipsi etiam pavidi latitant penetralibus antri
 Et Phonos, et Prodotes, nulloque sequente per an-
 trum,
 Antrum horrens, scopulosum, atrum feralibus um-
 bris

Diffugiunt fontes, et retro lumina vortunt :
 Hos pugiles Romae per saecula longa fideles
 Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.
 Finibus occiduis circumfusus incolit aequor
 Gens exosa mihi; prudens natura negavit
 Indignam penitus nostro conjungere mundo;
 Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu,
 Tartareoque leves dissilentur pulvere in auras
 Et rex et pariter satrapae, scelerata propago,
 Et quotquot fidei catuere cupidine verae :
 Consilii socios adhibete, operisque ministros.
 Finierat, rigidi cupide paruere gemelli.

Interea longo flectens curvamine coelos
 Despicit aetherea dominus qui fulgurat arce,
 Vanaque perversae ridet conaminat urbae,
 Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.

Esse ferunt spatium, qua distat ab Afide terra
 Fertilis Europe, et spectat Mareotidas undas;
 Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famae
 Aerea, lata, sonans, rutilus vicinior astris
 Quam superimpositum vei Athos vel Pelion Ossa.
 Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestrae,
 Amplaque per tenues translucent atria muros:
 Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata susurros;
 Qualiter instrepitant circum mulctralia bombis
 Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,
 Dum Canis aestivum coeli petit ardua culmen.
 Ipsa quidem summa sedet ultrix matris in arce,
 Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,
 Queis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima
 captat

Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.
 Nec tot, Aristoride servator inique juvencae
 Isidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,
 Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno,
 Lumina subjectis late spectantia terras.
 Istis illa solet loca luce carentia saepe
 Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli.
 Millenisque loquax auditaque visaque linguis
 Cuilibet effundit temeraria, veraque mendax
 Nunc minuit, modo confictis sermonibus auget.
 Sed tamen a nostro meruisti carmine laudes
 Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,
 Nobis digna cani, nec te memorasse pigebit
 Carmine tam longo, servati scilicet Angli
 Officiis, vaga diva, tuis, tibi reddimus aequa.
 Te Deus, aeternos motu qui temperat ignes,
 Fulmine praemisso alloquitur, terraque tremante:
 Fama files? an te latet impia Papistarum
 Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos,

Et nova sceptrigero caedes meditata Jacobo ?
 Nec plura, illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis,
 Et satis ante fugax stridentis induit alas,
 Induit et variis exilia corpora plumis ;
 Dextra tubam gestat Temesaeo ex aere sonoram.
 Nec mora, jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
 Atque parum est cursu celeres praevertere nubes,
 Jam ventos, jam solis equos post terga relinquit :
 Et primo Angliacas solito de more per urbes
 Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura spargit,
 Mox arguta doctos, et derestabile vulgat
 Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,
 Authoresque addit sceleris, nec garrula caecis
 Infidiis loca structa fileat : stupuere relatis,
 Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellae,
 Effoetique senes pariter, tantaeque ruinae
 Sensus ad aetatem subito penetraverat omnem.
 Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto
 Aethereus pater, et crudelibus obstitit ausis
 Papicolum ; capti poenas raptantur ad acres ;
 At pia thura Deo, et grati solvuntur honores ;
 Compita laeta focis genialibus omnia fumant ;
 Turba choros juvenilis agit : Quintoque Novembris
 Nulla Dies toto occurrit celebratior anno.

Anno ætatis 17. In obitum Praefulis Eliensis.

ADHUC madentes rore squalebant genae.

Et sicca nondum lumina

Adhuc liquentis imbre turgabant salis,

Quem nuper effudi pius,

Dum moesta charo iusta persolvi rogo

Wintoniensis praefulis.

Cum centilinguis Fama, proh semper mali

Cladisque vera nuntia,

Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniae,
Populosque Neptuno fatos,
Cessisse morti, et ferreis sororibus,
Te, generis humani decus,
Qui rex sacrorum illa fuisti in insula
Quae nomen Anguillae tenet.
Tunc inquietum pectus ira protinus
Ebulliebat fervida,
Tumulis potentam saepe devovens deam:
Nec vota Naso in Ibida
Concepit alto diriora pectore,
Graiusque vates parcius
Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,
Sponsamque Neobolen suam.
At ecce diras ipse dum fundo graves,
Et imprecor neci necem,
Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos
Leni, sub aura, flamine:
Caecos furores pone, pone vitream
Bilemque et irritas minas:
Quid temere violas non nocenda numina,
Subitoque ad iras percita?
Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,
Mors atra Noctis filia,
Erebove patre creta, sive Erinnye,
Vastove nata sub Chao:
Ast illa coelo missa stellato, Dei
Messies ubique colligit;
Animasque mole carnea reconditas
In lucem et auras evocat:
Ut cum fugaces excitant Horae diem
Themidos Jovisque filiae;
Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus patris;
At justa raptat impios
Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari,
Sedesque subterraneas.
Hanc ut vocantem laetus audiivi, cito
Foedum reliqui carcerem,

Volatilesque faustus inter milites
 Ad astra sublimis feror :
 Vates ut olim raptus ad coelum senex
 Auriga currus ignei.
 Non me Bootis terruere lucidi
 Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
 Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia,
 Non ensis, Orion, tuus.
 Praetervolavi fulgidi solis globum,
 Longeque sub pedibus deam
 Vidi triformem, dum coercebat suos
 Fraenis dracones aureis.
 Erraticorum syderum per ordines,
 Per lacteas vehor plagas,
 Velocitatem saepe miratus novam,
 Donec nitentis ad fores
 Ventum est Olympi, et regiam Crystallinam, et
 Stratum smaragdis atrium.
 Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat,
 Oriundus humano patre
 Amoenitatis illius loci ? mihi
 Sat est in aeternum frui.

Naturam non pati senium.

HEU quam perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit
 Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa profundis
 Oedipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem !
 Quae vesana suis metiri facta deorum
 Audet, et incisas leges adamante perenni
 Assimilare suis, nulloque solubile saeclo
 Consilium fati, perituris alligat horis.
 Ergone marcescet fulcantibus obsita rugis
 Naturae facies, et rerum publica mater
 Omniparum contracta uterum sterilescet ab aevo ?
 Et se falsa senem male certis passibus ibit

Sidereum tremebunda caput? num tetra vetustas
Annoꝝque aeterna fames, squalorque situsque,
Sidera vexabunt? an et insatiabile Tempus
Esuriet Coelum, rapietque in viscera patrem?
Heu, potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces
Hoc contra munisse nefas, et Temporis isto
Exemisse malo, gyroꝝque dedisse perennes?
Ergo erit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo
Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obviuꝝ ictu
Stridat uterque polus, superaꝝque ut Olympius aula
Decidat, horribilisque reſecta Gorgone Pallas:
Qualis in Aegæam proles Junonia Lemnon
Deturbata ſacro cecidit de limine coeli.
Tu quoque, Phoebe, tui caſus imitabere nati;
Praecipiti curru, ſubitaꝝque ferere ruina
Pronus, et extincta ſumabit lampade Nereus,
Et dabit attonito ſeralia ſibila ponto.
Tunc etiam aerei divulſis ſedibus Haemi
Diſſultabit apex, imoque alliſa barathro
Terrebunt Stygium deſecta Ceraunia Ditem,
In ſuperos quibus uſus erat, fraternaque bella.

At Pater omnipotens fundatiſ fortius aſtris,
Conſuluit rerum ſummae, certoꝝque peregit
Pondere fatorum lanceſ, atque ordine ſummo
Singula perpetuum jūſſit ſervare tenorem.
Volvitur hinc lapſu mundi rota prima diurno;
Raptat, et ambitos ſocia vertigine coelos.
Tardior haud ſolito Saturnus, et acer ut olim
Fulmineum rutilat criſtata caſſide Mavors.
Floriduꝝ aeternuꝝ Phoebuꝝ juvenile coruſcat,
Nec fovet eſſoetas loca per declivia terras
Devexo temone Deuꝝ; ſed ſemper amica
Luce potens, eadem currit per ſigna rotarum.
Surgit odoratiſ pariter formoſuꝝ ab Indiſ,
Aethereuꝝ pecuꝝ albenti qui cogit Olympo,
Mane vocanſ, et ſeruꝝ agenſ in paſuca coeli,
Temporiſ et gemino diſpertit regna colore.
Fulget, obituꝝque vices alterno Delia cornu,
Caeruleuꝝque ignem paribuꝝ complectitur ulniſ.

Nec variant elementa fidem, solitoque fragore
 Lurida perculsas jaculantur fulmina rupes.
 Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,
 Stringit et armiferos aequali horrore Gelonos
 Trux Aquilo, spiratque hyemem; nimbosque volutat.
 Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori
 Rex maris, et rauca circumstrepit aequora concha
 Oceani Tubicem, nec vasta mole minorem
 Ægaeona fuerunt dorso Balearica cete.
 Sed neque Terra tibi faeculi vigor ille vetusti
 Priscus abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem
 Et puer ille suum tenet, et puer ille, decorem
 Phoebe, tuusque, et Cypri, tuus; nec ditior olim
 Terra datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum
 Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in aevum
 Ibit cunctarum series iustissima rerum,
 Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, late
 Circumplexa polos, et vasti culmina coeli;
 Iggentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

*De Idea Platonica quemadmodum Aristoteles
 Intellexit.*

DICETE, sacrorum praefides nemorum deae,
 Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis
 Memoria mater, quaeque in immenso procul
 Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas,
 Monumenta servans, et ratas leges Jovis,
 Coelique fastos atque ephemeridas Deum,
 Quis ille primus, cujus ex imagine
 Natura solers finxit humanum genus,
 Æternus, incorruptus, aequaevus polo,
 Unusque et universus, exemplar Dei?
 Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubae.
 Interna proles infidet menti Jovis;
 Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,

Tamen seorsus extat ad morem unius;
 Et, mira, certo, stringitur spatio loci;
 Seu sempiternus ille syderum comes
 Coeli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
 Citimumve terris incolit Lunae globum :
 Sive inter animas corpus adituras sedens,
 Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas ;
 Sive in remota forte terrarum plaga
 Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
 Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput,
 Atlante major portitore syderum.
 Non cui profundum caecitas lumen dedit,
 Dircaeus augur vidit hunc alto sinu ;
 Non hunc silenti nocte Pleiones nepos
 Vatum sagaci praepes ostendit choro ;
 Non hunc sacerdos nivit Assyrius, licet
 Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini,
 Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Osiridem.
 Non ille trino gloriosus nomine
 Ter magnus Hermes (ut sit arcani sciens)
 Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus.
 At tu perenne ruris Academi decus,
 (Haec monstra si tu primus induxti scholis)
 Jam jam poetas, urbis exules tuae,
 Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus ;
 Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

Ad P A T R E M.

NUNC mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes
 Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora
 Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum ;
 Ut tenues oblita sonos, audacibus alis
 Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis.
 Hoc utcunque tibi gratum, pater optime, carmen
 Exiguum meditatur opus ; nec novimus ipsi

Aptius a nobis quae possunt munera donis
Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint.
Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis
Esse queat, vacuis quae redditur arida verbis.
Sed tamen haec nostros ostendit pagina census,
Et quod habemus opum charta numeravimus ista,
Quae mihi sunt nullae, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio,
Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub antro,
Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbrae.

Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen,
Quo nihil aethereos ortus, et semina coeli,
Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
Sancta Promethea retinens vestigia flammae.
Carmen amant Superi, tremebundaquae Tartara
carmen

Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,
Et triplici duos Manes adamante coercet,
Carminē sepositi retegunt arcana futuri
Phaebades, et tremulae pallentes ora Sibyllae;
Carmina sacrificus sollennes pangit ad aras,
Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum;
Seu cum fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris
Consult, et tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis.
Nos etiam patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum,
Æternæque morae stabunt immobilis ævi,
Ibimus auratis per coeli templa coronis,
Dulcia suaviloquio sociantis carmina plectro,
Æstra quibus, geminique poli convexa sonabunt.
Spiritus et rapidos qui circumat igneus orbes,
Nunc quoque sydereis intercinat ipse choreis
Immortale melos, et inenarrabile carmen:
Torrida dum rutilus compefcit sibilā serpens,
Demissoque ferōx gladio mansuescit Orion;
Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas.
Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,
Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago
Nota gulæ, et modico spumabat coena Lyæo.
Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vates
Æsculea intonsus redimitus ab arbore crines,

Heroumque actus, imitandaque gesta canebat,
 Et Chaos, et positi latae fundamina mundi,
 Reptantesque Deos, et alentes numina glandes,
 Et nondum *Aetneo* quaesitum fulmen ab antro.
 Denique quid vocis modulamen inane iuvabit,
 Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis?
 Silvestres decet ille choros, non Orpheia cantus,
 Qui tenuit fluvios et quercubus addidit aures,
 Carmine, non cithara; simulachraque functa canendo
 Compulit in lacrymas; habet has a carmine laudes.

Nec tu perge precor sacras contemnere Musas,
 Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus
 Munere, mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos,
 Millibus et vocem modulis variare canoram
 Doctus, Arionii merito sis nominis haeres.
 Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poetam
 Contigerit, charo si tam propè sanguine juncti.
 Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur?
 Ipse volens Phoebus se dispertire duobus,
 Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,
 Dividuumque Deum genitorque puerque, tenemus.

Tu tamen ut similes teneras odisse Camoenas,
 Non odisse reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
 Qua via lata patet, qua pronior area lucri,
 Certa que condendi fulget spes aurea nummi:
 Nec rapis ad leges, male custoditaque gentis
 Jura, nec insulis damnas clamoribus aures.
 Sed magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem,
 Me procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis
 Abductum, Aoniae jucunda per otia ripae
 Phoebaeo lateri comitem finis ire beatum.
 Officium chari taceo commune parentis,
 Me poscunt majora, tuo, pater optime, sumptu:
 Cum mihi Romuleae patuit facundia linguae,
 Et Latii Veneres, et quae Jovis ora decebant
 Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,
 Addere suafisti quos jactat Gallia flores,
 Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam
 Fundit, Barbaricos testatus voce tumultus,

Quaeque Palaestinus loquitur mysteria vates.
 Denique quicquid habet coelum, subjectaque coelo
 Terra parens, terraeque et coelo interflus aer,
 Quicquid et unda tegit, pontique agitable marmor,
 Per te nosse licet, per te, si nosse libebit.
 Dimotaque venit spectanda scientia nube,
 Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,
 Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libasse molestum.

I nunc, confer opes quisquis malesanus avitas.
 Austriaci gazas, Peruanaque regna praeoptas.
 Que potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse
 Jupiter, excepto, donasset ut omnia, coelo?
 Non potiora dedit, quamvis et tuta fuissent,
 Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato,
 Atque Hyperionios currus, et fraena diei,
 Et circum undantem radiata luce tiaram.
 Ergo ego jam doctae pars quamlibet ima catervae,
 Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebo,
 Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebor inerti,
 Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.
 Este procul vigiles curae, procul este querelae,
 Invidiaeque acies transverso tortilis hirquo,
 Saeva nec anguiferos extende Calumnia ictus;
 In me triste nihil foedissima turba potestis,
 Nec vestri sum juris ego; securaque tutus
 Pectora, vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu.

At tibi, chare pater, postquam non aequa merenti.
 Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,
 Sit memorasse fatis, repetitaque munera grato
 Persensere animo, fidaeque reponere menti.

Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus,
 Si modo perpetuos, sperare audebitis annos,
 Et domini supereffe rogo, lucemque tueri,
 Nec spisso rapient oblivia nigra sub Orco,
 Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
 Nomen, ad exemplum, sero sevabitis aevo.

Ad Salsillum Poetam Romanum aegrotantem.

SCAZONTES.

O Musa gressum quae volens trahis claudum,
 Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu,
 Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,
 Quam cum decentes flava Deiope furas
 Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum.
 Adestum, et haec verba pauca Salsillo
 Refer, Camoena nostra cui tantum est cordi,
 Quamque ille magnis praetulit immerito divi.
 Haec ergo alumnos ille Londini Milto,
 Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum,
 Polique tractum, pessimus ubi ventorum,
 Infanientis impotensque pulmonis,
 Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabra,
 Venit feracis Itali soli ad glebas,
 Visum superba cognitas urbes fama.
 Viroisque, doctaeque indolem juventutis.
 Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa, Salsille,
 Habiturque fesso corpori penitus sanum;
 Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,
 Praecordiisque fixa damnosum spirat.
 Nec id pepercit impia, quod tu Romano
 Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.
 O dulce divum munus, O salus, Hebes
 Germana! Tuque Phoebe morborum terror,
 Pythone caeso, sive tu magis Paean
 Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.
 Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vinoso
 Colles benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,
 Si quid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,

Levamen aegro ferte certatim vati.
Sic ille, charis redditus rursus Musis,
Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.
Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos
Numa, ubi beatum degit otium aeternum,
Suam reclivis semper ægerium spectans.
Tumidusque et ipse Tiberis hinc delinitus
Spei favebit annuae colonorum :
Nec in sepulchris ibit obfessum reges,
Nimium sinistro laxu irrueus loro :
Sed franca melius temperabit undarum,
Adusque curvi salsa regna Portumni.

M A N S U S.

Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis, vir ingenii laude, tum literarum studio, nec non et belica virtute, apud Italos clarus in primis est. Ad quem Torquati Tassi dialogus extat de Amicitia scriptus; erat enim Tassi amicissimus; ab quo etiam inter Campaniae principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus, Gerusalemme conquistata, lib. 20.

Fra cavalier magnanimi, e cortesi
Risplende il Manfo——

Is authorem Neapoli commorantem summa benevolentia prosecutus est, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hospes ille antequam ab ea urbe discederet, ut ne ingratum se ostenderet, hoc carmen misit.

HÆC quoque, Manse, tuae meditantur carmina
laudi

Pierides, tibi, Manse, choro notissime Phœbi,
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est dignatus
honore,

Post Galli cineres, et Mecaenatis Hetursci.

Tu quoque, si nostrae tantum valet aura Camoenae,
Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebis.

Te pridem magno felix concordia Tassio

Junxit, et aeternis inscripsit nomina chartis.

Mox tibi dulciloquum non inscia Musa Marinum

Tradidit, ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnum,

Dum canit Assyrios divum prolixus amores;

Mollis et Aufonias stupefecit carmine nymphas

Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates
Offa, tibi soli, supremaque vota reliquit.
Nec manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici,
Vidimus aridentem operoso ex aere poetam.
Nec fatis hoc visum est in utrumque, et nec pia
cessant

Officia in tumultu: cupis integros rapere Orco,
Qua potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges;
Amborum genus, et varia sub sorte peractam
Describis vitam, moreisque, et dona Minervae;
Æmulus illius, Mycalen qui natus ad altam
Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri.
Ergo ego te, Clius et magni nomine Phoebi,
Mense pater, jubeo longum salvere per ævum,
Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.
Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabere Musam,
Quae nuper gelida vix enutrita sub Arcto,
Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per urbes.
Nos etiam in nostra modulantes flumini cygnos
Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbras,
Qua Thamesis late puris argenteus urnis
Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines.
Quin et in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.
Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phaebo,
Qua plaga septeno mundi sulcata Trione
Brumalem patitur longa sub nocte Booten.
Nos etiam colimus Phoebum, nos munera Phoebus
Flavescentes spicas, et lutea mala canistris,
Halantemque crocum, (perhibet nisi vana vetustas)
Mimus, et lectas Druidum de gente choreas.
(Gens Druides antiqua, sacris operata deorum,
Heroum laudes, imitandaque gesta canebant)
Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu,
Delo in herbosa, Graiae de more puellae,
Carminibus laetis memorant Corineida Loxo,
Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicoma Hecærge,
Nuda Caledonia variatas pectora fuce.
Fortunate senex, ergo quacunque per orbem
Torquati decus, et nomen celebrabitur ingens,

Claraque perpetui succrescet fama Marini;
 Tu quoque in ora frequens venies, plaufumque vi-
 rorum,

Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.

Dicetur tum sponte tuos habitasse penates
 Cynthus, et famulas venisse ad limina Musas:
 At non sponte domum tamem idem, et reges adivit
 Rura Pheretiadae, coelo fugitivus Apollo;
 Ille licet magnum Alciden fufceperat hospes;
 Tantum ubi clamofos placuit vitare bubulcos,
 Nobile manfueti ceflit Chironis in antrum,
 Irriguos inter faltus frondofaque tefta,
 Peneium prope rivum: ibi faepe sub ilice nigra,
 Ad citharae ftrepitum, blanda prece victus amici,
 Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.

Tum neque ripa fuo, barathro nec fixa sub imo
 Saxa ftetere loco; nurat Trachinia rupes,
 Nec fentet folitas, immania pondera, fylvas,
 Emotaeque fuis properant de collibus orni,
 Mulcenturque novo maculofi carmine lynces.
 Diis delecte fenex, te Jupiter aequus oportet
 Nafcentem, et miti lultrarit lumine Phoebus,
 Atlantifque nepos: neque enim nifi charus ab ortu
 Diis fuperis, poterit magno faviffe poetae.
 Hinc longaeva tibi lento fub flore fenectus
 Vernat, et Aefonios lucratur vivida fufos;
 Nondum deciduos fervans tibi frontis honores,
 Ingeniumque vicens, et adultum mentis acumen.
 O mihi fi mea fors talem concedat amicum
 Phoebaeos decoraffe viros qui tam bene norit,
 Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
 Arturumque etiam fub teris bella moventem;
 Aut dicam invictae fociali foedere menfae
 Magnanimos Heroes, et, O modo fpiritus adfit!
 Frangam Saxonicas Britonum fub Marte phalanges,
 Tandem ubi non tacitae permenfus tempora vitae,
 Annorumque fatur, cinere fua jura relinquam,
 Ille mihi lecto madidis afaret ocellis,
 Aftanti fat erit fi dicam, fim tibi curae;

Ille meos artus, liventi morte solutos,
 Curaret parva componi molliter urna.
 Forsitan et nostros ducat de marmore vultus,
 Nectens aut Paphia myrti aut Parnasside lauri
 Fronde comas, at ego secura pace quiescam.
 Tum quoque, si qua fides, si praemia certa bonorum,
 Ipse ego coelicolum semotus in aethera divum,
 Quo labor et mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus
 Secreti haec aliqua mundi de parte videbo,
 Quantum Fata sinunt: et tota mente serenum
 Ridens, purpureo suffundar lumine vultus,
 Et simul aethereo plaudam mihi laetus Olympo:

E P I T A T P H I U M

D A M O N I S.

ARGUMENTUM.

Thyrsis et Damon ejusdem viciniae Pastores, eadem studia secuti a pueritia, amici erant ut qui plurimum. Thyrsis animi causa profectus peregre de obitu Damonis nunciam accepit. Domum postea reversus, et rem ita esse comperiens, se, suamque solitudinem, hoc carmini deplorat. Damonis autem sub persona hic intelligitur Carolus Deodatus ex urbe Hetruriae Luca Paterno genere oriundus, caetera Anglus; ingenio doctrina, clarissimisque caeteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

HIMERIDES Nymphae (nam vos et Daphnin et
 Et plorata diu meministes fata Bionis)
 Dicite Sicelicum Thamefina per oppida carmen:
 Quas miser effudit voces, quae murmura Thyrsis,
 Et quibus assiduis exercuit antra querelis,

Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus;
Dum sibi praeceptum queritur Damona, neque
altam

Lucibus exemit noctem, loca sola pererrans,
Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus arista,
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes,
Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,
Nec dum aderat Thyrsis; pastorem scilicet illum
Dulcis Amor Musae Thusca retinebat in urbe.
Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relictæ
Cura vocat, simul assueta seditque sub ulmo,
Tum vero amissum tum denique sentit amicum,
Coepit et immensum sic exonerare delorem.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi! qua terris, quae dicam numina coelo,
Postquam te immiti rapuerunt funere, Damon!
Siccine nos linquis, tua sic sine nomine virtus
Ibit, et obscuris numero sociabitur umbris?
At non ille, animas virga qui dividit aurea,
Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,
Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentium.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quicquid erit, certe nisi me lupo ante videbit,
Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,
Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit
Inter pastores: Ille tibi vota secundo
Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere, laudes
Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit:
Siquid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piumque,
Palladiasque artes, sociumque habuisse canorum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Haec tibi certa manent, tibi erunt haec praemia,
Damon;

At mihi quid tandem fiet modo? quis mihi fidus
Haerebit lateri comes, ut tu saepe solebas
Frigoribus duris, et per loco foeta pruinis,
Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis?
Sive opus in magnos fuit eminus ire leones,

Aut avidos terrere lupos praesepibus altis ;
Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solebit ?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Pectora cui credam ? quis me lenire docebit
Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem
Mulcibus alloquiis, grato cum sibilat igni
Dolle pyrum, et nucibus strepitat focus, at malus
Auster

Miscet cuncta foris, et desuper intonat ulmo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Aut aestate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
Cum Pan aesculea somnum capit abditus umbra,
Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphae.
Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus;
Quis mihi blanditiasque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,
Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores ?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,
Sicubi ramosae densantur vallibus umbrae ;
Hic serum expecto, supra caput imber et Euris
Triste sanant, fractaeque agitata crepuscula silvae.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu quam culta mihi prius arva procacibus herbis
Involvuntur, et ipsa situ seges alto fatiscit !
Innuba neglecto marcescet et uva racemo,
Nec myrteta juvant ; ovium quoque taedet, at illae
Moerent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Tityros ad corylos vocat, Alphesiboens ad ornos,
Ad salices Aegon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas,
Hic gelidi fontes, hic illita gramina musco,
Hic Zephyri, hic placidas interstrepit arbutus undas ;
Ista canunt furdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mopsus ad haec, nam me redeuntem forte notarat,
(Et callebat avium linguas, et sydera Mopsus)
Thyrsi quid hoc ? dixit, quae te coquit improba
bilis ?

Aut te perdit amor, aut te male fascinat asrum

Saturni grave saepe fuit pastoribus astrum;
Intimaque obliquo figit praecordia plumbo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, igni.
Mirantur Nymphae, et quid te Thyrsi, futurum est?
Quid tibi vis? aiunt; non haec solet esse juventae
Nobila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi:
Illa choros, lususque leves, et semper amorem
Jure petit: bis ille miser qui serus amavit.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, igni.
Venit Hyas, Dryopeque, et filia Baucidis Aegle,
Docta modos, citharaque sciens, sed perdita fastus,
Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti;
Nil me blanditiae, nil me, solantia verba,
Nil me si quid adest, movet, aut spes ulla futuri.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat
Hei mihi quam similes ludunt per prata juvenci,
Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales,
Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum.
De grege, sic densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,
Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri;
Lex eadem pelagi, deserto in littore Proteus
Agmina Phocarum numerat, vilisque volucrum
Passer habet semper quicum sit, et omnio circum.
Farra libens volitet, sero sua tecta revisens,
Quem si fors letho objecit, seu imlvis adunco
Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,
Protinus ille alium socio petit inde volatu.
Nos durum genus, et diris exercita fatis
Gens hominum aliena animis, et pectore discors;
Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum,
Aut si fors dederit tandem non aspera votis,
Illum inopina dies qua non speraveris hora
Surripit, aeternum linquens in saecula danu.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras
Ire per aereas rupes, Alpemque nivisam!
Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam,
(Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viseret olim,

Tityrus ipse suas et oves et rura reliquit ;)
 Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale !
 Possem tot maria altā, tot interponere montes,
 Tot sylvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes !
 Ah certe extremum licuisset tangere dextram,
 Et bene compositos placide morientis ocellos,
 Et dixisse "vale, nostri memor ibis ad astra."

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Quamque etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pigebit,
 Pastores Thusci, Musis operata juvenus,
 Hic Charis atque Lepos ; et Thuscus tu quoque
 Damon;

Antiqua genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.
 O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni
 Murmura, populeumque nemus, qua mollior herba,
 Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,
 Et potui Lycidae certantem audire Menalcam !
 Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum, nec puto multum
 Displicui, nam sunt et apud me munera vestra
 Fiscellae, calathique, et cerea vincla cicutae,
 Quin et nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos
 Et Datis, et Francinus, erant et vocibus ambo
 Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Haec mihi tum laeto dictabat roscida luna,
 Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hoedos.
 Ah quoties dixi, cum te cinis ater habebat,
 Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,
 Vimina nunc texit, varios sibi quod sit in usus !
 Et quae tum facili sperabam mente futura
 Arripui voto levis, et praesentia finxi,
 Heus bone numquid agis ? nisi te quid forte retar-
 dat,

Imus ? et arguta paulum recubamus in umbra,
 Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni ?
 Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos,
 Helleborumque, humilesque crocos, foliumque hya-
 cinthi,

Tuasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque medentum.

Ah pereant herbae, pereant artesque medentum
Gramina, postquam ipsi nil profecere magistro.
Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat
Fistula, ab undecima jam lux est altera nocte,
Et tum sorte novis admoram labra cicutis,
Diffiluere tamen rupta compage, nec ultra
Ferre graves potuere sonos, dubito quoque nescim
Turgidulus, tamen et referam, vos cedit filvae.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per aequora puppes
Dicam, et Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniae,
Brennumque Arviragumque, priscumque Belinum
Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colono
Tum gravidum Arturo fatali fraude Jogernen,
Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Belinum
Merlini dolus. O mihi tum si vita super sit,
Tu procul annosa pendebris fistula pinu
Multum oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata camoenis
Britonicum strides, quid enim? omnia non licet uni
Non sperasse uni licet omnia, mi satis ampla
Merces, et mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in aevum
Tum licet, externo penitusque inglorius orbi)
Si me flava comas legat Usa, et potor Alauni,
Vorticibusque frequens Abra, et nemus omne Tre-
antae.

Et Thamesis meus ante omnes, et fusca metallis
Tamara, et extremus me discant Orcades undis.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Haec tibi servabam lenta sub cortice lauri,
Haec, et plura simul, tum quae mihi pocula man-
sus,

Manfus Chalcidicae non ultima gloria ripae,
Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus et ipse,
Et circum gemino caelaverat argumento:
In medio rubri maris unda, et odoriferum ver,
Littora longa Arabum, et sudantes balsama silvae,
Has inter Phoenix divina avis, unica terris.

Caeruleum fulgens diversicoloribus alis
 Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis;
 Parte alia polus omnipatens, et magnus Olympus,
 Quis putet? hic quoque; Amor, pictaeque; in
 nube pharetrae,

Arma corusca faces, et spicula tincta pyropo;
 Nec tenues animas, pectusque ignoble vulgi
 Hinc ferit, at circum flammantia lumina torquens,
 Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbes
 Impiger, et pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus,
 Hinc mentes ardere sacrae, formaeque deorum:

Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit spes lubrica, Da-
 mon,

Tu quoque in his certa es, nam quo tua dulcis abiret
 Sanctaque simplicitas, nam quo tua candida virtus?
 Nec te Lethaeo fas quaesivisse sub orco,
 Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymae, nec flebimus ultra,
 Ite procul lacrymae, purum colit aethera Damon,
 Aethera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum;
 Heroumque animas inter, divosque perennes,
 Aethereos haurit latices, et gaudia potat
 Ore sacro. Quin tu, coeli post jura recepta,
 Dexter ades, placidusque fave quicumque vocaris,
 Seu tu noster eris Damon, sive aequior audis
 Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti
 Coelicolae norint, silvisque vocabere Damon.
 Quod tibi purpureus pudor, et sine labe juvenus
 Grata fuit, quod nulla tori libata voluptas,
 En etiam tibi virginei servantur honores;
 Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona,
 Laetaque frondentis gestans umbracula palme
 Aeternum perages immortales hymenaeos;
 Cantus ubi, choreisque furit lyra mista beatis,
 Festo Sionaeo bacchantur et Orgia Thyrso.

Jan. 23. 1646.
 Ad Joannem Roussium Oxoniensis Academiae
 Bibliothecarium.

De libro Poematum amisso, quem ille sibi denuo mitti postulabat, ut cum aliis nostris in Bibliotheca publica reponeret Ode.

Strophe 1

GEMELLE cultu simplici gaudens liber,
 Fronde licet gemina,
 Munditieque nitens non operosa ;
 Quam manus attulit
 Juvenilis olim,
 Sedula tamen haud nimii poetae ;
 Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras,
 Nunc Britannica per vireta lufit,
 Infons populi, barbitoque devius
 Indulfit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio
 Longinquum intonuit melos
 Vicinis, et humum vix tetigit pede.

Antistroph.

Quis te, parve liber, quis te fratribus
 Subduxit reliquis dolo ?
 Cum tu missus ab urbe,
 Docto jugiter obsecrante amico,
 Illustre tendebas iter
 Thamesis ad incunabula
 Caerulei patris,
 Fontes ubi limpidi
 Aonidum, thyasusque facer,
 Orbi notus per immensos
 Temporum lapsus redeunte coelo,
 Celeberque futurus in aevum ?

Strophe 2.

Modo quis deus, aut editus deo,
Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem,
(Si fatis noxas luimus priores,
Mollique luxa degener otium)
Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,
Almaque revocet studia sanctus,
Et relegatas sine sede Mufas
Jam pene totis finibus Angligenum;
Immundasque volucres,
Unguibus imminentes,
Figat Apollinea pharetra,
Phineamque abigat pestem procul amne Pegaseo.

Antistrophe.

Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licet mala
Fide, vel oscitantia,
Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,
Seu quis te teneat Specus,
Seu qua te latebra, forsan unde vili
Callo tereris institoris insulsi,
Laetare felix: en iterum tibi
Spes nova fulget, posse profundam
Fugere Lethen, vehique Superam
In Jovis aulam, remige penna;

Strophe 3

Nam te Rousius sui
Ootat peculi, numeroque justo
Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse,
Rogatque venias ille, cujas inclyta
Sunt data virum monumenta curae:
Teque adytis etiam sacris
Voluit reponi, quibus et ipse praesidet
Æternorum operum custos fidelis;
Quaestorque gazae nobilioris,

Quam cui praefuit Ion,
 Clarus Erechtheides,
 Opulenta Dei per templa parentis,
 Fulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphica,
 Ion Aëtaea genitus Creusa,

Antistrophe.

Ergo tu visere lucos
Musarum ibis amoenos ;
Diamque Phoebi rursus ibis in domum,
Oxonia quam valle colit
Delo posthabita,
Bifidoque Parnassi jugo :
Ibis honestus,
Postquam egregiam tu quoque sortem
Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici.
Illic legeris inter alta nomina
Authorum, Graiae simul et Latinae
Antiqua gentis lumina, et verum decus.

Epodos.

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,
Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,
Jam sero placidam sperare jubeo
Perfunctam invidia requiem, sedesque beatas
Quas bonus Hermes,
Et tutela dabit solers Rousi,
Quo neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque
longe
Turba legentum prava faceffet;
At ultimi nepotes,
Et cordatior aetas,
Judicia rebus aequiora forsitan
Adhibebit, integro sinu.
Tum, livore sepulto,
Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet,
Rousio favente.

Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidemque Antistrophis, una demum Epodo clausis, quas, tametsi omnes nec versuum numero, nec certis ubique locis exacte respondeant, ita tamen secuimus commode legendi potius, quam ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem spectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectius fortasse dici monostrophicum debuerat. Metra partim sunt *κατα σχίσιν*, partim *απολειμμένα*. Phaleucia quae sunt, Spondaeum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod idem in secundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.

FINIS.

